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HISTORY OF TWO QUEENS.

VOL. I.

MR. DIXON'S WORKS.

I.

THE HOLY LAND.

II.

NEW AMERICA.

III.

FREE RUSSIA.

IV.

THE SWITZERS.

V.

HISTORY OF TWO QUEENS.

VI.

HER MAJESTY'S TOWER.

VII.

HISTORY OF WILLIAM PENN.

VIII.

HISTORY OF JOHN HOWARD,

CALLED THE PHILANTHROPIST.

(Library Edition in the Press.)

IX.

PERSONAL HISTORY OF LORD BACON.

(Library Edition in the Press.)

HISTORY

OF

TWO QUEENS.

I. CATHARINE OF ARAGON.

II. ANNE BOLEYN.

BY

WILLIAM HEPWORTH DIXON.

31496

VOLUME I.

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TO

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS

OF

MANCHESTER

THIS

HISTORY OF TWO QUEENS

(COMMENCED AT KIMBOLTON CASTLE MANY YEARS AGO)

IS

GRATEFULLY INSCRIBED.

PREFACE.

To group around the figures of two crowned and starless women the events of which they were the leading types and memorable victims is the purpose of this work. To understand the passion of their lives we must stand amidst the conflicts out of which they came and into which they merged. Each is accepted as a type of what was best and worst in the revolt from Rome and the unfurling of a separate national flag. Each queen became a heroine of her party, and her human nature is forgotten in the cause for which she stood. In fact, we see these women through their children, and we judge of them by what took place in after times. It is through Mary that we guess at Catharine; through Elizabeth that we guess at Anne.

While collecting my materials, I have visited all the places in which my story lies. Many years ago I first went to the Alhambra; and in after years

I have visited every other town in which Catharine lived. The Notes and Documents show the sources of my information, most of which lies in manuscripts; and I have printed in the originals such passages as support the views most likely, from their startling nature, to be challenged by those who know Spain only from books published under authority of Inquisitors.

My obligations to archivists are endless, and I will but mention those of Simancas, Alcala, and Venice. To Sir Thomas D. Hardy, Deputy Keeper of the Records, my literary debts are very great; and Don Pascual de Gyangos, Mr. Rawdon Brown, and Mr. Joseph Stevenson, have rendered me assistance in Spain, Venice, and Rome respectively, for which my thanks are but a poor return.

6 St. James's Terrace,
Regent's Park,
March 17, 1873.

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Book the First.

BIRTH OF CATHARINE.

CHAPTER I.

FRIENDS OF LIGHT.

1485.

1. FERNANDO was afield against the Moors in what he called a holy war, and Isabel, his consort, was at Cordova, among her children and inquisitors, while a crime that was to ring through earth and heaven was being prepared in Aragon; a crime that was to shake their throne, to draw them up into the north, to give the Queen a violent shock, to cause the birth of a princess before her time, to stamp the policy of King and Queen through all their future years.

2. The King was fighting hard, and something had been won. Cartama had been carried at a rush, and Ronda had been taken by surprise. But Loja had defied his arms; the Vega of Granada had been closed against his raids; and Cabra's capture of the

Caliph Abd-allah had been avenged by Az-zaghal, that Caliph's uncle, who had routed Cabra in a splendid night attack. The Queen was caring for her health, for she was near a time when every one who wished her well was praying that her saints would bless her with a second son. Her only boy, Don Juan, was a feeble child; as comely as an angel, and as little likely to remain on earth. All Spain was asking from her house a king, a warrior, and a man. But she was mainly busy with that 'new and holy Office,' over which her ghostly father, Tomas de Torquemada, had been called to reign.

The crime that was to stay the clang of war was caused by an attempt to plant this Office in the soil of Aragon, and was concocted by a band of counts and knights, of advocates and doctors, who were known as Friends of Light.

3. These Friends of Light were found in every part of Spain, but chiefly in those ports and districts which enjoyed some intercourse with Italy—the land of light. They were the pupils of Lebrija and Barbosa; children of the great revival; readers of the classics; patrons of the printing-press. At Seville, Alcala, and Salamanca, many of those youths who heard the pupils of Landino and Politiciano lecture on the Greeks, had learned to feel that Homer and Thucydides might yield them richer nutriment than any of their Lives of Saints. These youths were called Amantes de las Luces, and they loved a teacher better than they loved a monk.

As learning was the light of heaven, a man who bore some portion of that radiance seemed to them a messenger of heaven. A man could teach; who cared to ask if he were Goth or Moor? To them he was a master of the liberal arts. His lore was precious, and they prized him for that lore: A scholar like Antonio de Lebrija, or like Ayres de Barbosa, found a host of followers in the higher ranks, and most of all among those noble families in which the blood was mixed. Tudela and Lerida were schools of light. But the Dominican fathers—and especially those of Santa Cruz in old Castille—were up in arms against this pagan learning. Paul the Second had declared that he who reads Homer in his youth, is likely to worship Jupiter in his middle age. Supported by this papal verdict, the Dominican preachers told their hearers that the use of reading is to learn their duty to the Church, and that a Christian cannot learn that duty from a poet who had never heard of Christ. This pagan learning was a snare for souls, and he who fell into the trap was lost to God.

4. In contrast to these ignorant fathers, the supporters of a Greek revival took this name of Friends of Light. Though they were scattered up and down the country, they were strongest in those provinces and cities where the people had preserved their ancient rights. They lay entrenched along the Ebro, from Tortosa to the Pyrenees. In every part of Aragon, the cities had their fundamental pacts, their

local parliaments, their communal laws. In every part of Aragon the Friends of Light were many and of high repute. A mayor was usually a Friend of Light; a judge was usually a Friend of Light. Luis Gonzales, Secretary of State, was ranked among the Friends of Light. Gabriel Sanchez, Lord Treasurer, and his brother Fernando Sanchez, Paymaster General, were considered Friends of Light. Felipe de Clemente, Protonotary of Aragon, was a Friend of Light. Alonzo de la Cavalleria, Vice-Chancellor of Aragon, was a Friend of Light. Pedro Cerdan, Miguel Coscon, and Martinez Gotor, three of the leading men in parliament, were Friends of Light. In truth, the Casa Blanca, where the Cortes sat in Zaragoza, then a bright and semi-Oriental palace, standing near the grim cathedral of La Seo, might be ranked, alike in outward beauty and in moral purpose, as a House of Light.

5. Among the deputies were many who had sprung from Oriental roots. Their fathers had submitted to the Cross and suffered baptism by the Church; but they were thought to nurse a secret fondness for their ancient faith. They kept their bodies and their houses clean; no smoke ascended from their hearths on Friday after sunset; they were learned, liberal, and alert; they watched the stars, and understood the course of trade. To fathers who were hot in zeal and dark in vision, these were signs of an imperfect faith. Nay, who could tell, if in their private thoughts these Hebrews never turned from

saints like Dominic and Francis to Jehovah? But the men were high in place and strong in wealth. Fernando's household swarmed with Jews. When seeking servants who could do his work, that sovereign never stopped to ask a man of genius whence he came. His ablest servants were of Oriental race. Gonzales was of Hebrew stock. Sanchez, Cavalleria, and Clemente, though of ancient lineage, had a 'taint' of Hebrew blood. Clemente's father had been recently accused by ignorant monks of heresy. Gotor was a Jew in race; Cerdan was a Jew in race. A man who held no public office, yet of higher credit in Fernando's tent than either Sanchez or Gonzales, was Isaac Abravanel, a prince among the Friends of Light. Abravanel was no less eminent for his wealth and learning than for his illustrious birth. Don Isaac, as his people called him, was descended from the House of David, and his family had dwelt in Spain, the second Israel, from the times in which the Temple on Moriah was destroyed. A minister of Affonzo, King of Portugal, he had quitted Lisbon on that ruler's death, and coming to Castille had founded banks, and helped Fernando by his knowledge of the world. Such men as Sanchez and Abravanel mixed easily with the highest class; and families who traced their lineage to the days of Cæsar, and affected to derive their names from those of Hercules, had run their azure blood into these brighter currents of the East. But if these men of liberal mood were strong at court,

they were yet stronger in the Casa Blanca. In the court they found some rivals in the knights of Santiago and Calatrava, in the brethren of St. Francis and St. Dominic, in the warlike bishops, cardinals, and monks; but in a free and popular assembly, jealous of their ancient charters and their local laws, these military and religious zealots held no place. Tact, knowledge, eloquence, were required to sway the Cortes. He who knew the history of Rome and Athens, could display his reading with effect in Zaragoza and Lerida, where the forms of public life bore some resemblance to the systems followed in those ancient states. This knowledge was a property of the Friends of Light. Nor were these liberals less renowned in science than in statesmanship. Zacuto, the most learned man in Zaragoza, was a Jew. He filled the chair of mathematics and astronomy, and his lectures were the chief attraction of the University. All lay professors in the University were Friends of Light.

6. Among the highest nobles of the realm stood Blasco de Alagon, Señor of Sastago, and Juan de Urrea, Señor of Aranda. Blasco de Alagon, owner of one of the widest lordships in the kingdom, one of the gayest palaces in the capital, was a scholar and a friend of scholars. Juan de Urrea, lord of a princely sweep of mountain frontier, was the chief of a distinguished race; a race of poets, statesmen, and divines, who rank among the great celebrities of Spain. He was a scholar, and a friend of

scholars. Hardly less conspicuous for his birth and wealth than these great nobles, was their neighbour Juan de Abadia. All were Friends of Light. Abadia was not free from 'taint;' an ancestor having taken to himself a Jewish wife; but Alagon and Urrea might have boasted of the bluest blood in Spain. These magnates were connexions of Martinez Gotor and Pedro Cerdan. Gotor, a soldier, was lieutenant of Zaragoza; Cerdan, a civilian, was an orator of the Casa Blanca. Like their race and class, these noblemen were Friends of Light.

7. But if the Friends of Light were strong in court and Cortes, country-house and college-close, their enemies, the monks and friars, were stronger in the streets and alleys, by the city gates and on the Ebro banks. The rabble of the town were with the monks; for Zaragoza was a sacred city, blessed by two miraculous virgins, each with a cathedral for her shrine; La Seo, where an image of the Virgin had been heard to speak; Del Pilar, where a second image of the Virgin had been seen to sit; to each of which a crowd of pilgrims flocked from far and near, who filled the alleys with their fervour, and enriched the craftsmen with their gold. These pilgrims brought with them the savings of their lives. No little of these savings dropped into the sacks of monk and priest; the Lady of the Pillar being a public mendicant, and every one who knelt beside her shrine being told to lay a copper at her feet. All day there was a chink and roll of coin along the

marble floor. But every one had part and profit in the pilgrim's purse. A trade was driven in candles, crosses, pictures, rosaries, and charms. A crowd of lepers, slaves, and prisoners, hung about the sacred porch. A thousand smiths and dealers lived by chasing and supplying images of the goddess on her jasper shaft. The shops and inns were fed by these great swarms, not one of whom trudged home from Zaragoza till his final piece was spent. Each citizen, according to his craft, had cause to shout, 'Long live our Lady of the Pillar—Santa, Santissima!' Between the fathers who had charge of these cathedrals, and the rabble who existed on the pilgrims, there were bonds arising from a common interest and a common creed. The Friends of Light had no specific ties. They had no seat, no fund, no general. They were not an order, and still less a church. For two things, and for two things only, they had worked together; in supporting the lectures of men like Antonio de Lebrija, and in baffling the designs of men like Tomas de Torquemada.

CHAPTER II.

ORDER OF ST. DOMINIC.

1485.

1. THE Dominican friar, to whom the Queen, while she was still a girl, and living in the convent of Arevalo, had pledged her word that, if she ever came to reign, her task should be to root up heresy from the soil of Spain, had held her sternly to that pledge. No sooner had she seized the crown than she was called upon to yield the first-fruits of her victory to God, by founding in her states a new tribunal of the Church, and giving to the judge of that tribunal an unlimited rule of life and death. A model for the Holy Office, which was Spanish—and not Catholic—in its genius, lay at hand.

2. Domingo de Gusman, a Castillian who is known to later ages as St. Dominic, had founded in the thirteenth century an Order of Preachers, afterwards called Dominicans in honour of their master, with a view to curbing heresy by word of mouth instead of by the civil arm. Domingo heard of men being stabbed and hung for lapse of faith who might have been recovered to the fold by gentler means. He

thought it might be well to trust in truth; to wrestle with erroneous doctrine; to rely on reason, eloquence, and art. What sinner could resist good books, grave sermons, and the precepts of a holy life? His pupils had been preachers, teachers, and examples of the faith. They had to study much, to labour hard, to hold a sober course. Their only arms being wit and skill, they had to master many sciences, to gain proficiency in many arts. Whatever told upon the ear they had to learn, whatever told upon the eye they had to do. The ardent spirit of their master lay upon them, and they touched that spirit with a yet more sacred and refining fire.

3. The school of Dominic had given the world such patterns of a Christian life as Walter Mauclerk of London and Saint Ambrose of Siena; such lights of learning as Thomas Aquinas and Raymond de Pegnafort; such eminent writers as Nicolas Trivet and Pietro Martire; such splendid architects as Sisto and Ristoro; and such perfect painters as Angelico and Bartolommeo. Dominic had found his aptest scholars in Italian cloisters, and in Italy his Order held a higher rank than it acquired in Spain. At Florence men were drawn to church by moral force—the preacher's fervour and the painter's art; at Seville they were driven to church by bodily fear—the sight of dark familiars and the smell of burning flesh. Each country had a method, and a man in whom that method took a living shape. In Italy,

the chief Dominican was Fra Girolamo Savonarola; in Spain, the chief Dominican was Fray Tomas de Torquemada. Fra Girolamo was a man of learning, an enthusiast for freedom, and a true reformer of his age. Fray Tomas was a dull and coarse fanatic, voiceless in the pulpit, ignorant of the arts. While Fra Girolamo was listening at the feet of Mirandola, Fray Tomas was roasting the disciples of Mirandola in Seville, Cordova, and Jaen. When Fra Girolamo became a leader of the liberal ranks in Florence, Fray Tomas was employed in hunting down the liberal ranks in Zaragoza. Fra Girolamo was a Friend of Light.

4. The Spanish father was a man of sixty-five. Of noble birth, he chose the hood in preference to the plume and sword. A born ascetic, he could shut his lips on tempting food, and turn his back on rank and fame. He loved to hide and shiver in his cloister at Santa Cruz, which he had got the Queen to repair for him at Segovia. He liked to pierce and tear his flesh, and come into a church with clots of gore upon his face. For sixty years he had done little to excite the wonder of mankind. As Isabel's confessor, he had won from her that pledge to root up heresy from the soil of Spain; but no one knew what use he was to make of the Infanta's vow; and had he died at sixty years of age, he might have left behind him an obscure and blameless note, instead of that red light, which, like his name, is evermore in human memory, a 'burning tower.'

5. There being an 'office of inquiry' in many

cities, the Dominicans of Santa Cruz had asked of Isabel such a league between their order and the crown, as would revive this office of inquiry; so that they might be the judges of opinion, and the Queen be forced to execute their sentences of death. The natural seat for such an office was Toledo; but the Queen had shrunk from setting up these brethren in her capital. Toledo was the stronghold of a country ruled by ancient laws and popular magistrates. The Cortes would protest against illegal fines; the judges might protect their fellow-citizens from arrest. Carillo, the Archbishop, was at Alcala in bitter mood, disgusted with the court of Isabel, and anxious to restore his lawful Queen. She could not think of asking his consent. Nor would the brethren of St. Francis, jealous as they were of the Dominicans, endure to see them in the capital. Toledo was the city of St. Francis. Isabel was a Franciscan in the third degree. The royal children were Franciscans, in accordance with their age and sex. The Cardinal of Spain was a Franciscan. Almost every one at court was either a lay brother or a lay sister of their order. In Toledo Isabel was building that Franciscan convent of San Juan de los Reyes, which her architects were told to make the grandest edifice in Spain. To fix her holy office in Toledo would have been to plant it in the midst of powerful and vindictive foes. This office, therefore, had to be established in a city where the crown was not

restrained by charters, primates, and religious orders. Seville was a crown estate. In Seville an inquisitor would have no ancient pact, no modern bishop, and no popular magistrate to fear. The province, as a conquest, was an appanage of the crown. Mendoza was Archbishop, and the people, who were mostly slaves and villagers, had no rights which they could plead in bar. A colony of Jews had settled in the town; these Jews were rich in gold and jewels; so that wealthy victims could be found at once; and wealthy heretics, whose money might be poured into the royal coffers, were the surest means of proving to Fernando that his consort's holy office was a good and useful court.

6. A Moorish castle, standing on the farther bank, in the rough suburb of Triana, had been offered to the fathers as their seat and jail. This home had suited them. A dark and rambling edifice, it lowered along the Guadalquiver, with a range of vaults below the water line. The gates were covered by a park of guns. Before these gateways spread a net of streets and lanes, in which lay reeking nearly all the filth and refuse of a populous city; gipsies, smugglers, bandits, coiners, runaway monks, and slaves. Some potteries, knackers' yards, and soap-works lay about. All foul, unwholesome trades were banished to Triana; and in this low suburb, where a dozen silver marks would either hire a bravo's knife or buy a gipsy dance, the Dominican fathers held their court of death.

7. Fray Tomas had not been the first inquisitor. When Isabel sent for bulls empowering her Dominicans to judge and punish heretics, a cautious pope had tried to put her off; but she had pressed her suit from day to day; and Rome, not yet aware how far these powers might be abused, had yielded to her wishes. But the church in Spain had been as hard for them to conquer as the church in Rome. Carillo had withheld his blessing from their work. Mendoza, though a courtier, had refused to let them labour in his diocese. A scholar, with a scholar's feeling for the power of argument, and a Franciscan's scorn for the Dominicans, he had tried if tracts and books might not achieve the ends expected from the rack and brand. Some months had passed in scattering sheets among the Jews and Moors, until a Jew of Seville, who had read these missives as a challenge, had been bold enough to answer them in print. At once the Order got a license to begin. A Jew who answered for his faith was not to be endured; and in a week the rabble had been treated to an Act of Faith; a pastime more exciting than a bull-fight, even when a matador was gored to death. The fathers had not laboured long before the King, surprised by the abundant stream of gold which flowed into his coffers, had expressed his warm approval of his consort's Holy Office. But the Roman court had seen less reason to rejoice. The powers conferred by Sixtus had been grossly used, and rather for political than religious ends.

His bulls had given the fathers power to bring in such as wandered from the fold; but they had turned these powers against the Jews, who, never having been baptized, could not have wandered from the Catholic fold. In almost every case the motive had been greed of money rather than concern for truth. The fathers, too, had proved themselves unfit to occupy the judgment-seat. They had condemned the innocent; they had violated graves. All honest men were outraged by their deeds; and when the pontiff heard that in a single year two thousand human beings had been burnt in Seville, he was tempted to revoke his breves, though he might have to mortify the Queen. But Isabel told the Pope that things had gone a little wrong through want of caution, but that all would soon be put in order if some aged man, like Fray Tomas, her confessor, were included in the papal patents. Sixtus, willing to believe and to atone, had put the name of Torquemada in his bulls.

8. In no long time Fray Tomas had subdued his colleagues. His relations with the Queen conferred on him a voice which no Dominican brother could resist. If the Dominicans were growing in repute, Fray Tomas was the author of their rise. His pupil, Fray Diego de Deza, had been named preceptor to Don Juan. His colleague, Fra Pietro Martire, was a private secretary to the Queen and general tutor to the prince. The Blacks were gaining on the Greys. Although the Greys stood first, they

were no longer all in all. While Isabel was building her magnificent convent at Toledo for the brethren of St. Francis, she was led to found a splendid convent at Avila for the brethren of St. Dominic. If the cloister of San Juan at Toledo was to celebrate her closing of the civil war, the cloister of Santo Tomas at Avila was to celebrate her planting of the Holy Office in Castille. If the Franciscan convent was to bear the name of Isabel's patron saint, the Dominican convent was to bear the name of Torquemada's patron saint. To gratify the brethren of St. Dominic, this convent of Santo Tomas at Avila was built with money snatched from Jews whom they had put to death. If envy had not been a sin, the proudest brother of St. Francis might have envied Torquemada as he rode along the streets of Seville with his forty mounted guards in front, and his two hundred men on foot behind.

From Seville he had thrown his feelers into other of the crown estates. A branch was fixed at Cordova, where the Queen was keeping court. A second branch was opened at Villa Real; a third at Jaen; and other branches were established in the conquered Caliphates. But Torquemada was a daring man. From Villa Real he advanced on Leon, and the city of Valladolid became the seat of an inquisitor. No sooner was Carillo dead, than Isabel allowed Fray Tomas to erect an office in Avila and Toledo. When the Pope sent out to Torquemada on the

Queen's demand a patent as Inquisitor-general of Castille, he only gave effect in writing to a living fact.

Castille and her dependent states were yielding slowly, sullenly to the Queen, with protest here and there, stamped down and punished with unsparing heel. The cities of Castille invoked the aid of Zaragoza, Barcelona, and Valencia; but the men of Aragon stood aloof, as free-born mountaineers are apt to stand aloof when neighbours in the plain are calling out for help. They never dreamt that an inquisitor would show his face in Zaragoza. Had they not their Casa Blanca and their fundamental pact?

CHAPTER III.

INQUISITION IN ARAGON.

1485.

1. ALOOF and proud, these men of Aragon had joked and laughed at their submissive brethren in the plains; but now the time had come for them to feel the yoke, and find how little could be done by prayers and protests, even when they called upon their Cortes, and produced their fundamental laws.

In April of the previous year, Fernando had convened a council in the town of Tarazona, on the frontier of his kingdom, where, on the advice of Andreas Sart, a doctor of the canon law, and the assent of Alonzo de la Cavalleria, Vice-Chancellor of Aragon, he had 'decreed' the introduction into Aragon of his consort's 'great reform.' The King was poor, and many of his counts and citizens were rich:—the brethren of St. Dominic had shown him how to fill his chests. The King was troubled by his Parliament, many of whom were Jews:—the brethren of St. Dominic had shown him how these liberal orators might be crushed. An Inquisition was decreed.

2. A loud and strenuous opposition to this edict

rose on every side; in town, in castle, nay, in cloister; for the brethren of St. Francis and the fathers of St. Benedict were as much opposed to the Dominicans as were the Friends of Light. The thing was new, and they were steadfast to their ancient ways. No Cortes could have introduced the Inquisition; for this new and terrible court was contrary to the fundamental pact. 'No inquisition shall be held in Aragon,' their charter said. An 'office' of inquiry had existed many years in Zaragoza; but this 'office' of inquiry had no visible home, no special treasury, and no separate chief. Alonzo, the Archbishop, was inquisitor; Juan de Gomedes, vicar-general, was his adjutant; but they had other duties than inquiry after such as went astray. They lived in the great palace under the cathedral tower; but no one thought of calling them inquisitors, and their house an inquisition. Don Alonzo, the Archbishop, was a lad of fifteen years; a natural son of King Fernando, and a madcap darling of the Ebro watermen and city mobs. Gomedes was a sober priest, who liked to steal from palace to cathedral, in the sombre aisles of which he said his office, and to glide across the plaza to his dinner and repose. Residing under the Archbishop's roof, and close to the cathedral of La Seo, where his duty lay, he had no wish to stir up strife and fill the street below with tumult. For the mobs of Zaragoza were no feeble folk. Loud, fierce, and superstitious, they

were easy to excite and difficult to restrain. The Ebro roaring past their walls was not so rough, so reckless, and so swift in wrath. They knelt in terrible fear and joy before the image of their patroness and guest. The Virgin was supposed to love their city, and to quit betimes her throne in heaven to sit and listen to their nones and vespers on her jasper shaft. Around that pillar knelt by night and day a throng of pilgrims; rude and ignorant rustics from the fields, and no less rude and ignorant rabble from the towns. To stir these throngs was easy; but Gomedes had no wish to kindle sparks of fire beneath his roof. He would have shrunk from stirring up their blood by acts of faith; solemnities which woke the passions of a Spaniard like a bull-fight. Nor was Juan de Gomedes eager to inquire. He owned no separate fund; he could not force the mayor to act for him; he had no power to seize a heretic's goods. In brief, this meek inquisitor held an unseen court, inflicted shadowy censures, and relied for discipline on moral means.

3. Fernando's edict was to sweep away this old tribunal of inquiry, and replace it by a new and vigorous court. He wanted such a court in Zaragoza as his wife had fixed in Seville and Valladolid; a court that could arrest his wealthy subjects in the name of holy Church, and having found them wanting in some article of faith, might give their bodies to the flames, their monies to the Crown.

4. Fray Tomas had been fully armed. He was empowered to fix his seat in any place; to frame his codes and rules; to name his deputies and familiars. Every officer in Aragon, from the Mayor of Zaragoza to the Grand Justiciary of the kingdom, was to aid his deputies in their quest. He was to seize suspected men, to hold them in his ward, and judge their lapse from Catholic truth. He might proceed against them in the dark; refusing to confront them with his witnesses, or let them know the scope and nature of his charge. He might compel them, by the use of screw and jack, of cord and wheel, to open out their secret crimes. If he believed them guilty of backsliding, he was authorised to send their bodies to the stake, and give their chattels to the King.

A cry of rage had risen from every town in Aragon and her dependent states. The upper classes would not read, much less accept, this royal edict, for a court with such exceptional duties was against their charter. Were they conquered Moors? The King had sworn to guard their charter, as his title to the throne. They saw in his decree a temporal measure, and opposed it on a temporal ground. They stood upon their ancient laws. Valentia, Cataluña, and Sardinia, the outlying states of Aragon, approved this protest. Rossillon, where the French were lying, was disturbed, and even in Navarre, which the familiars could not reach, all Friends of Light were eager to protest against the

founding of this new tribunal in a neighbouring state.

5. Fray Tomas named as deputies in Zaragoza, Gaspar Inglar, a Dominican friar, and Pedro Arbues, a Canon of La Seo; but the King, who had his worldly purpose, caused these agents to appear as deputies, not of Torquemada, the Castillian friar, but of his son, the bastard primate, and the pet of every pilgrim, artizan, and vagrant on the Ebro. Inglar and Arbues were to take instructions from Gomedes, and the office was to be in the Archbishop's house.

6. The Cortes, meeting in the Casa Blanca, sent a deputation to the camp at Jaen. They put their trust in Sanchez and Clemente, who were in the camp, and in Abravanel, who was oftener in the royal tent. Abravanel was not a man to think of violent courses; but he had authority with the King; and, if his voice were raised at all, he would be certain to support the Friends of Light. Clemente had a grievance to avenge. The Sanchez family had also reason to distrust the new inquisitor and his familiars. Every thing in time, and place, and person, led the Friends of Light to think they could control their worldly and ambitious Prince.

A spiritual court, they held, had certain functions to discharge; it might advise, exhort, and censure an unfaithful citizen; but such a spiritual court could lay no finger on that citizen's goods. Fray Tomas claimed a right to seize and to retain some

portion of a heretic's goods. This claim was contrary to law. The Cortes begged the King to listen to their voice—the voice of free and loyal men, and strip his new inquisitors of these lawless powers. The deputies laid no stress on any other point. They raised no cry against the Church. If once Arbues and his colleague were deprived of their authority to seize a person's goods, they thought these new inquisitors would give them no more trouble than the old. Arbues could be trusted to retire the moment he was asked to seek out error at his own expense.

7. A second deputation started for the Roman court. A new Pope, Innocent the Eighth, had just succeeded Sixtus; and the deputies were sent to tell his Holiness how papal grants were being abused in the subjected Caliphates, and to protest against this planting of a new tribunal in their free and faithful towns.

CHAPTER IV.

SACRILEGE AND MURDER.

1485.

1. ARBUES, who in pride and daring was a second Torquemada, when he found the Cortes bent on sending deputies to the Pope and King, resolved to strike a blow by which he fancied he could force these nobles to desist. Repairing, with his colleague, Inglar, to the rooms of Juan de Gomedes, in the primate's palace, he despatched his agents through the town, with orders to arrest a number of reputed Friends of Light. Arbues found them wanting in some article of faith. Fray Tomas had supplied him with a score of tests by which he was to know a secret Jew. He might be seen to drink Caser wine, and heard to ask a blessing on his cup. He might be found eating fish and olives in honour of the dead. A man who wore fine clothes on Saturday—a man who cast the horoscope of his child, —was likely to have been a Jew. One who looked carefully at the blade of a knife before he killed a kid, was probably a Jew; one who recited a Psalm without the *Gloria Patri*, was certainly a Jew. Arbues found the citizens at fault, and judged

them worthy to be burnt. A fire was lighted in the public square; the men were marched into a neighbouring church; and while the deputies were on their ways to Rome and Jaen, Arbues caused two batches of his victims to be burnt alive.

2. The blow had now been struck, the war begun. Not only men who were the foes of Arbues because Arbues was a foe to learning, but those stiffer patriots who were always boasting that their country was a land of law and freedom, were excited to the point of frenzy by this daring deed. 'If such things can be done,' they cried, 'we are no better than Castillians, who have suffered Isabel to rob and burn them for the past three years.' From Aragon to Cataluña and Navarre, the passion of resistance spread. In every province, and in almost every village, threats were hurled at the tribunal and its agents. Never had the Friends of Light appeared so strong. The fundamental pact was on their side; the custom of the land was on their side. They had a strong majority in the Cortes, and this strong majority was backed by the most active citizens in the capital and in provincial towns. But all these great advantages were thrown away in passion. Gotor and Cerdan read such notes from Sanchez, that they thought the King was with them; that the short way was the safest way; that they might kill Arbues with no other risk than of fighting with a monk who might be aided by a mob. They showed these

notes to Juan de Abadia, Blasco de Alagon, and other friends. At every word from Sanchez, men took fire. A Lord Treasurer, waiting on the King, could hardly, they imagined, be mistaken in the royal mood. To kill the man whom they regarded as a murderer, seemed at once the quickest and the surest way; a way that gave them eye for eye and tooth for tooth; and answered by an Act of Justice to his Act of Faith. The friars had tried to scare the Friends of Light; the Friends of Light would see if they could scare the friars. If Arbues should be slain, what man would step into his shoes and brave his fate? Blasco de Alagon and Juan de Abadia took the leading parts in what was meant to be their counter-stroke. Alagon was to raise the necessary funds; Abadia was to find the necessary men.

3. In no long time the money and the men were found. Alagon got ten thousand silver marks. Abadia found a man of gentle birth, Juan de Sperandeo, who was willing to avenge the dead. Sperandeo had a French domestic, Vidal de Uranso, who engaged to help him. Alagon was appointed banker to the fund; Abadia was entrusted with arrangements for the actual deed of blood.

Arbues, when he heard that men were hired to track and kill him, put a coat of mail beneath his gown, a cap of steel below his hood, a bar of oak behind his chamber-door. He seldom went abroad, and never in the light of day. Abadia

hung about him, with the two avengers at his back. Arbues feared to pass from the seclusion of his cell to the cathedral of La Seo; even at the altar he was hardly safe. At night he stole into the temple, said his office, and retired as swiftly as he came. But he could only do so safely in the dead of night.

4. One dark September night, between eleven and twelve, Arbues left his cloister, picking up a lantern and a bludgeon as he stepped into the street. Going up the Calle del Sepulcro, and across the Plazuela de San Bruno—not a minute's walk in all—he entered the cathedral by its eastern porch. Dim lights were hanging in a vast and empty space; a Moorish mosque, with Gothic choir and shrine. A lamp was hanging here and there, and priests were singing matins in the dark. Arbues set his lantern on the ground, and leaned his club against a shaft; the first great column as he entered from the porch. At once, he knelt, pulled out his beads, and hurried through his office. In the gloom a figure was observed—a figure muffled in a cloak. This figure came and knelt beside him. Steps were heard behind the pillar, and a voice was raised in tones unusual in a church. The figure drew a sword, and slit Arbues through the elbow. 'Strike him on the neck!' Abadia shouted from behind the pillar, when Uranso, who was close upon the canon, struck him on the neck. A cry of murder rang through the cathedral! Monks and priests came

forward; lights were brought by shrieking women; and the murderers, on seeing they had done their work, drew off in haste. In less than thirty hours the wounded man was dead; but ere he died, the city mob was roused to fury by the monks. Some men in hood and gown ran up and down the streets, exclaiming that the New Christians were murdering the old. 'The canon is the first to fall,' they cried, 'but others have been marked for death; no man is safe until the murderers have been hunted down.' From every narrow lane and dirty quay—the alleys of Sepulcro, Pilar, and Valero, the paseo of the Ebro, and the arco of the Dean—poured out a troop of spare and tawny men with matted hair, red belts, and hempen brogues. This savage crowd soon filled the public square, and clamoured at the primate's door for blood; nor would they cease their cries until the boy-Archbishop came into the streets and promised in his father's name that justice should be done.

Alarmed by the Archbishop's words, even more than by the fury of his partizans, the Friends of Light made haste to fly, and by their flight gave up their cause as lost.

5. When news of this great crime arrived in camp, Fernando rode to Cordova, where his consort kept her court. His officers tried to guess his mood; but he was not a man who wore his purpose in his eyes. At Cordova, their hearts began to faint. The Queen seemed fierce, and no one knew what course the King

would take. The nearest to his person disappeared. His Secretary fled; his Treasurer, his Paymaster fled; his Protonotary and Vice-Chancellor fled. His highest offices were without their chiefs, and many of the courtiers thought he must recall these servants and support them in their contest. On the other side, the King was urged by two of his most active passions—by his greed of gold, and by his lust of power—to turn against them. He required no hint that if these men were hung, their goods and rents, their lands and castles, would be forfeit to his crown. Alagon and Urrea, men with rent-rolls only less long than their pedigrees, were at his mercy. Cerdan had heaps of money. Sanchez was believed to own a mine of wealth, and several counts and knights were in his jails. Five hundred citizens were under guard, and there were many more who might be seized if he should give the sign. Yet hoards of money were but part of what Fernando had to gain. By ruining the foremost Friends of Light, the liberal party in his Cortes might be broken and dispersed.

6. Fernando's war, though managed in the name of heaven, was a dynastic war. A cardinal, three archbishops, and a host of prelates, stood in mail about his tent. Whole groups of friars, black, white, and grey, were in his wake; and hosts of martyrs, saints, and angels, were imagined in his front. His standard was a silver Cross. As many a text and sermon told, his objects were to

win back souls from error, and extend the limits of the Christian world. Yet those who knew him saw that his pretence of fighting for the Cross was nothing but a cloak. Fernando lusted after soil and sway. He hoped to win the Caliphate by force; and after driving out the Moors, he meant to turn his sword against his native states. It was no secret in his council that he found the law a curb on his ambitious flights. In Aragon, a free and liberal country, with a fundamental pact, his powers were limited on many sides; in Cataluña, her republican sister, they were limited on every side. In Barcelona, then the richest port in Spain, the King had scarcely any power at all. Castille and Leon, free and ancient states, with rights and charters older than the reigning house, were no more docile to the Queen than Aragon and Cataluña to the King. Fernando wished to free his hand from these restraints. In Cordova and Seville, where the people had no ancient laws, the crown could levy taxes, raise recruits, imprison heretics, and banish citizens by word of mouth and scratch of pen. A conquered district was a crown estate. Both King and Queen preferred to live among these vassals in the South, where parliaments never met to vex their souls. The war was serving them in many ways. It gave them the command of armies which might overawe Toledo and Zaragoza while they menaced Baza, Malaga, and Loja. It enlarged from year to year those conquered lands, in which they owned no law but

their despotic will. It brought them, and secured to them, a compact with the church, the military class, and the religious orders. More than all, it gave them many a chance of acting on the Cortes of their independent states. This war was not as popular in the town as in the camp. A man who wished to live and trade, to keep the freedom handed down to him in full, to cultivate the arts of peace, could feel no joy in victories which brought fresh strength to King and Queen, which kept the court and council in the south of Spain, and threatened to transfer his capital to a conquered town.

7. This war was turning to a war of race, and many of the higher classes were connected with the persecuted race. In every town there was a group of doctors, artists, advocates, and bankers, who had sprung from Oriental roots. In every noble house there was an Arab teacher, and in many a noble house there was a Jewish wife. Men married Jewesses more frequently than women married Jews; yet almost every city saw some splendid matches made by Jews. Davila, when he married into the proud family of Mendoza, shocked no national sentiment. In Isabel's closet and Fernando's tent, the ablest and most trusty officers were of Hebrew race. Few families in the higher ranks were free from what the new inquisitors were calling 'taint of blood;' and when these fathers and their rabble raised the cry of 'Out with the infidel!', this war-whoop from the

cloister and the street was met by many a flashing eye in court and camp. The crime of Zaragoza, which had stained a sacred edifice with human gore, was but a scene in this hot warfare of the cloister and the world.

CHAPTER V.

KING FERNANDO.

1485.

1. At thirty-three, Fernando was a small, brisk man, alive in every sense, alert in every nerve. A chubby cheek, thick lip, brown eyes and raven hair, were lighted by a cold metallic smile, like that which shimmers on a well-worn front of bronze. His skin was tawny gold. Though he was squat in frame, his thews and joints were steeled by frugal diet and by exercise in sport and war. A sleek and comely face led many into deeming him a man of careless mood, more likely to be hunting lovely eyes than poring day and night through plans for conquering rival kings and overturning native laws. Yet he was one of those rare men who will not let their right hand guess the purpose of their left. In using men to serve his turn he had no rival. While he rode against the Moors, he made the Caliph of Granada trust him as a friend. When he attacked the Fundamental Pact of Aragon, he put his monks and priests in front, and threw the odium of his victory over law and justice on the Holy See.

2. By birth and training he was meant to be a

Friend of Light. His father was a patron of the great revival. In his father's house the leading influence was that of Abraham Bibago, an accomplished Hebrew. In his father's days the printing-press was brought to Spain, and both the first and second books were printed in his native states. The house he lived in, called the Aljaferia, was a Moorish palace; the church he knelt in, called La Seo, was a Moorish mosque. In every street his eye was gladdened by the sight of Moorish arch and star. On every side—in wall and tower, in quay and gate, in shrine and court—he saw the traces of a nobler art than that of the ascendant race. Fernando was too open-eyed and active to become a bigot; but the love of power and lust of money might induce him to betray his natural cause. All causes were the same to him. The man was light of love, but never light of heart. His virtue was a clear and intellectual insight; his defect a want of sympathy and humour, and the moral insight which depends on sympathy and humour. In Fernando's eyes all men were rogues; some rich and royal rogues, some poor and lowly rogues; but in their several spheres they all were rogues. No living creature had his confidence. He kept a hundred secrets from the Queen. He named confessors by the dozen, but he told these monks no more than he allowed himself to tell his wife. A councillor had to guess his meaning from his looks. Yet Nature had not given him the expression which deceives without an effort to

deceive. His mouth was big; his left eye turned askant; his voice, which issued through a broken tooth, was an unpleasant hiss and snap. It was not hard to see that under the metallic dimple beat a heart of brass.

3. Once only in his youth, Fernando had been stirred into romance. He fell in love with Isabel and her fortunes; nay, he put on rough disguise; he travelled in the night; he sought adventures in her name. But these wild oats of poetry were quickly sown; and he had long ago found out, while he was under twenty, that a man may thrive in love without the burthen of a heart. The Queen suspected him; for he had always cheated and abused her in a woman's rights. To gain her hand, he had not scrupled to concoct a papal breve, to wed her with a lie upon his lips, and cast her into what he knew was mortal sin. Untrue to her in heart, although he prized her as a queen, he took no pains to hide from her his amours with the ladies of her court. In convents up and down the country, there were children whom he owned. His son by Countess Eboli was made Archbishop of Zaragoza at the age of six. A favourite child, Juana, borne to him by a noble Portuguese, and in his bridal year, he hoped to give a yet more lofty seat. Another son, a Catalan, was at Lerida, where he afterwards slept in peace beneath a splendid tomb. Two girls, each called Maria, were the fruit of other amours. These Marias were in convents, over which they were in

time to live and reign as Lady Abbesses in virtue of their birth.

Though Isabel strove to treat the King with grave respect, she could not always bear his falsehood. In her fits of rage, she fled, and shut herself behind some convent wall; but he was younger than herself, and had a wheedling way no woman could resist. He was her soldier, statesman, and crusader; in his absence everything went wrong. In all their quarrels, victory lay with him.

4. A younger son, Fernando was not born to reign; but he had fought his way, assisted by a beautiful and wicked mother, Queen Juana-Enriquez, second wife of Juan the Second, king of Aragon, to what was properly his brother's place and throne.

5. Carlos, that elder brother, had the happy fortune to unite the heirship of two neighbouring crowns; his father, Juan, being king of Aragon; his mother, Blanca, princess of Navarre. A union of these kingdoms would have put an end to quarrels which had fired the Pyrenees for centuries, and would have closed against the French all passages and inlets into Spain. A student worthy of Bibago, and a soldier worthy of the Cid, Don Carlos was the charm of every college and the pride of every camp. A 'perfect prince,' he seemed ordained by nature to unite the scattered crowns and coronets of Spain. But all these qualities had made him hateful to the young and wicked woman whom his father had espoused and made the mistress of his house.

That house, the Aljaferia, standing in the Ebro vineyards, close to the Portillo gate, was shut against his feet. He had to find a home elsewhere. The Queen was young, the King her husband old. A witch in malice, she had turned her husband's heart against his handsome son. The prince had been arrested, thrown into a dungeon, treated as a rebel, branded as a man unfit to reign. She had compelled him by her policy to retire from Spain; she had induced him by her falsehood to return without his father's leave; she had betrayed him by her perfidy into taking arms. On finding he was strong enough to crush her, she had offered to become his ally. She had started on a journey with him, hoping to undo him with his friends the Catalans; and some hours after she had left him, with a cordial greeting, he had sickened of a strange complaint and died. A storm of public rage had burst upon the Queen, whom every voice accused of murder. Cataluña had revolted from the crown, revived the old republic, and pronounced the King a traitor to his oath. These Catalan republicans had not been crushed without assistance from the French, who had despatched some troops to Barcelona, and received in pledge two Catalan duchies, Rossillon and Cerdaña, with the fort of Salsas and the port of Perpignan. It was Fernando's mother who had brought these foreigners into Spain; it was for crushing liberty in Cataluña that the French had got these duchies in the Pyrenees.

6. Navarre the Queen had not been able to secure. As Carlos left two sisters, Blanca and Leonor, to succeed him in their mother's right, Fernando had no claim, remote or near. All hope of a pacific and immediate union of the kingdoms had been buried in Don Carlos' grave. But if the Queen had lost Navarre, and pawned Rossillon and Cerdaña, she had won by her dexterity a richer prize than either, in the kingdom of Castille.

7. A King of Aragon was always ready to disturb his neighbours in Castille. His people lived on rocky heights, from which they poured at will into the plains, and swept the pastures of their flocks and herds. What Scotland was to England, Aragon was to Castille. When Isabel had risen against her brother, Enrique the Fourth, and sent to Aragon for help, the beautiful and wicked queen had named the price of her support — the rebel princess must espouse her son and share with him her future throne. Three obstacles had seemed to bar this union. Isabel was engaged elsewhere; the Prince and Princess were of kin; and King Enrique was not likely to consent. Her lover, Pedro de Pacheco, was a man to claim his bride. The Roman curia was unwilling to annoy a reigning prince by granting Isabel a dispensation on the score of blood. No one supposed the King would give his sister, then in arms against him, to the foremost enemy of his crown. Yet all these obstacles had been swept

away. Pacheco had been poisoned on the road; a papal dispensation had been forged; the King had been distracted and defied; and on this ruler's death, Fernando, as his sister's husband, had secured possession of his crown.

CHAPTER VI.

QUEEN ISABEL.

1485.

1. In person, Isabel was like her father's mother, Catharine of Lancaster; tall in stature, full in bust, and fair in tint, with auburn ringlets, cold grey eyes, and cheeks on which two full-blown roses burned. In figure, as in mind, she held a vast reserve of strength. She knew the female arts; could broider, trifle with her lute, and speak her native tongue with grace; but she was not a queen of song, still less a queen of learning, as her scribes gave out. She kept a dozen priests and monks to praise her; writers like Alonzo de Palencia, who could tell the story of her life in unctuous periods, and like Pietro Martire, who could sound her virtues in the ears of cardinals and kings.

2. These priests were bound to Isabel by stronger ties than love of food and hope of place. She was their child, their banner, and their pledge. The books she read were lives of saints; the court she kept was one of monks and nuns; the method of her life was service to the Church. She entered a religious order; she arrayed herself in cord and sack; she took upon herself the customary

vows. Beneath her purple robe—and she was fond of wearing silk attire—she wore a long chemise of serge. She strove, and not in vain, to make herself a type of monkish and monarchical Spain; that Spain which had not heard of ancient Greece, and hardly heard of ancient Rome; that Spain which knew no pagan poetry, no Spartan heroes, no republican cities; and, in happy ignorance of what our race had done in nobler ages, was content to follow in the wake of holy monks and kiss the rod of native kings.

3. A sister of the Order of St. Francis, Isabel had a fancy for the lower classes, and could dazzle and mislead them, like her English kinsman Richard of Bordeaux. A rogue in rags was pleasant in her sight. Like other princes who aspire to rule beyond the law, she liked to turn the rich against the poor, and to excite the poor against the rich. A wish to set one class against the other led her to revive the Santa Hermandad; a league of towns and villages which in ancient times had risen against the nobles and the crown. She hated what was new, and still more what was liberal. She suspected learning as a snare for loyalty no less than as a snare for faith. A man who lived in Plato's Athens and in Scipio's Rome, might grow impatient of Toledo; even as a man who spent his days in reading Homer and Cicero might turn in weariness from the book of saints. The printing-press and classical revival, she was taught, were leading men to doubt the power of holy Church. She put the presses under strict control of

mayor and monk, and kept the promise she had given to Torquemada, her confessor, that if God should raise her to the throne, she would devote herself to rooting out of Spanish soil all creeds and rituals hostile to the Catholic Church. That pledge had made her queen; and when she was a queen, her masters, the Dominicans, had held her to a full redemption of that pledge.

4. A royal saint had been selected by her party as the model of her reign. This saint was San Fernando, one of her foregoers on the throne; a man of her own house and blood; a prince who had united Leon and Castille; who had commenced the shrines of Burgos and Toledo; who had carried fagots on his back to burn a heretic; who had conceived the project of a holy war; and who had won for Holy Church the mosques of Seville, Cordova, and Jaen. To crown the labours of this royal saint had now become the passion of her soul. She yearned to be a saint; like that Elizabeth of Hungary who had lived in San Fernando's days, and caught her fervour from the Spanish prince. One lady of her husband's line, an Isabel of Aragon, had been canonized. This saint was born at Zaragoza, in that very palace of the Aljaferia which the living Isabel occupied as Queen. Her room was treated as a shrine, and every one at Zaragoza spoke of her with love and awe. What Isabel of Aragon was, her namesake of Castille desired to be. The living Isabel built a convent in Segovia, which she dedicated to

this sainted dame. Three objects always stood in Isabel's sight:—to spread the empire of her creed; to live in favour with the orders; and to get her name inserted in the roll of saints. To gain these objects she had laid out all her life; had married, sinned, and fought; had risen against her brother and dethroned her niece. To live in favour with the orders, she had built the great Franciscan convent of San Juan at Toledo; curbed the printing-presses; fixed her chief inquisitor at Seville; founded the Dominican convent of Santo Tomas near Avila; and bestowed her offices of state on friars, monks, and priests.

5. If she had gained her ends—a crown on earth, and something like the promise of a crown in heaven—she had been forced to pay the price of her success. The upper classes of her people feared her as a tool, and when their feelings broke into expression she was hailed by words of scorn and hate.

6. Fernando, as became a pupil of Bibago, kept some taint of liberal culture in his household, where a man of talent, such as Gabriel Sanchez, might be used in State affairs without regard to subtleties of faith. Fernando never troubled his astronomer Zacuto on account of his belief. Chabillo of Mouzon, and Paulus of Heredia, could pursue their studies under him in peace, though they had never knelt before a cross. But Isabel would have no servant in her house, no teacher in her schools, on whom her grand-inquisitor refused to set his seal. Two

Popes, Eugenius and Calixtus, had forbidden parents to allow their children to be taught by Jews; how, therefore, could a Christian prince permit his chairs of history and science to be filled by men of that forbidden tribe? Fernando used his priests when he could turn their cloth against a foe; but Isabel, who had the weakness of her sex and country, sought, in what she termed her pious duties, a protection from the stings of conscience and the phantoms of remorse.

7. These stings of conscience and these phantoms of remorse were not the vapourings of an idle fancy, bent on delicate questionings of the heart; but ministers of outraged nature, such as every man and woman may expect who wades through treachery and bloodshed to a throne. The ghost that came most frequently to the couch of Isabel, that scared the sleep of innocence from her eyes, and fed the daily fever in her blood, was that of a fair girl, her niece, and queen; a girl whom she had wronged, dethroned, and buried in a foreign convent cell. No rite performed by an inquisitor could lay for Isabel this royal ghost. Nor was Fernando, as her partner on the throne, less troubled by the royal maid. In every word he wrote, in every pledge he gave, Fernando had his eye and thought on her. She was his evil genius, and the only human being who could force his game. How he might act at Zaragoza towards the Friends of Light depended on the course he had to take in reference to the exiled queen.

CHAPTER VII.

A ROYAL EXILE.

1485.

1. THIS exiled queen was lodging in the convent of Santa Clara of Coimbra, in the bare and lonely district north of Lisbon, under watch and guard of John the Perfect, King of Portugal, who held towards her a jailor's office, and received from Isabel a jailor's pay.

2. Juana, only child of Enrique the Liberal, was born the lawful heiress of his kingdom; but her father had not pleased the great religious orders which were striving for the mastery of Spain; and she had lost her crown in the mischances of a civil war. All through Enrique's reign — a reign of foreign trouble and domestic strife—the brethren of St. Francis and St. Dominic had been striving with that Greek revival which Antonio de Lebrija and his learned friends were preaching in Castille. The King, a poet and a friend of poets, had been a patron of these liberal studies, a protector of these earnest men.

3. Enriquez de Castillo was his chaplain; Alonzo de Palencia was his historiographer. He had sought

his councillors and companions in the liberal schools. Pacheco, his most potent minister, was descended from a Lisbon Jew. Castillo was a councillor as well as poet-laureate. Arias de Avila, an accomplished Jew, was master of his exchequer. Don Gaon was his farmer-general. A Moor was captain of his guard. A Jew was bishop of his favourite seat, Segovia. Jacob Nunez, a distinguished Jew, was his physician. Many of his architects were Moors. His palace at Segovia and his sepulchre of the Cid at Miraflores proved his taste in art. All guests who visited his court were struck by what appeared its gay and liberal aspect. Lisbon may have been more enterprising; Granada may have been more splendid; yet the arts of peace, and notably the minstrel's craft and mason's trade, had found no truer patron than Enrique of Castille. In taste, in study, in amenity of life, his court had been a Moorish rather than a Gothic court.

4. The Spanish brethren of St. Dominic had called his court a libertine court. Religious orders lean to the ascetic and despotic sides of life; for they are founded on the principles of abstinence and submission; and the members of such guilds are apt to fancy that the rules by which they live are good for all mankind. In leaning to the harder sides of life, the brethren of St. Dominic went beyond the Carmelite and Benedictine monks. They hated freedom even more than they suspected light. Their mission

being to strengthen and defend the Pope, as one who held the keys, they wished to have a prince, who, in his sphere, was like a pope—a man above the reach of law. By word and deed, they taught the duty of submitting to all popes and kings, as men submit their souls to God. But in the Greek revival they could find no sanction for the doctrine that obedience is a virtue, poverty a grace. The glory of that learning which was stirring all the youth of Alcala and Salamanca was a glory of Olympian gods, free commonwealths, and independent scribes. A pope had told them that a man who studies Homer in his youth will worship Jupiter in his riper years. Against this great apostasy, the brethren of St. Dominic had been trained to fight; and those of Santa Cruz were brooding on a plan for silencing such teachers as preferred the Georgics to the Book of Saints. But they required a partner on the throne, and agents in the royal judges and provincial mayors. They had not cared to combat, as their founder meant, by written books, by spoken words, and by the precepts of a holy life. A classical teacher had the gift of speech. To write and preach against him was to court reply. The brethren yearned to crush their enemies by force; and enemies like the Friends of Light were only to be beaten down by men who held the civic sword. A ghostly weapon would not smite them; but the subtlest brain and nimblest tongue might quail before a secret judge, a searching rack, and a chastising fire.

5. A royal architect and poet was no partner for a crusade on these learned men, and he who could not be a partner must be dealt with as a foe. At first the brethren had been prudent in their work. A king has many eyes and hands; but preachers like the brethren of St. Dominic have means of acting on the public mind unseen. They have the cloister and confessional at their service. As an architect, Enrique loved the Moorish arch and star, and strove to imitate the Moorish dome and tower. This taste for foreign things might be presented to the faithful as a danger for the Cross. Would not indulgence towards the Arab's art beget indulgence towards the Arab's creed? Were not the Moorish arch and star the sign and light of Moslem faith? Enrique's faith had never been robust. His father, who had also been a poet and a builder, was suspected of conversion to the Moslem rite; and who could tell the brethren of St. Dominic that his daughter, trained amidst a court of Jews and Moors, would live to be a faithful and obedient queen? Enrique had abused his royal power. Not only had he filled his court with foreign artists, but had given the care of Christian souls to men whose fathers crucified Our Lord. Juan Arias, Bishop of Segovia, was a Jew, and Pedro de Aranda, Bishop of Calahorra, was a Jew. The fathers had been no less puzzled than enraged by such appointments in the Church. Resolved to fight for sway, and if they won, to tear the ancient codes

and pacts as Pedro of the Dagger had destroyed the Instrument of Union, they had cast about them for a tool; a ruler who should owe his crown to them, and who would hold it in subjection to their will.

6. In order to impeach Juana's right, the fathers had been forced to blast her mother's fame. That lady was their queen; but in a friar's presence queens are only dust. A sister of Affonzo, King of Portugal, and of the Empress Leonor, that queen had brought into Castille a mind as happy as her face was fair. In seeking to disturb her daughter's claims, they had been forced to whisper that her cheery temper was the cloak of a corrupted heart. She was a Portuguese, and any tale might be received against a Portuguese. No proof of her disloyalty has ever been produced, nor were the prince and princess who had reaped the harvest of her wrongs deceived. But scandal may be raised without a shred of proof. A doubt once planted in the ear is sure to grow; and in a kingdom torn by civil war, it is not hard to sow the seeds of doubt. They had suggested Beltran dè la Cueva, one of the King's companions, as a lover of their Queen.

Although of indolent artistic nature, apt to shrink from cares of state, Enrique had been stung by these reports, and roused to take some measures for his own defence. With triple force, as husband, king, and father, he had met these scandals of the cloister; first, by showing confidence in his partner; next, by taking oaths of fealty to his child; and

last, by giving them his best affection, service, and respect. He had procured a wife for Beltran in a kinswoman of the Cardinal of Spain. Before the papal nuncio and legate, he had caused the Queen to make an oath on her salvation that the stories told of her were false, and that Juana was a true and lawful daughter of the King.

7. When king and pope, council and parliament, had proclaimed Juana's right and sworn to guard that right, a crowd of princes had proposed to marry her and her estates; Prince John of Portugal, Alonzo of Castille, Fadrique of Naples, Charles of France. Charles, Duc de Guienne, had been the favourite suitor, and the land had hailed Juana and Guienne as future Queen and King; all Spain, except the mother of Fernando, and those brethren of St. Dominic and St. Francis, who were fighting for supremacy in Spain. That woman could not hope to get the princess for her son, and the religious orders wanted a less powerful pupil on the throne. A sovereign with a perfect title would be strong enough to reign without their help.

8. Fray Tomas having made his bargain with Enrique's sister, the Dominicans had held her to her pledge. The stony region, lying round the two strong cities of Valladolid and Avila, had always been devoted to the Church. Alonzo Carillo, primate of Castille, a restless, vain, and domineering priest, had recently demanded that the Moors and Jews should be expelled; and on the King refusing his request, he had retired from court in anger, and the

brethren knew that for the moment they could count on his support against the Queen and her unhappy child. But they had not been able to go forward at a stride. Enrique had a brother, Don Alonzo, who was next in order of succession to his crown. Alonzo was a child, and therefore a convenient tool. At Avila, a rock-built town, with walls and towers as solid as the earth on which they stand, Carillo and a party whom his influence carried into opposition had deposed the reigning prince and set the boy-pretender on his throne. A band of discontented men had gathered on that rocky height, and from those rebel towers had hurled defiance at their sovereign lord. A war had then begun; Alonzo as pretender in the front, and Torquemada with his purpose in the rear. Enrique, knowing that the boy was not to blame, had held his troops in check. Avila is the centre of a district noted as producing the most stupid peasantry in Spain. By help of ignorant and superstitious boors, Carillo had kept the kingdom in a state of chronic feud. Avila could not be attacked. The great cathedral was a fortress; and the walls defied the largest guns. At twelve the boy had played his part and disappeared; and then the fathers and their party, going to the convent of Arevalo where the Princess Isabel lived, had offered her the crown. Already they had got her promise. If they made her queen, she was to be with them in heart and soul. They had in her a platform and a principle. Enrique was the Liberal; his sister Isabel was to be the Catholic.

CHAPTER VIII.

SENORA EXCELLENTA.

1485.

1. UNBOUND by either oath or edict, vote or pledge, the fathers had been free to come and go, to jest and sneer, to feign and fawn, as suited them from year to year. They had the pulpit, eucharist, and confessional, under their control. They had the choice of time and method of attack. They had a fort in every convent, and a spy in every house. A thousand scribes had helped to spread their lies. The women and the rabble had been always on their side. Resolved to win, and pitiless towards the victims of their plot, they had denounced the child as Little Beltran; they had stung their Queen to frenzy; they had fixed an epithet more odious than the Liberal on their King. Against these secret arts, the Queen had not been able to defend herself; and she had bowed her head before the blast—a lily broken in a storm.

2. Each movement in this drama had been watched and aided by Fernando's mother, who had thrown her soul into the strife; and after years of civil discord, she had partly teased, and partly

terrified, Enrique into signing articles of peace. These articles had been the cause of future wars; for while Enrique fancied he was placing Isabel, his sister, next in order of succession to his daughter, Isabel's party and the Queen of Aragon contended that the articles he had been induced to sign had placed her next in order to himself. Although he was too just and generous to deprive his sister of her proper rights, Enrique would not leave the offspring of Fernando to ascend his throne. When the Infanta Isabel was born, Enrique had denounced the marriage of his sister as unlawful, and her child as base in blood. All Europe had been told that Isabel's marriage was illicit in the eyes of God and man; and as the Pope had not yet sent a lawful breve to Spain, her eldest child was 'born in sin.'

3. Fernando, careless of these paper edicts and political oaths, had waited for Enrique's death, and then appealed to arms; aware that words are vain, that might is right, that victory is law. At first his partner's cause had seemed a desperate cause. Right, law, and power were on Juana's side. The girl was hailed as Queen. She had the Cortes and the capital in her favour. When her father died, the crown was on her head, and every act of government conducted in her name. Around her stood the Cardinal of Spain, the Grand-master of Santiago, the Grand-master of Calatrava, the Duke of Arevalo, the Marquises of Cadiz and Santillana, the Counts of Benevento, Haro, and Tendilla, with a crowd of other

counts and cavaliers. Carillo was the only man of name who had declared for Isabel. Yet Fernando had not been dismayed; believing in the power of priests and women to upset the strongest thrones.

4. Enrique had erected at Segovia, on the platform of a Moorish alcazar, a palace which he meant to be his house, his fortress, and his bank. This house, which he had given in charge to Andreas de Cabrera, one of his most trusty knights, contained ten thousand silver marks, the ready money of his kingdom. If Fernando could secure this fund, the insurrection might begin; if not, the cause was hopeless. So it lay with Andreas de Cabrera to arrest or to provoke a civil war. Cabrera's wife had caused her husband to betray his trust, to yield the alcazar, and place his silver marks in Isabel's hands. Too soon defection had begun to spread. Beltran de la Cueva was among the first to violate his oath. Mendoza, too, was won; but Isabel, in order to secure his favour, had been forced to sacrifice Carillo, her most powerful prop. One kingdom was too small for two such spirits; but the rebel queen, in giving up Carillo for Mendoza, was securing for her flag the craftiest head and wealthiest family in Spain. Five years this civil war had raged. The learned and commercial classes had sustained their lawful queen; the great religious orders, with the rabble they could drive afield, together with the feudal counts and feudal bishops, had supported her aspiring aunt. Carillo, vexed to find his service

spurned by Isabel, had made some efforts to undo the mischief he had wrought. He had returned to his allegiance to the lawful queen, had written, preached, and fought for her; but he had not been able to unite the great religious orders to a liberal court. 'The Church in danger,' that exciting cry, which has so often roused an ignorant mob to madness, had been raised. The Queen, a child of twelve, had been presented to her people as an enemy of God; her aunt, the rebel princess, as a child of God and an obedient servant of His Church. All persons who were faithful to their oaths, had been denounced as bad Christians, bad Catholics, evil-doers, heretics, and thieves. All those who fought for Isabel, even knights like Beltran de la Cueva, had been called the friends of Christ. From every part of Europe men of desperate fortune flocked to Spain. Italians, Moors, and Switzers flung their swords into a strife where every act of rapine was rewarded as a service to the Cross.

5. Juana had no soldier who could cope with Isabel's husband. When this able general pressed her hard, Pacheo, as her father's minister, had implored her uncle, Dom Affonzo, King of Portugal, to aid her by his arms. In earlier days Affonzo had been thought a soldier. By his wars in Barbary he had gained his name of African; and both as king and kinsman he had seemed to be the natural champion of Juana's right. It was proposed in Lisbon that Affonzo should espouse

his niece Juana, and her cause together; so that he might march and combat for an interest of his own. A dispensation would be needed; but a dispensation could be got from Rome. Affonzo had despatched his agent, Ruy de Sousa, to demand from Isabel the recognition of Juana's rights as only daughter of Enrique the Liberal. Isabel had denied her niece's right; on which the King of Portugal had crossed the frontier with his troops. As city after city hailed his troops, Affonzo had received this cry of welcome as an invitation to assume the crown. At picturesque Plascentia, in the Moorish palace, he had met the Queen, his niece, whom he had then espoused, so far as he could marry such a child. Had he been swift of foot and strong of hand, he might have crushed the rebels at a stroke; but he had stayed his march in order to amuse his knights with feasts and shows. Fernando, taking full advantage of these errors, had renewed his strength. The King of Portugal had waited till it was too late to strike, and when it was too late to strike, had struck. One battle had dispersed his army and compelled him to retire, with an engagement to renounce his claims and those of his pretended bride.

6. Affonzo had not kept this treaty long. The French, who hoped to keep the Catalan duchies, and the Austrians, who detested Isabel as a usurpress, had induced the King of Portugal to try again. Once more his troops had been defeated and dispersed;

once more the poor old soldier had been forced to sue for peace. Juana was a prisoner in her uncle's house; and yet her aunt was not content. What surety had she that Juana would not slip away to France or Germany? The Emperor was her uncle, and the fighting Archduke Maximilian was her cousin. Isabel had proposed a league between the royal families of Spain and Portugal, of which her niece should be the victim. John, then Prince of Portugal, was dreaming of a union of the crowns of Spain, and Isabel suggested through her agents that his schemes might come about in concert with her, but could never ripen through alliances against her. John was dreaming of Juana. He had once before proposed to her. Since then his father had espoused her; but their union was a form of words, and nothing had been done to give that form a spark of life. Juana was his cousin; but a dispensation from the Pope would clear away impediments of blood. Yet Isabel's suggestion, as he saw, was true. The Princess Isabel, though born in sin, was obviously a better match. A papal breve had wiped away her shame. Her parents were in full enjoyment of the crown; her claim to follow them was not denied. The Exile had at best a birthright in Toledo, while the Princess Isabel might live to wear the crowns of Sicily, Sardinia, Aragon, Leon, and Castille. John had accepted Isabel's hint, and signed a treaty for the marriage of his son Affonzo to the 'child of sin.'

7. Juana, living as a queen in Lisbon, with a

court of pages, minstrels, maids of honour, and confessors in her house, had seen her servants sent away, her title taken from her, and her liberty abridged. Yet something had been done to satisfy her pride. Her aunt had set before her maiden eyes the choice between an earthly and a heavenly crown. Would she elect to marry Juan, Prince of the Asturias, or go into a convent as a spouse of Christ? Mendoza was not easy in his mind; for he had been Juana's guardian, and was well aware that all the stories told about her birth were false. He felt the evil they had done, and feared the danger they had braved. Guienne was dead; but Louis took the Exile's part. The Empress Leonor was outraged by the treatment of her sister and that sister's child. For years Mendoza had been seeking for the means of reconciling aunt and niece. This task had been too hard for even his elastic conscience and inventive brain. Juana would not take the veil, and Isabel would not yield her royal state. What could he do? One throne would not accommodate two rival queens. At length he saw his way. As soon as Isabel bore a son, Mendoza put the case before her. Juan must espouse Juana, and unite the elder with the younger branch. The Queen adopted his suggestion; though by offering to accept Juana for her son, and thus restore her to her kingdom, Isabel made confession that the rumours she and her adherents had been spreading for so many years against the mother had been false. Confession came too late to save that

injured queen. The outraged woman's last few weeks of life had been so sweet and saintly, that the fathers had been moved to pity her. They set aside the injuries they had heaped on her; and when her dust was laid at rest, they pointed to her end as that of one, who, sorely tried on earth, had passed into her rest a perfect pattern of the Christian life. But though the words were tardy, it was something to the Exile that her aunt had been compelled to own by public acts her knowledge that the dead queen was innocent, and that the living queen, her daughter, was not born in shame.

8. Yet Queen Juana was not able to accept the match proposed to her by Isabel, her aunt. The Prince was eight months old; the Queen was in her eighteenth year. When Juan would be twenty-one, Juana would be thirty-nine. If she agreed to wait for twenty years, how could she feel assured that Juan would redeem his mother's pledge? As she would not accept this child, they carried her from Lisbon to Coimbra, where they lodged her with a trusty abbess, under orders that the sisters of her convent were to worry her until she took the veil.

In time, they got her to profess; for she was soft of mood and full of saintly grace; but they had not induced her to pronounce the final vows. No art, no menace, had succeeded with the lonely child; though prince and prior had essayed to work upon her mind. She had not ceased to claim her own; she had not dropt her style of Queen. The Church

was asked to curse her, and such cardinals as Borgia had not stayed their lips and pens. All princes, dukes, and knights, who owned Juana, even in their secret hearts, were cast out bodily from the fold. Yet Isabel, in her palace and her chamber, could not rest for fear. If anything was wrong with her, as sickness in the house, disaster in the field, disorder in the towns, cross purposes in foreign courts, she felt that every eye was turning from the alcazar of Cordova towards that cloister of Santa Clara in Coimbra, where the holy maid was ready with her stainless banner and her popular name. The Emperor wished her to resume her throne; the court of France desired her to resume her throne; the people of Granada and Navarre expected her to resume her throne. Nor was she less desired at home. Juana had become a parallel to the Perfect Prince. As people prayed before the tomb of Carlos, they revered the Exile as a sort of living saint. All laymen of her kingdom, from the councillor at Isabel's table to the shepherd on his mountain, called upon the Exile by her popular and endearing names of Excellenta, Lady Excellenta, and Señora Excellenta of Castille.

CHAPTER IX.

AT ALCALA.

1485.

1. THE summer had been hot, and Isabel was suffering in her physical and moral health. With autumn came a flood of rain. The Guadalquiver rose above her banks, and swept though maize-field, melon-yard, and croft. Mosques, tombs, and houses, were surrounded by a flood; the lower city was a lake; and people had to paddle up and down in boats. Below the city wall, the river broke her dykes, and poured in one wild sheet across the plain. Trees, mills, and herds of kine, were swept away. From Cordova to Seville, in the basin of the stream, her country was a wreck. In Seville, too, a lake was formed in every square, and torrents roared against the walls and gates. A watcher on the Golden Tower could see the drovers floating through their fields on rafts. Triana, on the farther bank, where Torquemada held his court, was drowned. These floods brought pestilence; for out of lake and swamp steamed up a hot mephitic vapour which infected man and beast. Great battles had been fought around

these cities, and a host of corpses had been left to whiten on the ground. A cry of pest was raised. At Cordova, around the alcazar and mosque, now purged into a palace and cathedral, many of the poor and homeless drooped and died. The cry of pest was followed by a cry of flight; and those who had the means of flight prepared to fly. Fernando, no less startled by his news from Cordova, than by his news from Zaragoza, hastened from his camp, and snatching up his queen, his children, and his household, bore them towards the high and healthy ridge of Central Spain.

2. It was already autumn in the year of Bosworth-field and Ronda, when the royal company set out from Cordova. In front rode Don Fernando, King of Aragon and Sicily; Doña Isabel, his consort, Queen of Leon and Castille; Don Juan, Prince of the Asturias, their only son; the pale Infanta Isabel; the fair Juana and the child Maria, with their several abigails and knights. Behind the Queen, and prouder than the Queen, rode Pedro de Mendoza, Cardinal of Spain. Mendoza, from his pride of place, was called a king, the Cardinal-king of Spain. Not far behind the Cardinal came his kinsman, Diego de Mendoza, Archbishop of Seville; after whom, with no great pause and distance, came a crowd of prelates, friars, and chaplains; prelates like Alonzo de Fonseca, Archbishop of Santiago; friars like Tomas de Torquemada, Grand Inquisitor of Castille and Aragon; chaplains like

Fernando de Talavera, prior of Santa Maria del Prado and confessor to the Queen. A tail of pages, cooks, and slaves, with many friars, black, white, and grey, were followed by the royal guard; a band of knights in Moorish armour, riding Moorish horses, and commanded by that gallant Count de Cabra who had marked the recent summers by a great success and a severe reverse.

3. Where could Fernando find a place of rest—a place of strength as well as rest—in which his Queen and children could remain while he was wrestling with the Friends of Light? He dared not take them to the Aljaferia. A mob was howling in the streets of Zaragoza for the blood of Jew and Moor. The citizens of Tudela were protesting in the name of law and liberty against this cry for blood. In Teruel there was a rising of the people, headed by the magistrates and priests. In Barcelona every one was quick with rage, and every day produced some conflict with the royal troops. Valencia was unquiet, and his neighbours in Navarre were ready to support the Friends of Light. In spite of genius and success, Fernando was not loved in his hereditary states, where people knew how he had risen to power, and every lip was praying to the Perfect Prince. The jails were full of knights and citizens, the abbeys and cathedrals of a surging and excited crowd. Fernando's officers were flying to their lonely castles, to the liberal towns, and into foreign lands. He dared not venture to the Aljaferia, even

though his wife might wish her infant to be born in the auspicious room where Santa Isabel had first beheld the light of day.

4. Where could he rest? Toledo and Avila were too far away from Aragon. He must be near his frontier, yet beyond the reach of an avenging knife. The Cardinal who rode beside him had a house at Alcala; at Alcala, the holy city, lying in a green and fertile vega near the royal forests of Madrid; and, save Toledo, the most populous town in New Castille. This house Mendoza offered to the King and Queen.

5. When seen afar off by the muleteers who trudge in dust and heat through Central Spain, this city has a look of age and strength becoming her renown. Yet her renown is old, is widely spread, and is of many kinds. She is the city of San Juste and San Pastor, and enjoys the special patronage of these infant saints. For centuries she was a citadel of Moslem pride, a centre of Arabian wealth and art. In later ages she was wrested from the infidel; became the scene of Don Bernardo's vision, and the prize of King Alonzo's arms. When captured by the Christians, she was consecrated to religion as a temporal holding of the Church. For ages she remained a home of cardinals and primates, who enlarged Bernardo's cell till it was vast enough to lodge a royal household. Consistorial and inquisitorial courts were held within her walls. She was the school and the retreat of Ximenes. A printing-press which rivalled

that of Venice spread her fame abroad. Her college of San Ildefonso was a nursery of sacred learning, and the workshop out of which came forth the Complutensian Bible. For a century her doctors and professors held a rank in letters hardly less conspicuous than the doctors and professors of Salamanca held in law. Not often have so many glories met in one small city; yet the pride of Alcala is in a cradle and a grave. In Alcala Cervantes was born, and there Ximenes died.

6. A corner of the town was covered by the primate's palace, with a garden lying in the shadow of a Moorish wall and tower. Approached by spacious courts and splendid stairs, the halls and chambers of this palace were the pride of Spain. The Allelujah hall, the Inquisition hall, and the Banqueting hall, were royal rooms. Mendoza placed these chambers at the service of his sovereigns, while those sovereigns were engaged in dealing at a distance with the Friends of Light.

CHAPTER X.

CATHARINE.

1485.

1. In siding with his monks, the King made many foes whom he could ill afford to front. The nearest officers of his court were under ban. Navarre was friendly to the fugitives. The people of that country, clinging to the memory of their Perfect Prince, disliked Fernando for his mother's sake. Navarre received the Jews who fled from Aragon, and, as the exodus increased, provided them a separate quarter in Pamplona and allowed them to erect a synagogue. Ambassadors were coming from the Pope. The Emperor was hostile; and the Austrian court regarded Isabel's niece as lawful queen. The French were pouring troops into his duchies, and conducting their affairs in Perpignan as though Rossillon were a part of France. A change of rulers at Pamplona, where Catharine, wife of Jean d'Albret, had recently succeeded to her brother's throne, gave Charles, a leading influence in Navarre. Fernando saw the gateways of his kingdom in the west, as well as in the east, thrown open to an active and unscrupulous foe.

2. Nor was the outlook closed for him by Germany, Rome, and France. What sort of king, he had to ask, was reigning in the English court? A pirate named Columbus, kinsman and companion of the navigator, had received a patent as vice-admiral of the French fleet in Portuguese waters, mainly with a view to harass the Venetian trade. Columbus hated the Venetians like a Genoese, and when their galleys hove in sight, with spices, cotton, wine and gold on board, he fell upon them, fought them for a summer day, and forced them one by one to strike their flags. On board these ships he found rich store of Spanish goods and produce; bales of spice and bags of cotton, butts of wine and heaps of silver coin; all which he seized and held as spoil of war. But having doubts if such a haul was lawful prize, he sailed for England, where he hoped to find a market for his spoil.

3. By treaty right, Fernando could demand from France the restitution of these bags and bales, and he was sending his request to Paris when he learned that the Italian corsair had retired into an English port. Columbus knew a little more of England than Fernando knew. Aware that Richard had been slain at Bosworth-field, he knew that Richard's death had put an end to treaties made between the courts. Until those treaties were renewed, no rule of law prevented him from selling in an English port his captured bales of silk and butts of wine. Fernando was so far behind

in knowledge, that he could not learn what king was seated on the English throne. While he had been afield against the Moors, dark tales had reached him from that distant court, in which his children, as the heirs of John of Gaunt, had an eventual claim. A king was dead; his sons were murdered in the Tower; the murderer had seized his crown. Plots, risings, and assassinations, marked that murderer's reign. An exiled prince had tried to land and failed; a second effort of that prince had met with more success. But who had won the fight Fernando had not heard; and when he wrote from Alcala, complaining of the corsair, he was forced to write in blank; his letter being addressed to no one in particular, but only to 'the serene and powerful prince' who happened, when his note reached London, to be King.

4. Fernando sent his orders into Aragon. A hall and chamber in his palace of the Aljaferia were prepared for the Dominicans, who henceforth were to sit beneath the royal roof, and issue sentences of fine and death. His hand fell heavily on the Friends of Light. These counts and citizens, the flower of his estates, were hunted, tried, and hung; nay, every one who gave them shelter, even for a night, was seized by royal officers, handed over to familiars of the Holy Office, hid from sight in dungeons, tortured till he answered, and condemned to ruinous fines, to penance in the church, and haply to the flames. Uraŋzo turned king's evidence on the promise of a

pardon, and was hung; Fernando saying, as he strung him up, that by a pardon he had meant to spare the fellow's hands, but not his head. Abadia slew himself in jail. From every town in Aragon, the fathers took at least one victim; so that every town in Aragon should know what punishment had been awarded to the Friends of Light. Among these victims was a royal prince, Don Jaime of Navarre, Fernando's nephew, who was charged with having sheltered one of the unhappy fugitives in his house. Don Jaime was a son of Elinor, late Queen of Navarre, and uncle of Catharine, the reigning queen. Fernando loved his elder sister and her offspring, as he had loved his elder brother Carlos. Jaime was seized by the familiars, flung into a vault, compelled to yield his secret, and condemned to suffer personal shame. This prince, whose crimes were royal blood and noble sentiment, was carried from his jail to the cathedral of La Seo, where, in presence of Fernando's bastard son, the boy-Archbishop, and a crowd of monks and citizens, he was stript and beaten round the choir with rods. This act of shame, inflicted on a royal prince, was called a penance of the Church.

5. From Alcala, a fortress and a sanctuary, the King and Queen directed all these acts of vengeance. Upwards of two hundred citizens were put to death. The Cortes and the council-board were purged of Friends of Light. Arbues was adopted by the Queen. Though he was dead she named him her

confessor, and the King decreed him a magnificent tomb. Amidst this reign of fire and blood, the Queen fell sick. She fainted in her chair, was borne into her room, and on the sixteenth day of December, 1485, was delivered of a female child.

6. This female child was born beneath a troubled star. She came into the world too soon; her sex was a surprise and a regret; and she was born, not only far from her imperial home, but in a fortalice of the Church. It was an open question with the judges whether she was not the Cardinal's subject; but the child was born as she would have to live and die—away from home, the sport of time and chance, the prey of rival priests and kings.

Book the Second.

CATHARINE'S CHILDHOOD.

CHAPTER I.

THE CARDINAL OF SPAIN.

1485–6.

1. Mendoza, Cardinal of Spain, received the infant from her nurses and adopted her by book and bell into the Christian fold. Her name was Catalina, the Castillian form of Catharine. When the rite was done in church, Mendoza gave a banquet in his splendid hall in honour of the child. She was his infant, born in his own city, and he wished to mark her baptism by a feast which minstrels would rehearse in song, and chroniclers would celebrate in prose.

2. Pedro de Mendoza, known in story as the Great Cardinal of Spain, was born of noble race, and in the mind of every monk and priest he was the noblest of his race. His father was the famous

Marquis of Santillana; his elder brother was the famous Duke of Infantado; his cousin was the famous Count of Tendilla; yet the Cardinal of Spain had risen beyond all reach of rivalry outside the reigning house.

3. A man with brimming eyes and shaven chin, you saw in him at once a pleasant mien, unruffled temper, and prolific force. In youth, a rhymester and a student, he is said to have translated Ovid into Spanish verse. In riper years, a friar, a councillor, and a soldier, he had brethren in the cell and colleagues at the board who put that pagan poet to the ban. Though he was neither ignorant friar nor stupid councillor, he chose to fight beneath the flag that led him by the easiest road to fame and power. A member of the Order of St. Francis, he was vowed to poverty, to chastity, and to obedience; yet, in every stage of his career, he was devoured by greed of gold, by love of women, by ungovernable pride. He kept a table and a harem. In Mendoza's day, a prelate who retained one lady only in his house was deemed a model priest; but he had taken to himself as many favourites as the King. Two ladies of the highest rank bore children to him, whom he owned without a blush of shame, and whom he gave in marriage, with befitting fortunes, to his equals in hereditary rank. These pleasures of the table and the harem were the themes of many a stave and sermon, which the young Franciscans, starving on their peas and rye,

gulped down with water, loved to launch against their powerful and indulgent chief. Mendoza listened to these censures with a humorous smile. One day, an earnest brother, who was preaching in his presence, made a bold allusion to his fondness for the sex, his craving after money, and his appetite for meat and drink, as incompatible with his vows, and even with a Christian life. Some bishops who were in the church rose up in rage, and would have torn the insolent varlet from his pulpit; but Mendoza stilled them by a movement of his eye; and going in to dinner, which was cooked as for an emperor, he took a dish of highly-seasoned game, together with a purse of dollars, and despatched them to that brother's cell. His meat and money were not thrown away, for in his next discourse the preacher undertook to show that Gospel liberty means a special license which is given to men of high estate.

4. Mendoza's feast in honour of the young Infanta was prepared in the great banquet-room. The King and Queen, Don Juan, and the lords and ladies of two royal households, were received in state, and fed with dainty food and warmed with costly wine. Fonseca, the Archbishop of Santiago, graced the feast. Mendoza's banquet had a rare success.

5. Yet there was hot debate between the royal mayor and clerical judge. At Alcala, Mendoza claimed to be supreme. The place belonged to God and not to man. It was a city of the Cross, re-

covered by a miracle, and held in virtue of that miracle by the Church. A storm began to rage round Catalina's crib in Alcala, like that which was to rage about her closet at Kimbolton in her dying hour. The royal mayor asserted that his powers were absolute. He was the royal mayor—in Alcala the same as in Toledo and Zaragoza. 'No,' the clerical judge replied, 'Toledo and Zaragoza own another rule than Alcala; those capitals are temporal cities; Alcala is a possession of the Church.' Each party called upon his chief. Mendoza said his officer was right. Fernando, speaking for his consort, said her officer was right. All processes of law were stopt; nor could the baby's birth be certified in the usual form. The Queen, when told of the affair, would not give way, because the matters in dispute were held to touch the unity and splendour of her crown; the Cardinal, on his side, could not yield, because the matters in dispute were held to touch the freedom and authority of his Church.

6. For Alcala was not a sacred and ideal city only, but a fastness lying in a fertile valley on the road from Aragon into the heart of Spain. It closed the shortest line from Zaragoza to Toledo. In Carillo's days the town had proved a sure defence; for though the Queen detested her archbishop, she had never sought to pluck him from this safe retreat. Mendoza could not say how soon such days might come for him. Carillo had been once as near to Isabel as he was now; yet, in his later years, Carillo had been glad to

toy with magic and pursue the elixir of life behind a gate which neither King nor Queen could pass on penalty of stirring up the ire of holy Church.

7. A feud seemed ready to break out between the crown and church; in which event the Excellenta might have been recalled, the priest of Zaragoza might have died in vain, the Inquisition might have been arrested at an early stage, and Catalina might have lived the abbess of a convent in some Spanish town. A sense of common peril checked their tongues. To turn upon each other while Granada still held out, while Aragon was burning into fever, while the French were stirring in the Pyrenees, was ruin to the aims alike of church and crown. Sage doctors met in council and proposed a truce. Fonseca showed the way. His plan was to refer the case to certain learned men, with power to study the original grant, and make reports to Cardinal and Queen. No one disputed Don Alonzo's grant. No one denied that this original grant had been confirmed by various kings and popes. The Queen herself had recently confirmed the grant. One question still remained — to what extent the sovereign right had passed, in virtue of these grants and confirmations, to the primate of Castille? Was Alcala, like Rome, an absolute property of the Church? Five learned men were chosen by the Cardinal; five other learned men were chosen by the Queen. Fonseca was to act as president and moderator. These men were wise

enough to take much time. Before Fonseca made his full report, the Queen and Cardinal were in their graves, the Caliphate of Granada was destroyed, the German court was reconciled, the Inquisition was at work in every part of Spain, the liberties of Aragon were outraged in the name of Christ, and baby Catalina was a widow in a foreign land.

CHAPTER II.

A HOLY WAR.

1486.

1. THE feast of blood being over and the Friends of Light dispersed, the Inquisitors having moved into the Aljaferia, and the offices of state being filled by orthodox counts and knights, Fernando and his consort quitted Alcala, in company with the Cardinal of Spain. They rode to Cordova, their conquered city, and the pestilence being abated, Isabel took up her residence in the alcazar. The children stayed with her, together with a crowd of tutors, chaplains, and confessors, while her husband and his generals bore the bars of Aragon and lions of Castille into the south.

2. A small, but beautiful and fertile part of Spain still owned the sway of Moorish prince and Moslem seer. That Andalus, of which Granada was the capital and Malaga the port, was painted by an Arab bard, Salami, as a land of gentle hills and fertile plains, sweet air and wholesome food; a land of useful animals, abundant fruits, and constant seasons, neither hot like Barbary, nor chilly like Castille; a land of flowing streams, bright groves,

and pleasant homes; and peopled by a race of men endowed with ready wit, clear intellect, high courage, manly pride; a people in whose hearts there beat a passion for the highest and most gracious things. In picturing Andalus to men who had not seen that earthly paradise, an Arab poet drew on all the riches of his fancy and his memory. 'This land of Andalus,' wrote Abu Obeyd-illah, 'is like Syria for the sweetness of her water and the pureness of her air; like Yemen for the mildness of her climate, which is one perpetual spring; like India for her wealth of drugs and spices; and like China for her mines and precious stones.' Of this poetic land, Granada was the pearl. 'Granada,' cried her rhapsodists, with Oriental flush of metaphor, 'has no equal on the earth; not Cairo, not Bagdad, nay, not Damascus can compare with her; she is a bride, of which these cities are the dower.' Granada was the throne of Andalus, protected by a ring of strongholds worthy to defend so rich a prize.

Much fighting lay between Fernando and his prize, and he depended for the conquest of Granada rather on the Caliph's weakness, on the discords in his household, on the factions in his capital, and on the feuds between his towns, than on his own superior strength; even though the armies he could put in line outnumbered his opponents ten to one. The Moors were strong in art, in science, and in engineering skill. Their troops

were better armed and better drilled than Spanish troops. Their swords were finer and their guns of longer range. The Moors were swifter riders, better shots, and more adventurous scouts. But they were few in front of many, and they had no leader equal to their foe. Though brave as lions, they were pushed from town to town, from ridge to ridge, which, once abandoned to the Goth, could never be recovered; yet the war was less a conflict of the Goths and Moors, than a particular duel between the King and Caliph. An unscrupulous general, master of the art of war, as clear in aim as he was dark in means, was matched against a learned, restive, and poetic dreamer, who desired to live in peace, to please his mother, to amuse the rabble of Granada, and to spend his days in the apartments of a favourite slave.

3. Abd-allah, this easy Caliph, was the eldest son of Hassan, a refined and restless prince, who had been no less hapless in his wars than in his loves. This prince had lost Alhama,—

Ah de mi Alhama!

and the loss of that strong post had helped the faction of his wife, Zoraya, to dethrone him. Jealous of a captive Greek, on whom the Caliph doated with poetic frenzy, she had whispered through the city that her husband meant to raise the offspring of this Christian slave. A civil war had broken out. 'The Mosque in danger' is as fierce a war-cry as 'The Church in danger.' From the kennel

and the college surged the champions of the mosque. The son rose up against his father; and the aged Caliph who had vexed his partner was expelled. Their country parted into hostile camps; one caliph reigning at Granada and a second caliph reigning at Malaga. In evil hour, the hero, Az-zaghal, a younger brother of the Caliph Hassan, yielded to the clamour of his troops, and he, too, was invested with the sovereign rank. A province less in size than Yorkshire had to bear the burthen of three reigning princes, each of whom required a court, a harem, and a royal guard.

4. Of these three caliphs, Az-zaghal alone inspired much fear in Spain. Abd-allah won no battles save against his father. At Lucena, he had fallen a prisoner; but Fernando, who discovered that his absence from Granada might induce all parties in the country to unite beneath the flag of Az-zaghal, allowed him to return. Fernando got Abd-allah to accept a body-guard of Christian knights; well knowing that the presence of these knights would rouse the fiercest anger of the Moors. Fernando sowed his tares in fertile soil. One town grew jealous of another; jealous as Zoraya of the Christian slave. Granada flouted Loja; Gaudix hated Baza; and Illora envied Malaga. Instructed by his captor how to rule, Abd-allah offered peace with Spain to every city that would own his sway, and war with Spain to every city that should close her gates against him. These appeals to Spain were

backed by a display of Christian troops. Surprise, disorder, and division, showed themselves on every side. The aged Caliph was restored and was again expelled. His death brought no composure to the land; for Az-zaghal, though followed as a soldier, could not reunite the factions as a prince. Granada was at issue with itself; one bank of the Darro being for Abd-allah, the other bank for Az-zaghal. The rabble were on one side, the nobles and professional classes on the other side. That rabble spoke of Az-zaghal, their only soldier, as a tyrant who was fighting to deprive a nephew of his throne. Fernando watched this Moorish leader with a wistful glance; for whether his campaigns were brisk or sullen, nothing was decided even for a moment while this brilliant horseman was afield.

5. Good news saluted King and Queen on their arrival in the south. Fierce strife, they heard, had broken out between the two great factions of Granada, the Antiqueruela and the Albaycin. The Antiqueruela were the knights; the Albaycin were the roughs. These factions lived in different quarters of the city, and supported different Caliphs. All the upper ranks, the captains, advocates and mollahs, were for Az-zaghal; the lower classes, porters, smiths, and muleteers, were for Abd-allah. Az-zaghal was marching on Granada to support his party and repel the foe; Abd-allah was flying on the road towards Seville, calling out for succour to his Spanish friends. A band of Christian horsemen bore

Abd-allah back; and then a war of fire and sword consumed the capital. Az-zaghal was posted with his knights in the Alhambra; Abd-allah in the suburb of the Albaycin, secured by Christian troops. While they were tearing at each other's throats, Fernando made a dash at Loja—strong and lovely Loja! rising on her verdant hill, and closing by her gates the beautiful and fertile vega of Granada. Troops from many countries flocked into Fernando's camp, and found a joyous welcome from the King. Earl Rivers, uncle of the Queen of England, rode into his camp, attended by a troop of English horse, and asked no other favour than to ride in front. Abd-allah stole away from the Albaycin, and appeared among the Christian tents. Lord Rivers and his English troops, dismounting from their horses, raised their battle-axes in the air, and rushed upon the Moorish line. Struck senseless from the wall, his teeth knocked out, his visage mauled and spoiled, the English Earl was carried to his tent. But men as stout as Rivers followed, and the siege went briskly on. Granada, torn with discords, would not send a man to help her neighbour in the hour of peril. Loja fell; and then the out-work of Granada was in Spanish hands.

Illora, Modin, and some other places, fell with Loja. When the vega had been opened to his raids, Fernando sent his Caliph to the capital, with offers of a league of friendship if the people of Granada would desert the flag of Az-zaghal and

drive that warrior from his throne. Abd-allah entered the Albaycin in disguise, and in the dead of night convened a meeting of his partisans. He told them Spain would lend them arms and powder to expel their tyrant. If they wished for more, the King, his friend, would send them help in men and guns. Would they not rise? Would they not storm the tyrant in his purple hall? His cry was answered by a shout of joy; the treacherous aid of Spain was welcomed; and a raid on the Alhambra was proposed.

6. On hearing that their plans were speeding well, the King and Queen rode up on pilgrimage from Cordova to Santiago, one of those great Spanish shrines which hardly yielded in importance to the chapel of Our Lady on her jasper shaft. St. James, the brother of our Lord, had taken shape in Spain as Santiago, a saintly Hercules, a mundane Michael; and the people saw in him at once a saint, a patron, and a god of war. He was commander of all Spanish troops; the highest military order in the country bore his name; and every soldier of the Cross, on rushing into battle, was reminded by his captain and his priest that Santiago and a host of angels would be fighting at his side. So great a victory as that of Loja called for an unusual rite; and so the King and Queen, attended by their son, their daughters, and their household, rode into the north and threw themselves at Santiago's shrine.

CHAPTER III.

MALAGA.

1487.

1. NEXT year Fernando turned his face towards Malaga; that shining city on the sea—the port of figs and olives, grapes and almonds, mulberries and limes —of which the royal poets loved to sing. Blue waters washed the feet of purple hills, on which there seemed no speck of soil that was not garden, vineyard, olive-ground, and fig-walk. Every city of the East, from Smyrna to Bagdad, received the figs of Malaga with rapture. 'God has given to Andalus,' the poets wrote, 'a blessing which He has withheld from Barbary and Fez.' No less delicious were the grapes, both dried and pressed. 'O Lord,' a caliph on his death-bed cried, 'among the pleasant things of paradise, let there be Malaga wine and Seville oil.' White mosques and houses glistened on the slopes. A mountain stream, which leapt into the city, fanned the narrow streets, and cooled the glowing air. High walls of ancient date ran round the place, and one great mosque, of special sanctity, with a noble court adorned by orange-trees, attracted every eye. The people were a quick, mercurial, and

artistic race; professors, craftsmen, minstrels; men whose thoughts were given to art and trade, and who were mainly anxious to pursue their lives in peace.

2. First sending help in men and money to Abd-allah, who was hovering in and out of the Albaycin, in the hope that he would give employment to the rival prince, Fernando marched on Velez Malaga, a famous outwork of the still more famous port. Alhama gave the Spaniards access to Velez Malaga; a fortress which could only be assisted by an army coming from the east by steep and arid mountain roads. Yet Az-zaghal no sooner heard that foes were sitting down in front of Velez Malaga than he mustered troops for her relief; and hoping that the Moorish factions would forget their feuds in presence of so great a danger, rode from the Alhambra with his troop of horse. He sought his foe, and pressed him hotly; but his squadrons were too light to raise the siege; and in his absence from the capital, the rabble of the suburbs stormed his palace and proclaimed his nephew Caliph. He withdrew to Gaudix, whence he watched the enemies whom he could no longer meet. Attacked by sea and land, the fort of Velez Malaga surrendered to the King, who instantly pushed on his troops to Malaga, and called upon that port and town to yield.

3. In this extremity the Moors bethought them of their brethren at the farther end of the great Midland Sea. A poet of their creed was seated on

the greatest throne on earth. This poet, Bajazet, whose arms had smitten kings and khans, was master of two continents and seas. If any man on earth could help them he was Bajazet. An agent of the Moor was sent to the Serail, where Bajazet received him kindly. In romantic strain this agent prayed the Sultan to assist the Princes of the Beni-ahmer, Sons of Crimson, in Granada, who were pressed and harried by Fernando, King of Aragon, an enemy of their holy faith. His pleas were elegies, composed in Arab measure, and adapted to the prince whom he addressed. For Bajazet was not an ordinary Turk; a young barbarian, hot with pride and strength, who fought from wantonness of blood; but a pacific prince, who loved to strike his tent and fold his flag, and grieved when he was forced to draw his sword and mount his horse. They told of what the Moors were suffering by the war. They spoke of what the Moors had done for Spain; the cities they had built, the mosques they had adorned, the gardens they had planted, and the poems they had written, in a reign of many hundred years. Yet they were pressed, they said, by infidels on every side; they feared the faith itself might perish in the wreck; their only hope was in the justice and compassion of their Moslem brethren. If the Sultan would not aid them, they were lost.

4. A poet and a zealot, Bajazet was touched by these appeals. But Spain was far away; Kazan was crying out for help against the Russ; and

he was much averse to entering on a distant war. If he could do them good without declaring war he was inclined to serve them. Calling for his page —a page called Kemal, 'perfect,' from his personal beauty—he commanded ships to be prepared for sea. Page Kemal was to head this fleet; he was to visit Spain; he was to lend what help he could to the outnumbered Moors. As Kemal Reïs, this page soon made himself a name of fear; but plundering caravels at sea and wasting woods and villages on shore, could not arrest the progress of Fernando's arms.

5. Though weak in numbers and divided in opinions, the southern Moors, in these last months of independent rule, exhibited the virtue of those nobler days when their supremacy in arts had been supported by supremacy in arms. A trading and artistic city held a mighty enemy at bay for six long months, disputing every rood of ground as he approached their walls, and beating him in many a fair and open fight. Once succour seemed at hand. From Gaudix Az-zaghal sent out a troop of horse to throw relief into the town, as proof to the defenders that they were not left to fight alone. But Abd-allah, who was afield with a superior force, waylaid this party of relief, and having either captured or destroyed it, sent the news of his success into Fernando's camp, with presents of Arabian horses, with congratulations on his victories, and meek entreaties for his friendship. After a resistance which has given the Malagans a place in history,

they had to yield the sword, and trust the mercy of a man and woman who had now become their king and queen.

6. No age of time, no zone of earth, has witnessed a more brutal use of power than followed this surrender of the port and town of Malaga. When King and Queen rode in, together with their troops, they seized the alcazar and public baths, they threw a company of friars into the mosques, they occupied the gates and towers, they tore the Crescent from all vanes and minarets, and, after chanting mass and burning incense in the mosque, now named Our Lady's Church, they sentenced every man, woman, and child, without regard to age and station, to be sold as slaves. In vain the elders interfered in favour of the young. In vain the males protested on behalf of female innocence. The Queen was pitiless. Some Moors reminded her how differently their caliphs had behaved at Cordova, and in other cities where their arms had been resisted by a gallant people fighting for their homes. To spare a broken enemy was not in Isabel's nature. Men of rank and learning were exported to the Barbary coasts and sold for slaves. Young girls were given to soldiers and to priests. A few of the most noble and accomplished were reserved as presents, such as queens might give and pontiffs might receive. Mendoza sent one band of noble Moors to Rome.

7. So far was Isabel from sparing these poor inno-

cents, she pressed to have her share and choice of spoil. The prettiest captives were reserved for her, and she bestowed these captives into slavery far and wide. She sent one batch of them to Lisbon and a second batch of them to Naples. She dispensed them freely to the ladies of her court. Her tent, her stables, and her alcazar, were crowded with these sad and dusky forms. Ten thousand innocent men and women, many of them more accomplished than her husband and herself, were given by her to slavery in a single day.

CHAPTER IV.

SANTA HERMANDAD.

1487.

1. When the campaign of Malaga was over, and the troops were lodged in quarters to await the spring, Fernando, with his wife, his children, and his household, rode into the north, and took up his abode at Zaragoza, where his Cortes were about to meet.

2. His Holy Office was unpopular with the upper classes, who were but too well aware that even in its milder form, the office of St. Dominic was forbidden by their fundamental laws. His capital was in mourning for the Friends of Light. In every noble house there was an empty chair. In almost every noble house there was a widow with beseeching eyes, a son with burning cheek, a brother with revengeful heart. Of those who were not called to mourn the dead, too many were compelled to mourn the absent. Princes, counts, and councillors were in flight. A father was in France, a son in Zürich, and a brother in Milan. Some desperate men had taken shelter in Granada. Like the dead, they were removed from time and space, and only felt by instinct in the void and pain

created by their loss. A chill, a silence, as of rage and sorrow, sat on Zaragoza, and if fear restrained the lust of vengeance, nothing but an armed band supported by a brutal mob could keep the citizens down. All Aragon was seething with the same white passion as the capital, and the dependencies of Aragon were seething like the parent state. To a demand for information as to any fugitives who might have entered Tudela from Zaragoza, the magistrates of that liberal city answered they had none to give. Lerida, with the bishop at its head, was actually in arms. Valentia was excited, and the Catalans, still new to Torquemada's black familiars, were kindling to the heat of civil war. Majorca, Sicily, Sardinia, were as warm against his Inquisition as the cities in his older states.

3. Fernando met these movements of his people with the cold and forward eye of one who had prepared his work. Abravanel was at his side, a pleader for compassion to the innocent, if not the guilty; but a greater than Abravanel was also at his side. The Queen could show no clemency to men whose friends had slain her priest. Fernando, fighting for the monks, was fighting for himself. The mob was on his side. Though jealous of the crown, this rabble was obedient to their Church. By putting an inquisitor in front, and tearing up the charter of his kingdom in the name of holy Church, he could secure his ends, and yet incur no blame. Nor were these future benefits the whole of what

he had to gain. The fines were heavy, and the seizures frequent; but beyond this flow of money to his chests, he had a pressing need for men. His holy war was a consuming fire. Pay, license, love of arms, and chance of plunder, would not fill his ranks. To drive more soldiers to his camp, he wanted sharper spurs and stronger prods. These sharper spurs and stronger prods he found in the inquisitor's rack and brand. A man who put on armour for the Cross could hardly be accused of heresy; and hundreds who would otherwise have been content to tend their vineyards rode afield in order to escape the logs and pitch. An Act of Faith was fruitful in another way. It kindled holy rage. It set the looker on athirst for blood, and most of all for paynim blood. From every Act of Faith a group of men-at-arms came into camp. On every ground of policy, Fernando saw a motive for supporting his Inquisitors against the Friends of Light. He therefore sent fresh troops to Teruel and Barcelona, where the clergy and the craftsmen had been making common cause with the superior ranks against the deputies of Torquemada, and repressed these risings in the name of law and liberty with an unsparing hand and hoof.

4. The Friends of Light being mostly counts and knights, who lived in towers and castles up and down the land, in lonely districts, difficult to reach and still more difficult to storm, Fernando formed a league of friars and villagers against them.

In Castille his consort had revived an ancient democratic union called the Santa Hermandad; a league of villagers and town-folk, like the bands and brotherhoods in the Rhetian Alps; which, under popular chiefs, had served in times of rapine to protect the weak against marauding nobles and rapacious kings. In her revival of this democratic league, the Queen had grasped the reins, and put the Bishop of Cartagena, one of her most trusty partisans, in the chair of president. She turned the Santa Hermandad against the upper ranks; so that a league which had been framed to check the royal power, was changed into the firmest bulwark of her throne. Though hating leagues, Fernando saw in such a brotherhood the means of checking knight and count, who lived on crested heights away from towns and royal fortresses. A league of peasants, governed by the brethren of St. Francis and St. Dominic, offered him, without expense, a troop of friends in front and rear of every castle in his realm. That league, as in Castille, could be directed from the royal chanceries. In brief, the Santa Hermandad was necessary to the Inquisition, and Fernando asked his broken and dispirited parliament to revive that ancient and forgotten league.

5. The Casa Blanca was in no condition to resist the Aljaferia. Fernando was a victor, flushed with fame and rich with spoil. He only needed to pronounce his will. His palace was a fort; his army

lay about his gates; and no one doubted that his soldiers would obey their chief. In arming him against the Moor, his people had been arming him against themselves. A sword will cut with edge and point, and with the backward like the forward sweep. A regiment can wheel to either left or right, and face to either front or rear. One year of war transmutes an army into a machine of brass and steel—hard, bright, unreasoning, irresistible—and his battalions had been many years at war. The Moors were not subdued; yet he who should have been the magistrate of a republic with the name of King, was fast becoming through his army a despotic prince. Such councillors as might have held him back were either dead or ruined, either exiled or imprisoned; and the liberal benches in the Casa Blanca were too weak in number and in spirit to insist on standing by their fundamental law. Fernando had no need to press them much. Averse by instinct to such unions as the Santa Hermandad, he only meant to use that league of monks and rustics for a little while. When they had served his purpose, they would have to go. He asked his Cortes to revive the union for a term of years, and, after some debate, that term of years was limited to five. His brother, Don Alonzo, Duke of Villahermosa, had been already named by Isabel her Captain General of the Santa Hermandad.

CHAPTER V.

MATRIMONIAL SCHEMES.

1487.

1. DON JUAN, Prince of the Asturias, now nine years old, was heir to more than twenty crowns and coronets; to the kingdoms of Castille, Leon, Aragon, Sicily, Toledo, Valencia, Galicia, Majorca, Seville, Sardinia, Cordova, Corsica, Murcia, Jaen, Algarve, Algesiras, and Gibraltar; to the duchies of Athens, Neopatri, Rossillon, and Cerdaña; to the marquisates of Oristan and Goceano; to the earldoms of Barcelona; and the lordships of Biscaya and Molina. This inheritor of crowns was in the market as a marrying man. In order to improve his value as a match in foreign courts, his father wished to have him recognised as heir in Aragon and her dependent states. It was a form, and nothing but a form. No question as to title could exist in Aragon, whatever doubts might linger in the minds of men about his mother's title in Castille. In foreign countries he was known as Prince of Aragon, rather than as Prince of the Asturias. As Prince of Aragon he had been offered in marriage to Lady Catharine of York. He was the only heir,

and so his right in blood and law, as Prince of Aragon, was solemnly proclaimed.

2. Don Juan was heir to every part of Spain, except the caliphate of Granada, and the kingdom of Navarre. Granada, as an enemy's country, might be won by force of arms. Navarre, a friendly country, governed by his cousin, might be gained by marriage. To a king who meant to play a leading part in general politics, Navarre was more important than Granada. She commanded every pass into his kingdom on the western side; the pass of Roncesvalles, the path of Maya, and the road through Irun; so that he who was the master of Navarre could pour his legions into either France or Spain. Navarre, a mountain fortress, was the key to either realm. To France she was the counter-part of what Rossillon was to Spain—an outwork, pushed beyond the mountain crests, from which an army could deploy. A Spanish prince, not master of Pamplona, was like a Frenchman who had lost his hold of Perpignan. He had to check a foe entrenched within his lines.

3. Catharine of Navarre was young and lovely, but her youth and loveliness were little in her kinsman's eyes. She was a liberal, and she held the mountain roads. By law and right she was his heiress, should his children fail him; it was good for both that they should keep on terms; and he desired her to regard him as her nearest friend. He meant to get her states by either love

or law, by either force or fraud. Navarre, he said, was part of Spain, and he must push forward his frontier to the Pyrenees. While Phœbus was alive he had proposed to give him Juana, his second daughter, for a wife. But Madeleine of France had put his suit aside. A sister of Louis the Eleventh, Madeleine had brought into the Pyrenees a soul devoted to her native land. All questions took with her one form, 'Is this the thing to do for France?' Navarre was little in her eyes; Castille and Aragon were less. The house of Valois — Louis — France; these were to her the first and last. She had refused Fernando's suit because her brother wished to see Navarre and Aragon at feud. An embassy from Madeleine and Phœbus had been sent to Lisbon with an offer for the royal Nun; but in the midst of his alluring projects, Phœbus, like so many who had crossed Fernando's path, had died a sudden and mysterious death. When Catharine rose, Fernando's course seemed easier. If the Queen would marry Juan, all that he required was won:—Navarre would be united to the rest of Spain. If she had asked her country, Catharine would have married for the love of Spain. She asked her mother, and her mother, Madeleine, rejected peace and union for the sake of France. In place of Juan and his twenty crowns, she took Jean d'Albret, son of Alain d'Albret, one of the petty seigneurs in the Pyrenees. Jean d'Albret, now King-Consort of Navarre, was liegeman to the King of France.

4. If he were left alone, Fernando felt that he could reach Granada; but he had to ask how many of his neighbours would be glad to see him there? Would France, would Portugal, would Austria? France was anxious for her safety on the Catalan coast. Unless she were a partner in his conquests, Portugal would note them with regret and fear. Austria, which had every reason to dislike Fernando, would be weakened in her chief Italian states. As King of Sicily and the Sardinian Isles, Fernando was a dangerous neighbour to Italian princes and republics; and the King of Naples, as a member of his house, might die at any hour and leave him heir. No Kaiser could have wished to see Fernando grow in strength, and Kaiser Friedrich's family hated him with burning bitterness of heart. A league of neighbours was a thing which any week might bring about. To keep the duchies, France would venture much. Being mistress in Navarre, she could attack him by the western passes while she took him in the rear by way of Perpignan. If either France or Germany could move the court of Lisbon to renounce the treaty and proclaim the Exile, his offensive war against the Moors would have to cease, the Caliphs might have time to stay their feuds, and all his forces might be found too weak to hold in check the arms of Austria, Portugal, and France.

5. His bargain with the Portuguese, by which the Exile was to be secured, was ten years old; the child was grown into a woman; yet the years

had failed to soothe his anger at the way in which his allies carried out the peace. Fernando had proposed to use the Portuguese, and found the Portuguese were using and abusing him. If more than half the shame was theirs, they took good care that more than half the profit should be also theirs. No sooner had Fernando signed the articles, than he felt himself a slave; a slave to what his country, in her pride and passion, called a paltry court and despicable race. No man in Lisbon paused to think of Spanish pique. The Portuguese could now be haughty and exacting in their turn. They held the key, and could unlock the gates. In every squabble over frontiers, water rights, and trade, the weaker party had compelled the stronger one to yield. By each affair Fernando had to wound the pride of Spain. In dealing with the outer world, in Paris, Augsburg, Ghent, and Rome, he had been bound to ask what Lisbon would approve. The Portuguese had never been content. As soon as John the Perfect had been crowned, he talked of tearing up the articles, renouncing Isabel for his son, espousing the royal Exile, and restoring her by force of arms. These insults galled Fernando sorely. No man likes to have his child refused, his treaties cast into his teeth. Fernando was too great for such an insult to be borne.

6. He turned his eyes towards France, and thought of making her a friend. Could he destroy the Austro-French alliance? France and Austria

were his enemies, and a connexion of their princes would perpetuate a line of foes. Could France be tempted to forswear the Austrian match? His eldest girl was pledged to Portugal; but pledges were to him a form of words. As Portugal could only injure him through the French, he would not need to fear her malice after he had made his game with France. A treaty with the House of Valois would secure his dynasty from all attacks. If Charles the Eighth, who had succeeded to his father, Louis the Eleventh, could be induced to marry Isabel, and call his troops from Perpignan, all Spain might soon be at his feet; but he was careful not to lose his hold on John till he was sure of Charles. A clever agent, Ruy de Pina, was despatched to Lisbon, where he was to hear objections to the articles, and offer Isabel's younger sister, Doña Juana, to the Prince of Portugal. Juana was a lovely girl, the pride and darling of her race. Yet Pina was to offer a great sum of money, if the Portuguese would only take the younger and more lovely for the elder and more homely girl.

CHAPTER VI.

CROSS-PROPOSALS.

1487.

1. CHARLES THE EIGHTH, of France, had been engaged for many years to marry Marguerite, a daughter of Max, Archduke of Austria and King of the Romans. Louis, his sagacious father, had arranged this match, by which the French and German courts were to be bound by family ties, and France was to divide the sway and empire of the world with Germany. Charles was bound to Marguerite by many ties; his father's pledge, his own assent, the custody of his betrothed, a treaty with the Flemish towns, an understanding with the King, her father, and a clear advantage to his crown. For Marguerite had the dowry of a princess in her lap; two provinces, and many lordships, on the frontiers of his kingdom. Yet Fernando thought the youth, a son of Louis the Eleventh, would look to nothing but his gain, and therefore might be brought to cast off Marguerite in favour of his daughter Isabel and her contingent claims in Italy and Spain.

2. Fray Bernard Boyl, Prior of Monserrat, a famous shrine in Cataluña, was intrusted with the task of showing Charles, and Charles' sister, Madame Anne, how much they had to gain by

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breaking faith with Max. Fernando's daughter Isabel would have a royal dowry, and in case her brother were to die she would be Queen of Spain, and Queen of no small part of Italy. Of course, the French must give up Rossillon; but after peace was signed that duchy would have less importance in the eyes of France. As Charles was governed by his sister, Fray Bernard addressed her secretly; but Madame Anne, who knew her father's secret purpose, was in favour of the Austrian match, not only as a thing decided by her father, in his wisdom, but as being the best for Charles as well as France. The girl he was to wed was fair and young. Her father was a King and would in time be Kaiser. She was then at school in Paris; and if only eight years old, she was already French in wit and style, and showed some dawning of the talents that in after seasons were to crown her queen of epigram and song. But more than all to Madame Anne, this young Archduchess was to bring the provinces of Artois and Franche Comté to her husband; districts which would carry France some marches nearer to the German Rhine and Flemish Scheldt. No claims of a contingent sort outweighed with Madame Anne such clear and instant gains. If Juan lived, his sister would have nothing but her dowry and her dubious birth; and yet a main condition of the league with Spain must be surrender of the fort of Salsas and the town of Perpignan. Fray Bernard used his eloquence in vain.

3. Fernando having failed with Madame Anne,

his consort seized her pen. If there were any word to say and any deed to do of special darkness, Isabel's pen was sure to be employed. She told Fray Bernard he must wait on Madame Anne; present her with a purse of money; ask her if she wished to seize the regency; and offer her, in case she had a mind to rule alone, the whole support of Spain. But nothing came of this attempt on Madame Anne. Fray Bernard found that princess quick to take his purse and slow to enter on a plot against the King, her brother. As a pious lady, ripe in years and rich in faith, she knew that Doña Isabel had been 'born in sin,' and that her birth had been denounced in legal acts. She knew that Charles, her uncle, had proposed to wed the Exile, and that Louis, her congenial father, had sustained that Exile from a feeling that to help her was the safest thing for France. She would not change her course. Alliance with the empire, and retention of the frontier, were her corner-stones of policy. When Fray Bernard came back to the Aljaferia with news of his repulse, the King took up his former game in Lisbon, settled every point with John the Perfect, and rejoiced to find the Exile changed into a prisoner of the Portuguese crown.

4. But John, though useful as a jailor of the exiled Queen, was not an ally who could help Fernando in a contest with the French. A prince whose blows would draw the French from Perpignan towards Paris was required, and only two such princes could be found alive. Max, King of the Romans, lying on

the north of France, could scare her by his lancers from Namur and Metz, while Henry, King of England, lying on the west, could harry her by his fleets at any harbour from Boulogne to Brest. If he could make these kings his allies, and procure a triple league of England, Flanders and Castille against the French, he might regain his duchies in the Pyrenees and yet complete his war against the Moor. But such a league would be a difficult work. The passions of all parties were against it. Max detested him, and he detested Max. Fray Bernard had been recently employed in trying to inflict on Max a personal insult and a public wrong. Nor was the feeling better in the north. Max hated Henry: Henry hated Max. All evil things were said, all evil deeds were done, by Max against the Tudor prince, whom he regarded as no better than the Queen of Spain. Each had seized a cousin's crown. Connected with the House of York by marriage, Max could see that Henry's rise cut off his children's claim to what their birth had seemed to give them; an immediate place in order of succession to the English throne.

5. This fair-haired Austrian, known in song as Last of the Ritters, and in sarcasm as a man 'more Knight than Emperor,' though as brave as a poetic war-god, was a comic politician, teased by turbulent burghers and an empty pocket. Husband to the Duchess Marie de Bourgogne, the only child of Charles the Bold and Lady Margaret of England, he was left, at twenty-three, a widower, and the guardian

of his children, Philip called the Fair, and Marguerite the Sprightly; but the task of guiding two such heirs had been beyond his strength. Though Max could take a lady by his condor nose and golden locks, he was unfit to rule the burghers of her Flemish towns. He joined one party in these towns against another, and had entered into every brawl of Cod-fish mobs with Fish-hook mobs. The Flemings claimed a right to train their duke, his son, and pledged the sister of that duke, his daughter, to the King of France. This contract gave the French an interest in his states which they were but too swift to press. If Cod-fish gained a battle, Fish-hook called upon the French for help; and Maréchal de Querdes, their captain in the border counties, marched on St. Omer, and pushed their fortunes at Bethune, while Max was wrangling with the citizens of Bruges and Ghent. In spite of their engagement, Max and Charles were usually at strife; but Max, instead of helping others, was in need of help himself.

6. No ally seemed of use except the prince who fought at Bosworth Field. But how could Henry be induced to draw the sword? This ruler was the nearest friend of Charles; the prince who helped him in his voyage and hailed him as a king when he had won his crown. He had no motive for a war with France. Before he sailed from Honfleur he had pledged his honour to renounce all claims on Normandie and Maine. Since his accession, Charles had kept on the most friendly terms with him, while Spain had held aloof and

Germany had treated him with scorn. Could any bait induce him to revoke his pledge and draw his sword? Yes; playing in the chambers of the Aljaferia there was such a bait. Fernando glanced at Catalina. Some obscure and nameless agent had been whispering in his ear that Henry would be proud to have that young infanta for his son. Fernando seized the hint. Might not a step be taken towards a match, and under cover of that match a treaty of defence be urged and signed?

7. Fernando would not venture far. As yet the Tudor reign was hardly two years old, and anything might come to pass in England. Such a scheme was sure to please the Queen, his wife, who bore a personal grudge against the House of York. While she was lodging in the convent of Arevalo, Edward, King of England, had proposed to her, and after asking her in marriage, had rejected her in favour of a subject and a widow, the poetic Lady Grey. Their dynasty was also touched. A sister of the man who had insulted Isabel in her youth, the Lady Margaret of England, had bestowed her daughter, Marie de Bourgogne, in marriage on the son of Empress Leonor. Philip, grandson of these women, would be Emperor, and it was easy to believe that boy would be an enemy of Spain. Isabel would consent to any step that would annoy the House of York. The English crown was always in the dust. Events would guide Fernando; but a promise which he need not keep unless he liked, might bring an English army into France.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SECRET AGENT.

1487.

1. FERNANDO cast about him for an agent who could go to London, see the King and Queen, inquire about the Prince their son, observe the humours of the people, and prepare in silence the conditions of a league against the French. He was to speak about a treaty of alliance first, and only in the case of need to back that hint by reference to a match between the royal houses. Any agent he might send to London must proceed with prudence; France being on her guard, and Henry on the friendliest terms with Charles. The object of his mission must be kept a secret, and if Madame Anne should find it out, the agent must be one who could be censured and disowned. It was no easy thing to keep such matters secret in a place like London, where the public policy was free to public comment, and a topic of the day in Council was a topic of the morrow at St. Paul's. The Spanish agent to be used must, therefore, be a man obscure, adroit, and close; a priest, a lawyer, and a man of business; who might claim the help of

monk and prelate, who might bandy terms with doctors and attorneys, who might hope to hold his own, on points of detail, with experienced men. He ought to be a man so little known that he could travel unperceived, and labour unsuspected, by the outer world. He must be one who would submit to serve for scanty pay, to take his orders like a trooper and a monk, to ask no question as to means employed, and in the case of either failure or detection, to become a willing scape-goat for his Prince.

2. In riding through those border towns which had no rights, Fernando met the man he wanted in a lean and learned cripple, Rodrigo de Puebla, mayor of Ecija, on the river Xenil, some few leagues from Seville. Puebla was a canon, out of orders, and a doctor not unlearned in the civil law. The man was gaunt and swarth, a scare-crow in appearance, and a pedagogue in style; but he was full of quips and wiles, a careless Christian, and a zealous servant of the Crown. What else he was—what else he might become when tempted by the sight of gain—Fernando, having neither sympathy nor humour, and observing men with cold, mechanical eyes—could hardly guess. How far the cripple suited him, he saw; how far he also suited Puebla he could only learn in time. The man was very poor and frail; so poor that he would serve on easy terms, so frail that he could raise no scruple as to means. His craving was to grow with time and chance,

but even when his master called him out, he knew some tricks by which a mission into England could be made to pay. Corn, tin, and cloth were dear in Seville and Toledo; raisins, leather, oil, and wine were dear in London. Trade was cramped by laws and customs, which a royal license only could remove. A man with friends at court might get a license now and then, and there were merchants from Coruña and Bilboa in London who would buy his favours at the market price.

3. On many grounds Fernando thought his offer would be well received. The change of dynasty had broken up all former treaties with the English crown. In neither country had the merchants of the other any legal rights. The risks of trade were much increased at sea, and almost every port was closed on their respective flags. No week passed by without some deed of violence being done, for which the innocent victim sought redress in vain.

4. A treaty that should open out the English ports and markets was desired on every hand in Spain. That country wanted corn and tin, which England had to spare. She also lacked the finer kinds of wool; her fibre being too short in staple and too coarse in grain to weave. She had her dates, figs, raisins, leather, goat-fell, soap and wine to sell. Large works and factories had been built by her in Bruges and Ghent, and some of her adventurers had already crossed the Straits. Such merchants as Diego de Castro and Pedro de Miranda

found a mine of wealth in London. Living with the men of Cheape and Fleet Street, they became aware that English palates, though they liked the Spanish wine called bastard, had a wholesome craving for the vintage of Guienne. These men had houses at Bilbao, and ran their barks, the Santa Maria and Santiago, from the Garonne to the Sluys and Thames. De Castro knew Machado, one of the foreign heralds, Nanfan, one of the King's body-guard, and Savage, one of the King's advisers in affairs of law. Through friends at court he got a license for himself and others to import from France no less than five shiploads of claret. At a later date, about the time when Puebla was about to start, he had procured a license for himself and partners to dispose of cargoes brought from Spain; no doubt of raisins, leather, Seville oil, and goat-hair; all of which were in demand at London Bridge. De Castro was a man of family, who lived in princely style at Burgos; and the younger sons of many gentle houses in Castille were tempted by success to seek their fortune in the northern isle.

5. The fame of Catharine of Lancaster was fresh in every mind. Her name and presence were the themes of popular songs; her name and presence having been to Spain a flag of union and a pledge of peace. Her going into Spain had been connected in the mind of every one with sheep and ships; good mutton, better wool, fresh customers for raisins, leather, goat-hair, dates and Seville oil. In olden

time the families of England and Castille had been allied in marriage. Edward the First had married Elinor of Castille. Two sons of Edward the Third had married daughters of Pedro of Castille. Edmund of Langley had married Isabel, and John of Gaunt had married Constanza. Thus the blood of Lancaster was in the veins alike of Enrique the Liberal, Isabel the Catholic, and Juana the Excellenta; every party, therefore, in the land might find their hope and interest in a royal match.

6. No nation but the English offered them unbought support against the Moors. Peer, knight, and man at arms repaired to Spain, as soldiers of the Cross, and fought for the recovery of Granada with the valour which their sires had shown at Azincour. Lord Rivers and his troop of horse, all men of gentle blood and richly dight, were seen in front of every charge, until the Queen, amazed at so much will to serve her cause, had sent the English peer twelve horses and an almost royal tent. Some pilgrims from this country were observed at Santiago and Monserrat, and the land they sailed from was itself an Island of the Saints. Canterbury was as great a shrine as Santiago, and St. David's more than matched Monserrat. Every county in the island had a holy well and tutelary saint. A Spaniard, therefore, looked on England as a field in which he might improve his fortune and refresh his soul. A daughter of Castille, descending from the House of Lancaster,

the young Infanta was an English rose. She came from John of Gaunt by no concealed and crooked line; the links connecting her with John being reigning kings and queens. A bride for Arthur who had known no taint of blood was much to be desired by Henry; and the King was sure to see this merit in the girl proposed. It was his wisdom to supply his own defects of title by a marriage with Elizabeth of York; and in allying Arthur with a Spanish princess, he would be giving his issue the security of a second claim derived from John of Gaunt.

7. 'Induce the King of England to engage in war with France; induce him, if you can, by promises of aid and friendship on our part; if promises of aid and friendship fail you, offer an Infanta for his son; at any cost, induce him to engage in war.' Such, briefly stated, were the cripple's orders from his master's lip and pen. Puebla was never to forget that what Fernando wanted from an English treaty were his duchies in the Pyrenees. He had himself no means of wresting them from France, nor could he offer much assistance to an ally who was fighting for him while the Moorish war was on his hands. He wanted England to incur the largest cost and run the highest risk. In drawing up the articles, Portugal must be excepted from the clause which treated friends as friends and foes as foes. On no account could Spain admit a quarrel with the court of Lisbon. Even for the sake of winning back

Rossillon and Cerdaña, she could take no step that might offend the Portuguese and liberate the royal Nun.

Alone, in secret, and without his papers, Puebla started for Coruña; carrying, in a sealed message from his King and Queen, the germ of treaties and events that were to change the maps of Europe and divide the streams of Western thought.

Book the Third.

ENGLAND.

CHAPTER I.

AFTER THE ROSES.

1487–8.

1. How stood the land which Puebla was to drag into a foreign war?

Between the empire left by Henry the Fifth in Paris and the fragments of that empire found by Henry the Seventh on Bosworth Field, there was the difference of a first-rate and a fifth-rate power. The ancient pomp of words was left; but men and means to back this pomp of words were gone. As King of England, France, and Ireland, with his seat in Paris, Henry the Fifth had been as strong as either Kaiser Sigismund or Sultan Amurath. As King of England, France, and Ireland, with his seat at Windsor, Henry the Seventh was not much stronger than a Doge of Venice or a King of Scots. In thirty years of civil strife, extending from the

onset in the streets of St. Albans to the clash of swords on Redland marsh, the country had been wasting all her stores of strength. No one had time to think of Normandie and Maine, except as duchies lost for ever. Save the March of Calais, not a rood of soil remained to her in France. In fact, the tides of war were rolling back. A French and Breton fleet was cruising off her coasts, and hardly any of her ports were safe from Margate to Penzance.

2. Through these unhappy years the country had been burning in a never-dying fire. The French were either left alone in France, or called by York and Lancaster to throw fresh fuel on the flames. From year to year these broils had been renewed, and every spring-time with a deeper hate and fiercer ire. St. Albans, Towton, Wakefield, Barnet, were but samples of a hundred fields on which the noblest blood had soaked into the earth. Battles were fought of which the names are lost. Whole shires were ravaged by contending troops; for victory had passed from red to white, from white to red, and every chieftain had been able to enjoy his day of sweet revenge. If York killed Somerset, Margaret had in turn killed York. If Edward drove out Henry, Henry had also driven out Edward. Each had been by turns a suppliant, prisoner, exile, despot. In that reign of violence, two kings were murdered in the Tower, ten princes of the royal house were slain, and half the peers

of England swept away. When Leo von Rozmital came to London, in the reign of Edward the Fourth, he saw the Queen, Elizabeth Woodville, seated in the midst of eight duchesses and more than thirty countesses and other great ladies. Nearly all these families had been broken by the civil war. Large towns had fallen to decay, and lands, which in the reign of Edward the Third were sold for twenty-five years' purchase, would hardly sell for ten in that of Edward the Fourth. With every change of prince the price had fallen. If a man had money, like an abbot, he could buy up manors and manorial rights, and get in every case a shilling for his groat. A man with wood to sell could hardly find a buyer. Every one had wood to sell. This wood was used for making beams and shafts, but while the torch of war was burning through the shires, what man had heart to build him house and barn? Land almost went a-begging. One who asked for largess from the King was better pleased to get two hundred pounds in money than a hundred pounds a-year in land. All men could tell how much a hundred pounds in gold would buy; no man could tell how little an estate in land might fetch. The coin was sure; the field might suffer from the tramp of man. Great tracks were often left untilled; for no one felt assured that he who ploughed the soil would live to bind the sheaves. Loose gangs, with pike and fire-lock, wandered up and down, in search of captains; willing to engage their arms in any

cause; infesting every yard and inn, and when their wants were pressing every glebe and hall. A thousand crimes, unnamed and nameless, were committed by these roving bands.

3. Amidst this general wreck, the martial spirit of the isle had all but died. In the unruly gangs who vexed the public roads, here robbing hedges, there abusing women, it was hard to see the sons of yeomen who had drawn their bows at Azincour. The warlike virtues are the last to go; but as the nobler spirits of the country fell, their ranks were filled by rogues and scare-crows from the styes and stews. At Wakefield and Northampton there was something of the fury which had swept the fields of France. At Bosworth there was hardly any fight at all. Some companies would not lift a pike; some archers shot their arrows into empty air; some captains turned against their flag. Two thousand strangers marched into the midland shires unchecked; and with a band of uncouth allies gathered from the mines of Pembroke, seized the crown in what was hardly other than a country brawl.

4. When Henry called his peers, one duke, nine earls, two viscounts, and fifteen barons, answered to his writs. Not one of the great dukes of Edward's reign was present. Buckingham had been put to death at Salisbury. Bedford had been degraded from his rank because of poverty. Suffolk had been butchered on his way to Calais; and his son, now duke, being married to a sister of King Richard,

was a fugitive. Exeter had been attainted and his honours lost. Norfolk had been out at Redland marsh. The only duke who met the King was one whom he had made; his uncle, Jasper Tudor, whom he had created Duke of Bedford. Of the earls who answered Henry's summons—Arundel, Oxford, Kent, Nottingham, Wiltshire, Rivers, Derby, Huntingdon, and Devon—two had been created by himself; Thomas Stanley, Earl of Derby, and Edward Courtney, Earl of Devon. One, the Earl of Oxford, he had purged in blood. A Viscount, William Beaumont, and a Baron, Henry Clifford, he had also purged in blood. The Earls of Warwick, Surrey, and Northumberland, had not been summoned to attend the King. Warwick, a Plantagenet, was under guard. Surrey was a traitor; and Northumberland, who had refused to fight on either side, was in the north. Zouch, Lovel, Ferrars, had to answer for their necks. Of all the Nevills, only one, Lord Abergavenny, came into the House of Lords. In brief, the temporal peers were so reduced in wealth and numbers that the spiritual peers were found to have the mastery of vote and voice.

5. Letters and science had suffered even more than the temporal peerage by these years of warfare. Art and song were dead. The convents which were wont to pour out poems, chronicles, illuminated hours, and golden missals in a copious stream, had now become the homes of wounded

men, the centres of political life. No work of note in letters had been written in those barren years. Such versifiers as Adam of Cobsam and Richard of Hampole, only served to show that art was staggering under loads too great to bear. The race of poets who had followed Chaucer was no more; the race which was to herald Shakespeare had not come. Lydgate was dead, and Surrey was unborn. If English maid or matron pined for song, she had to read the chansons of the Prince of Orleans. If a king desired to grace his court with laureates, he must call them to his side from Italy and France. All Henry's poets were of foreign birth. André was from Toulouse, Giglis from Lucca, Carmeliano from Brescia. Where could Henry seek for native song? Skelton, the coming bard, had still his earliest rhymes to write.

6. Even popular quip and stave—those old and pleasant strains, in which our language is so rich—had all but ceased to drop from unknown pens. A scrap of dolorous verse on 'civil war,' a chant on the 'recovery of the throne,' and a political tract in rhyme on our 'commercial policy,' are nearly all that English thought and humour gave the world in thirty years. Nor was the country richer in respect of prose. Walsingham was gone. Capgrave, Elmham, Otterborne, were gone. The muse of history, driven from her cloister at St. Albans, had to seek asylum in a city ward. Robert Fabyan, of the Drapers' company, an alderman of Farringdon-

without, was chief of those who chronicled events in prose. He kept a ledger of events, in which he noted, as of equal mark, the fighting of a battle, and the selling of a cask of fish.

7. Not a single work on mathematics, not a single work on astronomy, saw the light in England in this troubled time. John Rous of Warwick feebly represented antiquarian study. Lyttleton and Fortesque, the early lights of English law, were dead, and no one had presumed to hold the torch of law. Two peers, indeed, had graced this period by their genius; Tiptoft, Earl of Worcester, and Woodville, Earl of Rivers; but the axe that was beheading England cut them down.

CHAPTER II.

CHURCH AND CLOISTE

1487–8.

1. But while the country was a prey to fire and sword, the Church stood high above the wrack and waste. A state within the state, she claimed to live in virtue of an older gift and higher rule than those of ordinary men. A king was but an agent of her will; a code was but an accent of her grace. She claimed a power to bind and loose at pleasure; nay, a power to make a wrong thing right, a right thing wrong, by simple scratch of pen and press of seal. Nor were the faithful people slow to take her word. When Edward, Duke of York, had risen against the reigning prince, all men accounted him a traitor till they heard that an Italian priest whom they had never seen, whose tongue they could not speak, had granted him a dispensation from the penalties of his violated oath. As England fell, Rome rose. From year to year the pontiffs had assumed a loftier tone; and Sixtus used a language which Eugenius had not dared to hold. The Roman court had come to look on England as a patrimony of the Church.

2. This change of tone was but an index to the change of fact. The miseries which had weakened other classes had increased the strength of priest and monk. A people harassed and opprest will seek the nearest help, and in our civil broils this help was found at convent doors, and taken from the hands of holy men. A fugitive from battle ran into the nearest sanctuary. A hedger wanting bread would seek it at the abbey gate. A dying soldier, fainting for a drink of water, caught the cup and blessing from a monk, and thanked with dying eyes the man who had not fled from scenes of woe. A family bereaved by sudden death could look for comfort only to their priest. If any one went out to face the fury of contending troops, he was some aged abbot, who, like Father John, the abbot of St. Albans, stept into the street, with cross in hand, to stop the slaughter and protect the town. What wonder that a people, urged by fear, and worn by fasting, should have turned towards mother Church with confidence that she could feed and save them when all other help was gone? In that long night of trial she had always been in sight—a rock above the wave, a star beyond the cloud, a port within the storm.

3. Her fanes were guarded by a host of saints. A castle might be sacked and burnt, and the adjacent chapel left untouched. Amidst the wildest fury of the war, it had been rare for either convent, cell, or shrine, to be profaned. The shrines were

rich in gold and precious stones, and every wastrel in the land believed them richer than they were in fact; yet they were safe from men whose hands were black with fire and red with blood. A shrine was shielded by the saints whose relics it contained, and in a spot like Canterbury, these saints were of the mightiest in the heavens above and in the earth below. Rozmital saw at Canterbury a fragment of the robe of Christ; three splinters from the crown of thorns; a lock of Mary's hair; a shoulder-blade of Simeon; a tooth of John the Baptist; blood of John the Evangelist and Thomas the Apostle; bones of James and Philip; part of the cross of Peter and Andrew; tooth and finger of the proto-martyr Stephen; hair of Mary Magdalene; a lip of one of the innocents slain by Herod the Great; and heaps of minor relics, such as a head of Thomas à Becket, a leg of St. George, the bowels of St. Lawrence, a finger of St. Urban, a tooth of St. Benedict, bones of St. Clement, bones of St. Vincent, bones of Catherine the Virgin, a leg of Mildred the Virgin, and a leg of Recordia the Virgin. That the saints were present near their shrines was proved by miracles. Rozmital saw a fountain in the cloister brimming with a fluid which was sometimes water, sometimes milk, and sometimes blood. Five times the water had been changed to blood, and just before Rozmital's visit to the cell, it had been changed to milk. A layman while engaged in holy things was under care

of these all-potent saints. When every road in Kent and Norfolk was beset by roving bands, a pilgrim wending to the chapel of St. Thomas of Canterbury, to the altar of Our Lady of Walsingham, might trudge along in peace. A rogue who stript the hedges would have doffed his cap to one who was returning from Our Lady's shrine.

4. While every other corporation in the land was losing ground, the clerical body had been gaining ground. As duke and baron fell on tented field and prison block, the abbot waxed in riches, and the prelate rose in power. A prelate was a man of peace, who seldom took a side so long as there were actual sides to choose. His precept was obedience to the power ordained of God, and in his spiritual eyes success was God. All princes suited him. Hence, every year of civil strife had seen more bishops at the council-board, more abbots in the ante-room, and more confessors in the privy-chamber. Every year had found more legates going to and fro, and higher pomp and glory in the service at St. Paul's. More cardinals had come to London; more ambassadors had been sent to Rome. More foreign monks had been employed in offices of trust; more papal 'nephews' had been stalled and mitred in the English Church. An abbot, through the right of sanctuary, might easily become the host of kings and queens. All parties had to seek the Church and make that Church their friend and judge. A king might offer terms; but a pretender

had to take her at a price. The Church had sometimes favoured York; but York was liberal, Lancaster conservative; and she had oftener set her face against the elder branch. Her policy in Spain had been her policy in England; for a ruler who was weak in law would have to pay her any price she chose to ask for help.

While he was yet in exile, Henry had proposed to hold his crown in fealty to the Pope; and Rome, which had not often found an English prince so meek, had armed him with her hosts and sent him forth to conquer in her name.

5. When he had won the crown, he caused his Papal title to be read in public at St. Paul's, not by a simple herald and his men in cap and tabard, but by the Lord Primate of England, with the Bishops of London, Winchester, Ely, Worcester, and Exeter, standing at his side, arrayed in full pontificals. These prelates cursed with bell, and book, and candle every one, who should presume to doubt if he who had become the King in fact was King in law and right. Thus clothed with ban and curse, he held the crown; held it, as he conceived, of Rome and God.

6. A few days after Lincoln fell at Stoke, he wrote to Innocent, his patron, some account of an event in which he traced the hand of heaven. Some partisans of the House of York, who had been moving in the city, fled for sanctuary to St. Peter's, Westminster, in which they stayed till

news—false news—arrived in town, that Henry had been worsted in the field. Distracted by the papal ban and curse, these fugitives were in a painful plight. But one of them stood up and spoke. 'A certain John Swit,' wrote Henry, 'who was rather rash than brave, cried out, when all the rest were dumb, "What force is there in such ecclesiastical and pontifical censures? You see that these decrees are idle, since you have before your eyes the very men who hurl them at you put to rout and shame!" No sooner had he spoken than he reeled and fell; his face becoming black as midnight, and his corpse so foul that no one dared go near it. So, most holy Father, fell this matter, which we should not write unless we knew it for a truth. We give our ample thanks to God, who in His own ineffable mercy, has given in this our realm, this great miracle for the Christian faith. We also give your Holiness our grateful thanks.'

CHAPTER III.

HENRY TUDOR.

1487–8.

1. HENRY, King of England, and Fernando, King of Spain, were men well mated for a game of high political craft. Both kings were in their early prime: Fernando thirty-five, and Henry thirty years of age; with time in front of them, through which they could afford to plot, and wait the harvest of their toils. Each prince was short in stature, closely knit in frame. Each wore a frank expression in his eyes, and threw a coaxing tone into his voice; yet neither let his left hand guess the object that his right was raised to strike. Each came into the levels from a poor and hilly country, and was counted as a stranger in the land he ruled. Each found a title in his sword, yet made a show of justice in the birthright of his wife. Each fought his way to rank and fame; but Henry, having no such helper as the beautiful and wicked queen, had won his way through greater hardships and in later years. In neither prince had Spain and England crowned their types. Fernando was not much a Spaniard; Henry was not much an Englishman.

In gazing at their portraits as they hang at Windsor side by side, a stranger to their faces might mistake them for each other. Henry, who was spare and sallow, had a rather Spanish face; Fernando, who was sleek and rosy, had a rather English face. Ayala, the acutest judge of men whom Spain sent out to London, told his master there was nothing 'purely English' in the English king.

2. Yet in the higher grades of character no princes could be more unlike. Beside Fernando, Henry seemed a child of nature, nay, a child of grace. By birth a Celt and prone to superstition from his youth, the English King believed in signs and acted on the promptings of an unseen spirit. A rose-bush growing in the Temple Gardens put out buds, which blossomed into red and white. Men ran into the grounds to see the wonder; and a people who were sick of civil warfare blessed that bush, and said it was a type of peace. A red rose and a white rose on a single stem must surely mean a union of the Earl of Richmond and Elizabeth of York. In striving for his crown the King obeyed a cry of nature, and expected to receive the help of heaven. No Spaniard put more trust in Santiago than the Earl of Richmond vested in St. George. 'God will aid me,' he had cried to his companions as they sailed from Harfleur in the scantiest craft that ever ventured for a crown. Of other help there seemed no chance. But Henry

had not paused to count his forces, like Fernando when Affonzo, King of Portugal, had crossed the frontier of his states. 'Let God, the giver of victory, judge!' He looked upon himself as one appointed to fulfil the purposes of heaven. 'In the name of God and of St. George, advance!' and in the name of God and of St. George he won his crown.

3. The bards and monks who had been near him from his birth had fired him with two mystic and unselfish yearnings; yearnings which became a part of him, and helped to govern him through life; a passion for the legends of his native land, as sung by Cymric bards; a passion for the cross of Christ, as monks and friars conceived the cross of Christ.

By birth a Celt, and trained among a Celtic people, Henry had a feeling for those border bards who sang—

> Our land's first legends, love and knightly deeds,
> And wondrous Merlin and his wandering king.

At Pembroke Castle and at Begar Abbey he had toyed with these Arthurian myths, which in their Cymric form present the picture of a happy and romantic court, and not that drama of a doting lord and guilty wife which the Provençal troubadours had wrought from them in France. To Henry's fancy, Arthur was a light, a beacon, and a guiding star. If not an actual saint, he was a pattern prince and perfect knight. The King regarded Arthur

as the glory of a line of princes older than the Saxon times. Even more than what St. Louis was to Charles, and San Fernando was to Isabel, King Arthur seemed to Henry. In his mythic ancestor he saw a Christian knight and national hero, who had spent his life in fighting with a foreign and idolatrous foe. To him, this warrior was the noblest hero of the British soil. In spite of history, he told Italian agents that the Order of the Garter was King Arthur's work and badge. A knowledge of this mystic side of Henry's genius is the key to many of the secrets of his life.

4. His passion for the cross was no less ardent than his passion for the legendary court. In truth, these passions fused and centred in one radiant point. King Arthur fought with paynims for the cross of Christ, and Henry set this glory of the cross before him as his own peculiar star. He was the last great prince in whom the spirit of a Templar raged. A crusade was his daily dream; a crusade to regain the Holy Sepulchre, and liberate the host of Christian slaves. To gain these ends, he strove to stir up popes and kings; he wrote to the religious orders; and he offered to conduct the liberating force. He wished to measure swords with Bajazet as Richard of the Lion Heart had measured swords with Saladin. He would have risked his life, and even lost his crown, in order to regain that sacred tomb and liberate those Christian slaves.

Nor was his zeal the fury of a day. It burned

in him through many years, and only died at length in the cold prudence of an honest Pope.

The Knights of Rhodes elected him Protector of their Order; and the King of Portugal proposed that if a crusade were attempted, Henry should be marshal of the Christian troops. And even when his dream of winning back the Sepulchre was past, he clung to what had been the better part of his design, the hope of freeing Christian slaves. Unable to release them by his sword, he could and would relieve them by his purse. He set apart some portion of his income as a sacred fund; which fund was yearly spent in ransoming unhappy captives from the various Moslem ports.

5. Yet Henry was as fond of money as Fernando. Poor and pinched in youth, he set a store on gold beyond its natural worth. He too could feed a hunger of the eye with coin. He liked to count his pieces, weigh his plate, and note the value of his cups and rings. He learned to prize the cup beyond the wine; and yet he seldom put the weight of dross before the chaser's art. Fernando looked no higher than his personal gain; a gain that he could see and touch; while Henry, though he looked to have his groat in either meal or malt, could take some part of his return in things unseen. Each sank a fortune in a shrine; but Henry was an artist, and his wealth was lavished with an eye for beauty rather than for pomp and show. He loved to build a house, to plant a field, to decorate a church. Retiring from

his council-boards, he strayed to chat with monk and priest, and watch the progress of their favourite works. His monks were mostly artists. Father John, of Westminster, afterwards known as Abbot Islip, copied hours and missals for the Queen, with borders twined through painted puns and happy marriages of leaves and flowers. Sir Reginald Bray was drawing plans for the King's new chapel in the abbey. Father Christopher was an architect. Poets, who were also monks and priests, enjoyed his friendship and received his pay. André held the office of his laureate and historiographer. Carmeliano, who had now become a denizen, was his Latin secretary. Giglis was his bishop of Worcester and his minister in Rome.

6. Unlike Fernando, who was fond of war for war's own pastime, Henry was a man of peace. Unless to fight for Zion, he would never of his own free choice have drawn his sword. Though young in power, he laboured to acquire the title of a Friend of Peace; and when his people urged him to the field, he strove to put them off with what he called a show of war; a squeak of fife and roll of drum, in place of ghastly wounds, of ruined trade, and desolated homes. The Roman poet wrote to Innocent, 'The King is so pacific and so prudent that we have the promise of a general peace.' Another day that poet wrote, 'This prince prefers a fair peace to a just war.' Sancho de Londoño summed up Henry's temper in the words, 'He is a man of

peace.' No cause less pressing than a danger to his crown and life could make him face the miseries of actual war. His heart was sick of strife. 'When Christ was born,' he said, 'peace was sung on earth, and when He died, peace on earth was what He left.' To him the name of a pacificator seemed a nobler heritage than that of either prince or pope.

CHAPTER IV.

THE ENGLISH COURT.

1487–8.

1. THE English court was pure; the royal home a model of domestic peace. Three ladies who had each been chastened by her sorrows, ruled in Henry's house; the Queen, Elizabeth the Good; the Queen's mother, Queen Elizabeth Woodville, widow of Edward the Fourth; the King's mother, Margaret of Richmond, widow of the Tudor Earl from whom the King derived his Celtic blood. The Queen, a bride of twenty-one, and of surpassing beauty, was of shy and homely temper, fonder of her husband and her child than of that pomp of state, to which, as eldest daughter of a king, she had been born. The virtues of denial and obedience flourished on her hearth. Elizabeth was the soul of charity. She portioned good and penniless girls. She paid the fees of novices too poor to take the veil. She liberated debtors from the London jails, and gave a decent burial to penitent rogues and thieves. She liked to keep old servants in her house, and had a separate purse for the support of orphan boys and girls. As well became a daughter of the House

of York, her tastes were liberal and refined. She kept her poets and reciters; her singing men. and singing boys; her minstrels who could play on lute and pipe. The greeting of her bridal morning was a poem from the pen of Giovanni de Giglis, her Italian laureate, whom the King rewarded for his service by a prebendary stall in York. One present she received from Henry was a book of noble verse; the chansons of that Prince of Orleans who had sung in exile and imprisonment his passion for an absent wife.

2. Her mother, Queen Elizabeth Woodville, was the tender and poetic woman for whose lovely face King Edward had incurred the wrath of Isabel. This Queen had borne her share of tragic sorrows. Gray, the husband of her youth, had perished in the field. Her boys by him had been deprived of their estates. Her union with the King, although he loved her well, had brought misfortune to them both. She had been separated from the King; she had been forced to enter sanctuary; she had suffered siege and stress. Her father had been put to death; her mother had been charged with sorcery; her brother had been also put to death. She lost her royal partner at the early age of forty-two; and in that year of woe, had taken sanctuary with her sons, had seen the princes torn from her embrace, and learnt that they were murdered in the Tower. Forced to quit her lodgings in Westminster Abbey, she had suffered every agony of restraint until the

victory of Bosworth set her free. Since Bosworth, she had been at court, except when she retired to Bermondsey Abbey for repose, acknowledged as Queen-Dowager, and pensioned as became her rank.

3. Lady Margaret, the King's mother, was the most commanding figure in his court. Tall, stern, and proud, she moved about the palace, where she held a lodging near her son, like some pale prophetess of ancient days. To her all ears were bent, and most of all her son's; for he had proved her love, her courage, and her wisdom when his fortunes had been dark and low. Her chaplain, Father Christopher, was his almoner and agent. In his early days, she had directed all his movements, but since Bosworth had enthroned him, she had kept herself to the domestic side of life; arranging for his union with Elizabeth of York, and fixing on a residence for the future Prince of Wales. She was a scholar and a friend of scholars. Fisher owed to her his first promotion in the Church. Caxton was indebted to her kindness. Pynson printed several works which she translated from the French. These works were books of piety; for Lady Margaret was rapt and fired with holy zeal. She wore a shirt of hair, like Isabel. She fasted long and often, and her body seemed to waste in prayer and vigils. Learning and piety were objects of her care, and Lady Margaret's name is warmly cherished on the Isis and the Cam.

4. The Queen had four sisters, who were also in her court; Lady Cecily of York, Lady Anne of York,

Lady Catharine of York, and Lady Bridget of York. These girls were younger than herself. Lady Cecily had just been married to the King's uncle of the half-blood, John, Lord Welles. Lady Anne had been engaged to Philip, son of Max; but this engagement had been broken off by Edward's death. Lady Catharine had been pledged to Don Juan of Aragon, and afterwards to James, a younger son of the King of Scots. Lady Bridget, who was only eight years old, preferred to lead a holy life, and took the veil at Dartford when she came of age.

5. When Henry found his Queen was near the time when she might hope to bear a son, he had removed her from the Tower, in which the kings of England had been mostly born, to Winchester, the legendary seat of Arthur; that the future ruler might be born in Camelot, and breathe the very air from down and sea which Arthur breathed. The Queen took up her room and kept her state, according to the rules drawn up by Lady Margaret, who was more of a religious mystic even than her son. The infant had been christened Arthur, and a pair of ancient Britons stood beside the font. The King felt proud that Arthur of Winchester was born to be a Prince of Wales. A seven months' child (like Catalina), he was small and comely, needing every care from Stephen Bereworth, his physician, who was pensioned to attend on him. The King arranged his cradle so that when his eyes should open to receive the images of outward things, the objects to salute him first

should be the mystic dragon and the sacred leek. The King had fixed his heart on a revival of the ancient names and ancient ways. A second Arthur should renew the first, and live a perfect hero in a court of perfect knights and dames. This hero must be consecrated from his cradle, and in after years he should be sent to live among his ancient kith. A castle on the Teme should be arranged for him; a house less wild and stern than Pembroke; yet a place of border name and fame. In royal and romantic state, the second Arthur was to emulate the first.

6. As yet the English people hardly knew this hero's name. Pendragon was to them an ogre, and his leek the symbol of a thief. King Arthur was a Celt, whose arms had been arrayed against their Saxon sires. At best, he was a foe whom they had crushed. The Paris press had long been scattering tales about him and his deeds; in London, not a single legend had been printed till the year of Bosworth Field. Malory had been gathering out of French romances an account of Arthur and his knights; that work which Roger Ascham was in after days to scout. It is not known who this Malory was; but from his love of these old tales it has been commonly inferred that he was Welsh. No man of English birth was likely to have cared about a knight who fought against his fathers, till the advent of a British sovereign taught him to regard with sympathy the legends of a friendly

and poetic race. No less than fifteen years elapsed before Malory's version could be put to press; but while the Tudor prince was hiring troops in Normandie, some knights and gentlemen had gone to Caxton and requested him to set Malory's book in type. The sheets were on his blocks when Richmond was at Harfleur; when the victor came to London they were in the public hands. In Henry's advent, ancient prophecies appeared to be fulfilled, and some of Henry's bards affirmed that he—the wandering knight and prince—was Arthur in the living flesh.

CHAPTER V.

THE SPIRITUAL POWER.

1487–8.

1. A MYSTIC and usurper, Henry felt the need of ghostly help in his affairs, and wished his country to become what she had been in olden times, an Island of the Saints. He envied France St. Louis, and desired to have a saint of his own name and blood. England had given a host of martyrs to the Church, but no one of the name of Henry; so he begged the Popes to canonise his uncle, Henry the Sixth. St. Henry would have been a great supporter of the House of Lancaster. He also asked the Pope to grant a privilege to a tomb which Lady Margaret, his mother, was preparing for herself. Outside the walls of Rome, there was a chapel of the Virgin called the Stair of Heaven. This chapel had been favoured by a line of Popes; a prayer recited at the altar took away a load of sin; and Henry asked the Pope to grant him patents for his mother's tomb as rich in virtue as the bulls which had been granted to the Stair of Heaven.

2. In doing homage for his crown, he told the Pope that all the kings, his predecessors on the

throne, had rendered reverence and obedience to the reigning pontiff. Henry was deceived. No king had done so, even in appearance, since the days of Henry the Third; no king had done so in reality since the days of John. A hundred times the popes had striven to make the English yield; but neither Peers nor Commons would consent to such an act. 'I will not do it,' said the second Henry to a papal legate. 'Neither do we, nor will we, nor can we, nor ought we, to permit our lord the King to do so,' said the Parliament of Edward the First. When Urban the Fifth was seeking to revive these papal claims, the peers replied, 'That act of John was done without consent of the estates, and contrary to his oath.' The commons added, 'If the Pope appeals to force, we will gainstand him to the utmost of our power.' Edward had already struck the note. 'If both the Emperor and the King of France should take the Pope's part, I am ready to give battle to them in defence of the liberties of my crown.' All England stood behind the prince who spoke these words. But after Bosworth, England was no longer what she had been after Créci, and the King who ruled her was not Harry the Fifth.

3. Henry had only reigned two years, and in his second year he had been forced to fight for crown and life. The sword had given, and what the sword had given the sword might take way. If he had failed at Stoke, he must have been a fugitive or a

corpse. The Spanish sovereigns had a royal nun to fear; but Henry had a dozen rivals like that royal nun. The Perfect Prince being dead, Fernando's title to the crown of Aragon was free from doubt, and if the exiled Queen could ever be induced to take the veil at Santa Clara, Isabel's title in Castille would stand beyond the reach of doubt. But no removal of a prince and princess here or there from Henry's path would make the English ruler's title good in law.

4. He traced his lineage back to John of Gaunt; but every step in his descent gave way beneath his weight. A doubt had long ago been raised about the birth of John of Gaunt; his mother, Philippa, having told her priest that she had changed a girl for him at birth. John's elder brother, Lionel, had issue still alive; the princes of the House of York. So long as any of these princes lived, the King could have no legal right to reign. Nor were these obstacles the whole. John Beaufort, son of John of Gaunt, was basely born, and though a papal brief had made him pure of blood, a papal brief could not create for him a right denied by English law. When Henry the Fourth confirmed that papal brief, he carefully denied this house of Beaufort's claim upon the crown. In Richard's days this bastardy and this exclusion of the line of Beaufort had been openly proclaimed. If even these great obstacles had been removed, the King would still have had no lawful claim. His mother would have been the

Queen, and he no other than a Prince of Wales. On every side his title failed. The house of Lancaster was a younger branch; and he was not the head of even that younger branch.

So conscious was the King of these defects of title, that he made no reference to his birth and lineage in the act of settlement. 'The crown shall be, rest, remain, and abide,' in Henry and his heirs at law,—so runs this famous act. No pedigree is cited; he is king in right of war; and will be king while he can hold his seat. The law was silent; for his sword had set aside the law. His only title, other than the sword, was that derived from Rome.

5. Having laid his crown before the Pope, the King had placed his highest offices in clerical hands. His foremost ministers were Primate Morton and Bishop Fox. John Morton was Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Chancellor, and first minister of the crown. Richard Fox was Bishop of Exeter, privy councillor, Lord Privy Seal, and second minister of the crown. Their power was only shared by monks and priests who hung about the royal closet, and were sometimes asked to give advice; such men as Father Christopher, the royal almoner, Prior John of Clerkenwell and Rhodes, William Smith, Archdeacon of Surrey, and Thomas Savage, priest and doctor of the canon law. The primate, Morton, was the greatest pluralist alive. This man had been appointed vicar of Bloxworth, sub-dean of Lincoln, prebendary of Salisbury, principal of Peck-

water Inn, prebendary of Lincoln, privy councillor, Chancellor of the Duchy of Cornwall, Master of the Rolls, rector of St. Dunstan's in the East, prebendary of St. Paul's, archdeacon of Huntingdon, prebendary of Wells, prebendary of York, archdeacon of Berkshire, archdeacon of Leicester, bishop of Ely, Lord Chancellor of England, and archbishop of Canterbury. Some of these rich offices had been yielded out of shame—not many of them—and the grasping prelate was not yet content. He hungered for a cardinal's hat, and Henry was beseeching Rome to gratify his servant's pride. The primate was a stout supporter of the Holy See.

6. One other step the Church had gained. For close upon four hundred years, the Church had claimed a place outside the statute-book. A court for clerks, in which the bishop was to sit as judge, had been created by the Conqueror as the price of clerical support against the people and their laws. This court had been resisted and renewed from reign to reign:—the people asking to be judged according to their native laws; the clergy wishing to condemn them by a foreign code. A man like Arundel might sweep both prince and judge along with him by force of will. But priests like Arundel had set the country in a blaze. To see a man licked up in fire for saying that he could not understand how bread was actual flesh and wine was actual blood, drove many wild with rage. A secular judge could hardly help some pity towards a prisoner of

the Church; and when that prisoner came before him, by attorney, he would grant his *habeas corpus*, have the man brought up, peruse the warrants and the pleas, and if he found him wrongly seized, discharge him on the spot. A judge could only go upon the statute-book. This claim of bishops and their ordinaries to be the sole interpreters of law for clerks, had never been admitted by the crown. A case is given by Coke. The crown referred this question to the bench; the bench reported that the law could only be interpreted by the ordinary courts. A civil court could scan the sentence of a spiritual court; a common judge reverse the sentence of a clerical judge. Such acts had always pleased the English people, whether gentry in the shires, or craftsmen in the towns; for people liked to know that rich and poor, that clerk and layman, had the benefit and protection of his English law.

7. But if the clergy could not gain their point, they never ceased to urge their plea. At every change of dynasty they tried to make their terms. When Bolingbroke murdered Richard and usurped his throne, they had procured the act for burning heretics. When York defeated Henry the Sixth, they had obtained a charter giving them immunity from the charge of civil courts. When Richmond struck down Richard, they had asked to have that charter strengthened by an Act of Parliament. Being masters in the closet, in the council, in the upper house, and being backed by Henry as their part-

ner, they had passed their bill; a bill which had conferred on bishops and their ordinaries that power beyond the law which they had always claimed and sometimes won; a power to seize suspected clerks, to lock them under ward, and hold them in restraint. All right to scan their acts was done away. A clerk arrested by his bishop was without appeal. All pleas of wrongful verdict were annulled; redress for false imprisonment was denied. For every man who could be called a clerk—the bishops and their ordinaries being the judges as to who was properly a clerk—the guarantees of English law were swept away. The King and kingdom were committed to the Church; committed to her teaching, her pretensions, and her fortunes. Each enjoyed the gain and bore the burthen of this close connexion with the Papal court; for if the King was mighty in the strength of Rome, his realm was feeble with the feebleness of cardinal and pope.

CHAPTER VI.

PUEBLA IN LONDON.

1487–8.

1. While he was waiting in Coruña for a ship to carry him across the sea, two English barks arrived in port. As Spain had signed no treaty with the English crown, these barks were held to be fair prize, and Pedro de Segura, captain of a Spanish ship of war, compelled these barks to strike their flag. The canon saw this act of piracy with his own eyes; and though some forty ships were lying in the harbour, not a hand was raised to check Segura's deed. All articles of peace, the Spaniards of Coruña said, were held to die with those who signed them. If the English wanted peace and trade, another treaty must be drawn and signed; and Puebla crossed the sea to study how that treaty could be turned to good account.

2. For weeks he had to labour in the dark. When he arrived in London, every one was busy with the young Queen's coronation, which the King had ordered after the events at Stoke. He had to

see his traders, to collect his facts, and learn to tread on English ground. By choice, he lived in slums and taverns; herding with the poor, and even with the vile; and selling all the favour he could win. His habit of consorting with the low and profligate never left him, even when he might have lived in mansions in the Strand and kept a barge and boatmen on the Thames. A mason took him in, and lodged him in his house at twopence a day for bed and board. This mason kept a small and dirty inn; a house of call for shameless women and apprentice lads; and Puebla, canonist and cripple, took his seat at table with these dollies and their mates. But though he lodged in cheap and nasty dens, of which the rough and ready skippers of Bilbao were heartily ashamed, his cloth enabled him to seek those monks and priests who formed an innermost circle round the King.

3. Of those who held no secular office, yet were always heard and oftentimes employed on public business, Father Christopher stood the first. This father had been near the sovereign from his boyish days; he was his mother's chaplain and confessor; and his own most constant friend. When Henry lodged at Begar Abbey, Father Christopher was always flitting from the mother to her son. They had no secrets from him. To his faithful hands was given that message from Elizabeth of York which led to union of the red rose and the white. He followed Henry to the palace, where a lodging had been found

for him. The highest offices lay within his reach, but he would only take such posts as left him near the King; the place of almoner, the rectory of Hackney, and a prebendary stall in London. As the royal almoner, and as Lady Margaret's confessor, he had greater power to make and mar than any other priest. Beside this Father stood John Weston, Knight and Prior of St. John in Clerkenwell. This knight was called the Prior of St. John of England, and in virtue of his rank was premier baron of the English Parliament. He was a link between the west and east. No man could tell so soon as he what Bajazet was doing in the Grecian waters and the Holy City. He inspired the King with a crusading spirit, and supplied a channel of communication with the Grand Master in Rhodes. Of higher reach than these advisers of the King was Thomas Savage, doctor of the canon law; a man of learning and ability, and silent as the grave itself. On every point of law, the King consulted Savage, and in matters needing special secresy the silent doctor was employed.

4. At first the Spaniard spoke of peace and trade between the states, and only hinted at a plan for giving aid and comfort to each other in the day of need. As Henry's ministers were alive to the advantages of peace and trade, they listened to his tales in hope that good might come of them. Since Bosworth neither peace nor trade had been secure

with Spain. A league of peace would stop such acts as those of Pedro de Segura, and might bring a profitable fleet into the western ports. The Spaniards wanted corn and cloth; the English wanted wine and oil; and most of all they wanted Bordeaux wine. An act had just been passed forbidding any other than an English ship to bring this wine to England, save on special license granted by the King himself. To favour an exchange of what his people had in plenty for the things they needed—corn for wine, cloth for oil, and tin for soap—the King was granting letters somewhat freely to the Bilboa merchants then in Cheape. Nor was the King averse to framing articles of peace. The country needed peace, even more than she was willing to confess. He, therefore, on the Spanish case being put before him, named the Prior of St. John, Father Christopher, and Thomas Savage, his commissioners, to settle matters in dispute between the crowns of Spain and England, and confer with Puebla on articles of mutual aid and comfort to be given on either side in case of war.

5. On hearing how his agent sped, and careless how and where that agent lived, Fernando sent a letter properly conceived, appointing Puebla his ambassador at the English court, with full authority to treat of peace and to conclude a match. When sending out these powers, he also sent a spy, one Juan de Sepulveda, knight and trooper, to observe the cripple and report to him how things went on. The canon and the trooper were to push the treaty

rather than the match. Their object was to draw the English into war with France. While Max was pounding in the north, Fernando wished the English to be thundering at the gates of Brest. If that design could be achieved without committing him to give the English prince his daughter Catalina, he preferred to leave his daughter free.

CHAPTER VII.

FIRST PROPOSALS.

1488.

1. THOUGH Henry was annoyed to see a nameless cripple sent to him instead of bishop, count, or councillor of state, he still received the Spanish agent with his winsome smile. 'They do not know me yet in Spain,' he said to those about him, with the spirit of a man who means that they shall know him. Keeping Puebla at his side, as though he were a friend like Father Christopher and Prior John, the King observed him in and out. Ill bred, ill fed, ill dressed, the King soon learned to read the man he had to deal with, and he took good care to feed his hunger and indulge his love of praise. He asked the agent to his palace; when he came to court, the King invited him to stay and dine. A dinner at the royal table suited Puebla's taste far better than a penny mess with drabs and prentice boys. He came so often that the pages laughed, and Henry, quaint of humour, sometimes joined these pages in their sport. 'Look you, my masters,' cried the King, as Puebla hobbled up an avenue, 'here is the Spanish ambassador — what does he

want?' At once the merry voices rang, 'To eat; he wants to eat!' The King took care that he should have his fill. He lodged his servants in a convent, and the bursar was instructed not to charge him for their food. When dining at the court, he sometimes asked, on leaving, for a loaf of bread and jug of wine for supper; and having got these dainties from a servant, carried them away beneath his cloak. One day, when Lady Margaret heard him begging this and that, she asked him if the King and Queen of Spain could not afford their minister meat and drink?

2. But Henry held his course of favour to the cripple; glad to find that for a royal smile, a loaf of bread, and now and then a pardon or a license, he could buy Fernando's agent; nay, convert him, as the Spanish traders said, into a minister of his own affairs. To put some coin into that agent's purse he granted him a license for a merchant, Juan de Scover, to import two hundred tuns of claret free of charge. To tickle his conceit, and raise his credit in the pool, he called him in the license his 'beloved Doctor de Puebla.' Whatever they might think of him as priest and man, the Spanish traders from Bilbao and Seville soon had solid proof that this ungainly priest could serve them at the English court.

3. For Henry saw his gain in such a match, and even such a peace, as Spain proposed to him. He had become aware that even in the face of

Isabel's dislike to Edward, articles of peace and trade had been arranged in 1481, which were to be in force ten years. Those years had not expired; and Henry held that while those articles were in force, the seizure of a ship with English goods on board was piracy. A case had just arisen. A Spanish ship, the San Stephano, sailed from Bristol for a port of Spain. When she arrived, one Martin de Miranda, who had letters of marque in his possession, got her seized by the provincial governor, and held to ransom for two thousand crowns of gold. A cry arose in Bristol, where the goods were owned; and Henry wrote an angry letter to the King and Queen of Spain. But there were doubts about his case, since many of the Spaniards held that with the change of dynasty those articles of peace had lapsed.

4. Nor were these trading interests all. In many ways it might be well for Henry to be sure that Spain was at his back. As two usurping kings, supporting and supported by the Church, Fernando and himself had common enemies in the liberal ranks. As yet, this name of Liberal was not used in English speech. The odious word was Lay. 'Lay-men' and 'Bible-men' were Bishop Pecock's terms of menace and reproach; by which he stigmatized those Wycliffites and Lollards who desired to read the Scriptures and uphold the English law. A century later Shakespeare caught the word in a transition stage. Lord Say, in speaking of the state of England in the days of Cade, describes the

men 'of Kent as 'liberal, valiant, active, wealthy.' Say had been a Liberal, for he founded schools and set up presses. Many of the King's opponents were suspected of a liberal mood, and if the Inquisition had been introduced from Seville into Canterbury many of these enemies might have perished in the flames instead of on the block. John Swit was not alone in laughing at the thunders as they rolled from Rome. Though many of the people were extremely pious, many were disposed to smile at such impostures as the winking saints and pools of milk and blood. Some people put no trust in saints; some passed an image with an unbent knee; some mocked the wandering friars; some trolled their staves and cracked their jests against the parish priest. Some people spurned the temporal verdicts of the Holy See. In most affairs of conscience they were with those Bible-men whom Bishop Pecock had denounced as lost for saying—that Scripture is the only rule of life; that every man should read and judge; that those who live a goodly life may hope to understand the word; that image-worship is idolatry; that pilgrimages have no merit; that the Church should own no property in land; that calling on the saints for help is useless; that the monkish brotherhoods are vicious; and that laws decreed by papal and prelatical authority are null and void. These scorners of the bishop and the pontiff made the strength and glory of the House of York, and hence the court of Rome was swift to put them under ban and curse.

5. A singular event beyond the straits induced the King to draw near Spain. King Max had so incensed the popular party that a mob had hustled him in the streets of Bruges, arrested him in a shop, and borne him to a lonely tower, where the Last of the Ritters was kept a prisoner, while his councillors were spiked and headed in the market-place below. All Europe shook with rage and merriment at his mishaps. Kunz von der Rosen, the imperial Fool, had tried to swim across the moat to him. A flock of swans and geese had set on Kunz and driven him back in rage and pain. The burghers were as savage with the King as geese and swans had been with the imperial fool. Before they let him go, they raised a scaffold in the market-place; they made him mount that scaffold with a paper in his hand; they made him read that paper; and they made him swear on his salvation to observe the terms laid down. He was to yield the government of his son to them; he was to keep the peace towards France; he was to recognize the liberal rule in Bruges and Ghent; he was to separate the duchy from the empire, and to send his German troops across the Rhine. Ashamed and angry, Max had gone into the Tyrol, while the Emperor, his father, broke into the duchy with a great array. All kings and dukes were called upon for aid, and some who owed the man no love were angry at the insult offered to a prince of his exalted rank. Even Henry melted towards a fugitive who still refused to recog-

nize him as a reigning king. The Kaiser, though he broke his son's most sacred pledges, could not batter down the walls of Ghent, and when he turned away in rage, no king in Europe felt his person safe from outrage. If an insult could be offered to a King of Rome, what might not happen to a sovereign less august?

6. To tickle and delight the canon, Henry named as his commissioners a famous prelate and a still more famous peer; Richard Fox, privy councillor, King's secretary, and Bishop of Exeter; Giles, Lord Daubeney, privy councillor, and lieutenant of the fort and town of Calais. The provincial mayor, whom Henry never treated otherwise than as a great ecclesiastic, was beside himself with joy. The King invited him and his companion down to Sheen, presented them to his consort, carried them to his nursery, and let them gaze in wonder at his infant son.

7. They saw Prince Arthur in his cot asleep; they saw him naked in his bath; they saw him in his royal robes and state. In every form they liked the round and rosy child. 'We find in him,' they wrote to Catharine's parents, 'so many excellent qualities as no one would believe.' But they were still more taken by the Queen and her attending maids: the young and lovely queen, now twenty-two years old, being served 'by two-and-thirty ladies, each of whom is of angelic beauty.' Henry wished the Spaniards to inform the King and Queen, their lord and lady,

that if the match went forward, he should like the Princess Catalina to be sent to England early, as Archduchess Marguerite of Austria had been sent to France. It would be well for Catalina to acquire some use of French, the language of his court and household, in her youth, as well as get accustomed to the island mist and rain. It would be wise, he added afterwards, if the Princess were allowed to drink some wine. The Spanish agent was already Henry's man.

CHAPTER VIII.

ARTICLES OF MARRIAGE.

1488.

1. ALTHOUGH an advocate for the Spanish marriage, Fox would willingly have dropt all question of a league. A match would give him peace with Spain and with the friends of Spain. A match would check such corsairs as Segura and Miranda, and would open Cadiz and Coruña to the outer trade. Beyond these points he had no boon to ask from Spain. All thought of war was absent from his mind. His countrymen were restless, and would shout for war on anybody's call; but Fox was well aware how much his country needed rest. In twenty years they might be strong again; but even those who burned to win new Crecies in the plains of France, could see that they must first endure some years of peaceful growth. 'There is no need to talk about the treaty; let us go at once upon the match,' he said, as soon as the commissioners met. The Spanish priest was taken by surprise. His orders were to push the treaty and postpone the match; and Fox proposed to push the marriage and postpone the league. As his ecclesiastical superior, Fox

had some advantage in the contest over Puebla. After praising heartily the King and Queen of Spain, he came abruptly on his point: 'What sum will the Infanta have?'

2. 'It would be seemly,' answered Puebla, 'if you were to name the fortune you expect.' Fox named a sum so large that Puebla started to his feet. 'We must refer this matter to our masters,' he observed in wonder. 'No,' said Fox, 'that course will never do; the King and Queen of Spain will not consent.' 'You ask for things beyond the scope of reason,' answered Puebla, losing temper; 'if one only bears in mind what happens every day to English kings, it is surprising that our royal masters should consent to give their daughter to the Prince of Wales.' These words were hardly out of Puebla's mouth before he felt that he had gone too far. The stately prelate and the dashing soldier were not men whom he could flout in that Castillian style.

3. Fox brought the Spaniards to their senses by a hint that Enrique the Liberal had offered to give his daughter (now the royal 'Nun'), to an English prince—who was not even Prince of Wales—together with a dowry of two hundred thousand ducats. Fox was satisfied with throwing out this hint. He wished the Spanish agents to perceive how well he knew the state of things; how much the Exile weighed in any bargain to be made with Spain. Fox had no thought of starting her as a pretender, but he kept the fact of her existence in

his mind. If Puebla had replied by asking where that English prince now was, he might have heard some hint, far off, and yet too near, about the Perfect Prince. He felt it would be wiser to withdraw his speech. He had to recollect that though the English King might be defeated in a year or so, he could immediately despatch an army into France.

4. 'It was a jest,' said Puebla, harking back. In his report to Spain, he boasted of his skill in fence. He let the English know, he said, the state of things, but in a form so courteous that they could not take alarm. His hint was fruitful in results; 'the English lowered their terms one-third.' The sum required by Fox was still too high. 'Since there is time enough to think of details,' Puebla urged, 'let us refer this point to umpires; two or four, as you shall judge.' 'No, no,' the English councillor said; 'that course will never do. We are the umpires. If we cannot settle the amount, no other persons can.' They felt that he was right. 'Then name your price at once,' said Puebla. Fox set down his price; two hundred thousand crowns. The Spaniards offered him a hundred thousand crowns. 'Why should your masters not be liberal?' asked the Bishop; 'they will not have to pay the money; they will raise it from their subjects; why this haggling over what will cost them nothing?' From a drawer he took some marriage treaties; Scottish treaties, French treaties, Flemish treaties; and in every one he showed them that

a larger dowry had been paid. The country was a dear one, he insisted, and an English penny was as much as thirty-two Spanish maravedies. People spent vast sums in keeping house. An English duke was rich. When Catharine came to London she would have a third part of the revenues of Chester, Wales, and Cornwall for her separate use; not less in all than eighty thousand crowns of gold a-year. The county, principality, and duchy had some thirty thousand vassals; hundreds of villages and castles, many forts and harbours, and a few considerable towns. All these would be her own.

5. Fox held his point; two hundred thousand crowns; if less were offered him, he had no more to say. At length, the Spaniards yielded. 'Here,' said Fox and Daubeney, 'is a memorandum of agreement—sign it.'

Richard, Bishop of Exeter, and Daubeney of Daubeney, in their quality of Commissioners of Henry the Seventh, declare to Rodrigo de Puebla and Juan de Sepulveda, ambassadors of Fernando and Isabel, that the dowry of the Princess Catharine is expected to be two hundred thousand gold crowns, each crown worth fifty English pence.

'Add one word more,' said Puebla, 'that we only sign in order to consult our masters.' Puebla's words were added to the clause, and then the Spaniards signed.

CHAPTER IX.

ARTICLES OF PEACE.

1488.

1. NEXT came the articles of peace. The case was ticklish, hardly less so in respect of Portugal than in respect of France.

The King of Portugal could scarcely be omitted from a treaty which engaged the Kings of Spain and England to regard each other's friends as friends, each other's foes as foes, since Spain, on no account whatever could expose herself to risk of quarrelling with John the Perfect, while the Excellenta was alive and in his power. Yet Puebla saw that John would be exasperated by the treaty, let it take what name and shape it might. A treaty with the English monarch would diminish John's authority in the councils of Castille. It was a blow at France, and John's importance in Castille was measured by his means of stirring up the French. The English, too, had something to reserve. Their friendship for the Portuguese was one of ancient date. They could not lightly cast away old friends, nor would they treat the Portuguese as friends and foes to suit Fernando's politics. In everything that touched the

Exile, Fox and Daubeney wished to keep their hands unbound. If Spain should go to war with Portugal, they meant to hold a neutral course. Beyond this point they would not move. 'It is sufficient,' Puebla wrote to his employers, 'better even than if more had been obtained. The friendship of both countries may be so secured. It will be wise to say no more about it. If the King of Portugal were to hear of what is going on, he would be wild with rage.' But neither Fox nor Daubeney would give this clause about the Portuguese in writing, as a portion of the articles of peace.

2. More delicate still was the affair of France; for Henry was at peace with Charles, and had no motive, like Fernando, to engage in war.

No state in Europe showed so wonderful a power of growth as France. The land of wine, of oil, of silk, of corn, no folly in her rulers, no misfortune of her armies, could depress her long. Not more than fifty years had passed since English dukes had reigned in Paris; yet within these fifty years the French had entered Rouen and Bordeaux as masters; had acquired possession of Provence; had re-annexed the province of Bourgogne; and got a footing in the frontier duchies of the Pyrenees. What they had gained they kept; and only foes who smote them as the English smote at Azincour, had ever forced them to disgorge their prey. One province of the France of Charles the Great resisted their attacks; the sea-washed Duchy of Bretagne. But though the Breton

folk were Celtic, and had never learnt the language of their neighbours, France had partizans among their nobles, such as Rohan and Laval, who thought it finer to be counts and dukes in Paris than in Rennes. That prize was tempting to a king of France; as tempting as Granada to a king of Spain, as Scotland to a king of England; for a province that would round off France by sea, and give her all the ports from Bayonne to Boulogne, might make her mistress of the narrow seas, enable her to strike the Spanish trade, and give her what she had been striving to obtain—a virtual primacy in the West. No prince in Europe liked this growing power in Paris, but Fernando liked it least of all. On every side the French were knocking at his gates; disputing the possession of his duchies, stirring up his kinsfolk in Navarre, intriguing with the royal Nun, exciting the nobility of Naples to dispute his rights. Of all these burning questions, that of Rossillon and Cerdaña touched him nearest to the quick. For five-and-twenty years, since they were pledged to France for crushing the republicans of Cataluña, these two districts had been subjects of dispute between the crowns; each party to the bargain striving to deceive and cheat the other; France to keep the duchies in defiance of her pledge, and Spain to get them back without the payment of her debt. The tract had been restored, invaded, and reduced by turns. No Frenchman, looking at the ridge o mountain as his natural frontier and defence, coul

bear the thought of yielding up a fort like Salsas and a town like Perpignan into his adversary's power. Salsas was the key of Languedoc. Perpignan was a Calais in the south; an open gate by which an active foe could push his legions into France. The people, Catalan by race and speech, were ardently attached to Cataluña. Charles was only master in his actual camp; but while he held a sword, and while the royal Nun maintained her right, he was not likely to relax his grip on these important border lands.

3. To Henry, too, this growth was matter for regret and fear, though French support had helped him to obtain his crown. What France had done for him she might be tempted to repeat for others after him. Yet he was slow to cause her just offence, and loth to think of goading her to war. 'My orders are,' said Puebla, 'to insert an article in the treaty binding either party to wage war on France when France makes war upon the other.' What he wanted was a mutual guarantee. 'Why name the King of France at all?' asked Fox; 'when marriages and treaties are concluded, other things come after. England will be glad to act with Spain, especially as English friendship for Spain is of old standing.' 'If the friendship is so great,' said Puebla, 'it is easy to do what is now asked.' If Puebla gave a true report of this important conference, Fox replied, 'It is not well to put such things in writing; first, because a treaty signed and sealed remains, and nothing should be signed

and sealed but what is just; next, because the insertion of such an article is unusual; and, third, because the balance of advantages will lie with Spain.' Fox and Daubeney had consulted jurists who replied, that the insertion of a clause engaging Henry to make war on Charles was contrary to conscience, honesty, and God. 'I showed them,' Puebla wrote, 'from books, that both by canon law and civil law, it was according to conscience, honesty, and God, that England should make war on France.' The Spaniard said the French had robbed their neighbours north and south; had stolen Guienne and Normandie from the King of England, just as they had stolen Rossillon and Cerdaña from the King of Spain. 'It is notorious,' answered Fox and Daubeney, 'that the King of England is indebted to the King of France for many services, and it would not be honest to insert an article against him.' So the article about the King of France was laid aside.

4. The articles were drafted into form and signed. Prince Arthur was to marry Princess Catharine when he came of age; the dowry was to be two hundred thousand crowns; one half the money was to be paid on landing, a second on the bridal day. All Spaniards then in England were to be security for this sum. Fernando was to send the princess over, in a decent manner, at his own expense. Her parents were to give her dress and jewels suitable to her rank. She was to own all property that came to her in virtue of her birth.

All articles of peace and commerce were to be the same as they had been for thirty years. Each party was to help the other when attacked; the party asking the assistance to defray the cost. The rebels of one prince were not to be received by the other. If either of the high contracting parties made a treaty with another prince, his ally was to be included in the league. The commissioners were to meet again at Easter in the following year.

5. Fernando read these articles in no easy mood. He scanned the letters brought from Puebla, and he read the articles drawn up and signed. They seemed to him like papers on two different matters. 'How is this?' he called to Sepulveda, who had carried the despatches over. Sepulveda could not tell him. 'How is this?' Fernando wrote to Puebla; 'the English ask two hundred thousand crowns, because Enrique had proposed to give that fortune. Puebla must reply that Enrique had one daughter only to endow.' At most, he would consent to pay one hundred thousand ducats in the money of Castille. He would not hear of ducats being taken at fifty pence; if that were in the treaty they would cheat him in the weight. Nor would he pay this money down, as stipulated in the draft. He would consent to pay one half his daughter's portion when her marriage was consummated, not a day before that time; a second half in two years after that event was certified by officers of his own. He would not give security;

his word must satisfy the King. Nor would he give his daughter ornaments and plate, unless he were allowed to count them as a portion of her hundred thousand crowns. He thought it wise to say no more about the cost of sending Catharine to an English port. As to her rights in Spain, no other property could be secured to her than what she held by birth—her claim in order of succession to the throne.

6. But more than in these details of the match the English seemed to have outwitted Puebla in the articles of peace. These articles gave Fernando scarcely any of the things on which his heart was fixed. He wished to have a treaty covering all his friends, uncovering all his foes. He hoped to isolate John the Perfect; but the draft said nothing of the Portuguese. Fox would not enter into any league against the King of Portugal; but Puebla had assured Fernando that the English would agree to take a neutral course. Yet, nothing in the articles bound the English to abstain from war. More curious were the articles touching France. Fernando's purpose in the treaty was to act on Paris from the line of Normandie and Maine; but in the draft of treaty there was not a word implying that the English would attack his enemies in the rear. A 'show of war' would only serve his foes. On turning back to Puebla's letter, he observed a statement that the English agents, holding a mass-book in their hands, had sworn on oath, that Henry, when

the marriage was concluded, would be ready to make war against the French. Fernando wished to have that oath recorded in the draft. 'If Henry does not like,' he wrote, 'to put into the treaty all that he has promised, let the marriage treaty be concluded without it; but cause him to sign and swear a separate treaty, he and his servants, to this effect, that, after the alliance and marriage of our children shall have been concluded, he will bind himself, if asked by us, within (a blank number of) days, to call upon the King of France to give us back our provinces of Rossillon and Cerdaña, which he now keeps from us; and if within (a blank number of) days after that demand the King of France has not restored to us those provinces, he will at our request make war upon the King of France.' If Henry should agree to sign this separate article Fernando said the treaty might proceed. His motive, he again repeated to his agent, was to get Rossillon and Cerdaña from the French.

7. When Puebla read these orders he was much perplexed. He wished to serve two masters, and obtain from both his meed of praise and pay. 'I dare not mention some of these conditions,' he replied. He begged for time, and his arrear of pay. If time were given him, all would yet be well. What need was there for haste, when the commissioners would not sit again till Easter in the ensuing year? By nature Henry was averse to war; by policy he was averse to a renewal of the fierce and

bloody war with France. The hope which had disturbed so many Kings, of wearing both the French and English crowns, was gone from him for ever. What he had to gain lay nearer home, and Henry's thoughts were given to the immediate duty in his front. He had to soothe the partisans of York. He had to reconcile the Welsh to English rule. He had to plant an English government on Irish soil. He had to manage and conciliate the Scots. These things would give him unity and strength. His policy was peace at home, not war abroad; peace, order, growth and piety, within the round and compass of his isles; not rapine, slaughter, and confusion on his neighbour's soil. What chance had Puebla of persuading one who held this policy of peace to draw the sword? But while the cripple's words were tossing on the seas, events were doing for him what he never could have done without their help.

Book the Fourth.

BRETON WAR.

CHAPTER I.

BRETAGNE.

1488.

1. THE day on which the articles fixing Catharine's dower were signed by Puebla, Henry sent his Hail, all hail! to Catharine's parents on their victories against the Moors. These Moors were Saracens in blood, and Henry, with his fancies kindled by the prowess of Sir Gawaine, wrote about Fernando smiting enemies of the Christian faith, as that poetic champion smote his Saracens of the South; but having paid his compliment, he turned to other things; the union of his states, the building of his palace, the improvement of his coinage, the repression of his barons, and the settlement of his Irish towns. All details of the marriage could be left to Bishop Fox and Father Christopher. At Easter, when they were to meet again, his boy would be

a little man—two years and seven months old. What Henry needed he had gained; a pledge of peace by sea and land, an entry into the fraternity of reigning kings, and a return to regular course of trade. When Puebla came to London, no one but the Pope and King of France had recognised the Tudor prince. That mission turned the scale; and of the greater princes who denied his title, Max, the fugitive from Flanders, stood alone. His wisdom was to watch and wait. Some years must pass before his son would be of age to marry. If the Princess could be got to England, as the young Archduchess had been got to France, his objects would be gained. He saw how much the French were gaining from the fact of Marguerite being in Paris; but he dared not press this point too soon in Spain.

2. But he was not to watch and wait in peace. Events were coming on him which he could not meet alone. He, too, was forced to look for allies; and in place of waiting for the Spanish princess to be flung into his lap, he had to send in search of her, though well aware that by this sending into Spain, he would be throwing his master suit into Fernando's hands.

3. A warlike fury had arisen among his people; and Henry was not strong enough to ride the tempest and divert the flash. On every side, his peers and citizens were raging at the French, for what was called their selfish dealing with the duchy of Bretagne. For, Charles, who had been lately bat-

tering at the walls of Nantes, was occupying every post that he could seize, and threatening to annex the province to his crown. Of all the feudal duchies into which the Frankish kingdom had been split, the duchy of Bretagne alone retained her semi-sovereign state; but with the growth of royal power in France, a time was coming when the duchy of Bretagne would have to follow in the wake of Normandie, Provence, and Maine. By force, if Charles could win by force,—by fraud, if he must stoop to fraud,—he was resolved on reuniting her to France. His pretext mattered little; yet, the pretext he had published was defensible in law; his right as feudal lord to follow up a rebel into any part of his domain. His cousin Louis, Duke of Orleans, son of the poet, and first prince of the blood, had risen against the regent, Madame Anne, and having failed to drive her out, had fled to Rennes, where he was joyously received by Francois the Second, Duke of Bretagne, as an enemy of Charles. Duke Francois was a worn and feeble man, without a son to bear his name, and ruled by favourites and women. Orleans soon became his master. Charles had asked the Duke to send his cousin Orleans back to Paris, and on this command being disobeyed, the French had poured their troops into his wild and lonely dales. These troops had occupied some towns before the Bretons, roused to action by their imminent danger, could despatch ambassadors to Max, to Henry, and to Alain

d'Albret, begging for immediate help in ships and men.

4. Friendship for Duke Francois, who had sheltered him in exile, urged the King of England to assist the Bretons in repelling Charles; the more so, as a King of France who held the Breton ports, would be a dangerous foe to England in a time of war. But Charles had also been his friend, and Henry was a man of peace. He hoped that matters might be smoothed at Rennes and Paris; for the King of France professed to have no ends in view beyond the seizure of his rebel on the Duke's estate. Charles swore he had no eye on the estate itself. If Louis could be reconciled to Charles, there seemed good reason to believe the French might turn aside. Affairs were not going well with them. If they had carried Vitré and St. Aubin, they had failed before the walls of Nantes. A bare and hilly district, with impenetrable woods, deep rivers, and innumerable castles, was the kind of obstacle which hinders and disgusts a soldiery like the French. Though sweeping everything before them in the open field, the French were tiring of a hard, inglorious task, where men were starved to death in lonely woods, and drowned in fording nameless streams. Charles spoke of peace, and begged his English ally to employ some man of trust who could arrange the terms between Duke Francois and himself.

5. Father Christopher had been going to and fro; at first in secret and alone; but afterwards in

public form and with a fitting train. He had been charged to see the King of France, and if he found that sovereign in pacific mood, he was to go from Nantes to Rennes and sound the ducal court. A holy man, he seemed the proper agent for a work of peace. A priest, his cloth was likely to impress the Duke; an aged man, his beard was likely to impress the King.

6. Charles, seventeen years of age, was small in person, weak of eye, and flat of face; a mean and ugly lad, with head too big and neck too short, with lanky legs and crooked knees, and mind as dwarfed and twisted as his bodily frame. He had been trained to lie and cheat, as ordinary boys are taught to speak the truth and pay their honest debts. But higher learning he had none. 'He needs no grammar,' said his father, who detested books; 'he knows enough if he has learned to hide his thoughts.' The youth had learnt this art of hiding thought, for he could fawn and yield when he was lifting up his hand to strike. A boy of seventeen years misled the aged and experienced priest; for Father Christopher, in all his dealings with the world, had never met a lad like Charles.

7. Having wormed from Father Christopher the secret that on finding grounds for hope he was to make for Rennes, the King took care that he should find a reasonable hope. It suited Charles that Father Christopher should go to Rennes; because he knew that Orleans would dictate the Duke's

reply; and he was certain that his cousin Orleans would not yield. The odium of rejecting terms would lie at Rennes; the English monk would form a bad opinion of the ducal court; and Henry, vexed at the rejection of his offers, would conclude that France was acting in her lawful right. Charles told the Father he was all for peace; he had no hidden purpose in his mind; he loved the Duke, who was his kinsman, and the duchy, which was part of France. He only wanted Orleans to submit. At Rennes the monk had met a franker mood than in the royal camp near Nantes. What message had he brought? The Duke had sent for help and not advice; for General Brooke, not Father Christopher; and he was vexed to find a messenger of peace had been with Charles. 'The Duke,' said Orleans, speaking for the helpless man, 'having been a kind host and parent to the English King in other days, expected from him soldiers to defend his rights, not monks to talk of articles of peace. Let Henry, if he can, forget the past. Yet in his wisdom he must see how much he has to risk in future, if this duchy is annexed, and all her harbours fall into an enemy's grasp.' Duke Francois, moping in his chair, allowed the prince to speak, and Father Christopher quitted Rennes in rage against the ducal cause. Near Nantes, by which he passed on his return, the King received him with a doleful face. They had not listened to his words of peace! He begged the father to report the language he had

heard; his ally ought to know the men with whom they had to deal. Charles wanted nothing for himself. He only asked for law and justice. Louis was his heir, and being in arms against him, could not claim protection at a vassal's court. The thing was now in Henry's hands, to deal with as his wisdom should suggest. That Henry might be free to speak and act, said Charles, the French would raise the siege of Nantes and re-ascend the Loire. Christopher was enjoined to add, from Charles, that rebels would not listen to advice, however sound, unless the friendly argument were backed by force. That force the King of France was ready to apply, in aid of any course his English ally should propose.

8. Though wary as to phrases, Henry was no less deceived than Christopher; for Charles withdrew his troops from Nantes and crossed his frontiers, so that Henry might appear to act in perfect liberty. A second embassy was therefore sent to Rennes; a stronger tone was taken with the Duke; and Henry was induced to pledge his word for Charles. Being pressed on every side, the Duke gave way; a truce was made between the parties; and the English ruler was appointed arbiter of the dispute. The King was in his glory as a friend of peace. Father Christopher came merrily back, and Henry had the happiness of countersigning articles by which the French and Bretons were to keep the peace for eighteen months. Thus, truce was made on every side, and Henry the Pacificator

rode to Windsor with his Queen to spend the summer days. But he was rudely wakened from his dream. Before his ink was dry, the French were set in motion. Breaking through the Breton lines, they captured Ancenis, Chateaubriand, and Fougères, and pushed their vanguard rapidly towards Rennes. Amazed by this return, the Bretons ran to meet them with a mongrel army and divided chiefs. Twelve hundred lancers sent by Max, four hundred archers under Woodville, showed themselves in front, and fought against the French like men; but every leader in the Breton army had some separate purpose of his own to serve. D'Albret hoped to see Orleans captured. Orleans wished to hear that D'Albret had been killed. The Bretons were dispersed. By help of D'Albret, Orleans was a prisoner. Rivers fell among his archers, who were cut to pieces. Rennes was occupied. Duke Francois crept into his bed and died; and as he left no son, his duchy fell to Anne, his eldest girl. But Charles was now her master, and the little Duchess had to sign an article that she would never marry, save with the consent of Charles.

As salt on fire, the news of this astounding act of treachery and invasion fell on English towns and shires, already burning to renew the fight; and Henry, seeing that 'a show of war' at least must now be made, began to arm in haste, and seek what allies he might find against the French.

CHAPTER II.

EMBASSY TO SPAIN.

1488–9.

1. An agent who could sail for Spain, procure an audience of the King, and get him to adopt the articles which Fox and Daubeney had signed, was wanted. Father Christopher was busy with the work at Rennes; and Savage, who as priest and doctor of the canon law was like an English Puebla, seemed the fittest man. He was adroit and nameless. If he failed, he could be disavowed. A mate was found for him in Nanfan, one of the King's body-guard, an English counterpart of Sepulveda. But as neither Savage nor Nanfan spoke Castillian, Ruy Machado, one of Henry's foreign heralds, was to help them with his tongue and pen. The day they left, Nanfan, riding near the King, was told to kneel, and Henry laid a sword across his back. The embassies were now of equal rank. A Spanish doctor and a Spanish knight were balanced by an English doctor and an English knight. 'They do not know me yet in Spain.'

2. Puebla and Sepulveda took their leave of King and Queen, and travelling to the coast with Savage, Nanfan, and Machado, sailed with them for Bilbao

in two Spanish ships. They hoped to make that harbour in a week; but winter blew them into Plymouth, where they lost ten days, and afterwards into Falmouth, where they lost nine more. Their vessels, squat in build, with heavy hamper and a flowing sail, were rudely handled by the crews. Fair breezes set them free from Falmouth roads; but as they rolled past Ushant into the Bay of Biscay, these breezes freshened into gusts and squalls. All day and night they drove before the gale, and in the storm they parted company. The English were amused to hear the Spaniards shouting to their saints for help. The sailors' saint was San Vicente, on whose shrine they swore to light innumerable dips of wax. 'By God's grace, and by the prayers and pilgrimages promised to the good saints, they were comforted and saved.' A sailor sighted land; a hill in the Asturias; and drifting up the coast, they made the port of Laredo, in Old Castille. The greeting which the pious English heard on landing was a vesper-bell.

3. By short and early stages they ascended from the sea line to the ridges leading into central Spain. A road no better than a trail ran up through oak and chestnut woods; now climbing over rocky ground, here lost in snow, there floundering into ooze and swamp. In three days, cold and hungry, they arrived in Burgos, city of the Cid. De Castro took them in, and cheered them up with food and wine. All three were lodging with Diego's uncle,

when Puebla, who had made Bilbao, came up to join them. Feasts and junkets were provided by the traders, who remembered Cheape and Wapping; and the men of Burgos sent them flesh of roebucks, capons, conies, spices, and confectionary, with a skin of wine. When the mayor and judges heard of their arrival, they despatched an officer to the tavern where their servants lodged, to tell the host he was to make no charge. At length a message from Fernando came. The King and Queen were at Medina del Campo, where the Queen had built a castle of defence among the ruins of a Roman camp, and thither Henry's agents for the peace and match were asked to ride. In spite of trouble in the Pyrenees, affairs were going on well. Their last assaults upon the Moors, delivered on the eastern line, had given them Vera, Velez Blanco, Huescar, and some other towns; and they were wintering in Medina as a post from which they could observe the French.

4. One mile from Burgos the ambassadors took their leave of Castro, and their personal woes began. From Burgos to Valladolid, the road ran through a string of villages, with neither inn nor convent, and in which the food was scant, the lodging bad, the custom of the country rude. Valladolid, when they came to it, was empty, for the court had gone away in anger at the people having raised their voice against the new and holy office, which the Queen had planted in a house adjoining that in

which she lodged. Savage and Nanfan were conducted to a fine, but empty house, the residence of Ruy de Portillo, a wealthy merchant, who had been arrested on suspicion of heresy, and flung into a dismal vault. The Queen and her inquisitors had stript his house of everything; his chair and stool, his bed and bench, his food and wine; not having left enough, as Savage found, to feed a rat. Some beds and chairs were fetched from magazines; the Mayor sent in some lard and sweetmeats, with a couple of skins of wine; so that the English ate and drank, and made them merry in the ruined heretic's house. They were not yet aware how many houses had been lately emptied in the Spanish towns.

5. On drawing near Medina, they were met by three processions: first, by the Bishop of Malaga, Secretary Alvarez, and other gentlemen; next, by the Bishop of Palencia, the Bishop of Segovia, the Grand Commander of Leon, and a train of knights and priests; and at the city gates, by the Duke de Alboquerque, the Count de Haro, the Constable of Castille, and hosts of bishops, counts, and knights, who led them to their lodgings in the town. Medina was a Moorish town, with massy walls and gates, and narrow streets and houses built on granite shafts, with open squares, and fountains nestling in the shade of trees. One side of the great square was occupied by a pile which had been church, and mosque, and church in turn; a strong and gloomy

pile, inscribed to Antolin, a saint of high repute in Spain, although unrecognised by Rome. The Queen had made this church collegiate; had adorned the angle with a belfry; had supplied a chime of bells, with two bronze men to fling the midnight cadence far and wide. On coming to their lodgings, Savage saw that care was taken to impress them with the wealth of Spain. Their rooms were hung with tapestry, their beds were bright with coverlets, and everything about was snug and warm.

6. Three days elapsed before they were received. At seven o'clock at night, a crowd of officers came into the square with lighted torches, to convey them to the royal palace, called Castillo de la Mota, for an audience of the King and Queen. This castle stood a mile beyond the city wall. A wide and windy plain was broken and commanded by a mount, on which, in ancient times, the Romans had erected a colossal camp. Vast fragments of this stronghold still remained; huge gateways, roadside temples, solid towers, and far-extending walls. Among these ruins Juan had commenced, and Isabel completed, a feudal castle, with a tower which swept the corn-fields, dusty roads, and many a distant town. The air was damp, the water bad, the site unhealthy; but the Queen had found her parliament in Toledo an unpleasant neighbour, and proposed to make this Castle on the Mount her ordinary home. The district of Medina was the country of her youth, the stronghold of her cause. Arevalo was

near. Segovia, Valladolid, and Avila were the outworks and defences of Medina. In the lofty turret of her castle she was safe, and in the lofty turret of her castle she proposed to live and die.

CHAPTER III.

CATHARINE PLEDGED.

1489.

1. WITHIN this Castle of the Mount a comedy had been prepared. The King and Queen were dressed in cloth of gold, with puff of silk and edge of fur, and belts about their waists ablaze with precious stones. Mendoza, who was next the Queen, and on the same seat with her, sat superb in his attire; nor were the lords and ladies in attendance far behind the King and Queen. Fernando's usual dress was that of any Moorish prince; a cap, a scimitar, a breast-plate, and a flowing robe; but in this evening pageant at Medina, he was decked in stiff brocade and cloth of gold. The Queen, who commonly affected poor attire—the gown and fillet of a nun—was richer than her lord. Machado, with a herald's eye for clothes and jewels, priced the dress she wore that night as worth the whole of Catalina's dower—two hundred thousand crowns of gold.

2. On kissing hands, the English agents made a Latin speech, and then the Bishop of Ciudad Rodrigo was commanded to reply in phrases which should

sound polite, and yet mean nothing to the point. Before he spoke the word, Fernando wished to learn how far these agents were empowered to go. A weak old man, with neither lungs nor teeth, the Bishop of Ciudad Rodrigo rose, and mumbled something to the guests, which Savage tried to catch, but could not. When the priest had done, the English agents bowed and took their leave, suspecting they had heard as much as they were meant to hear; but it was long past midnight when with torch and guard they left the Castle on the Mount.

3. The family at Medina were the King and Queen; Don Juan, Prince of the Asturias; Doña Isabel, Doña Juana, Doña Maria, and that baby Catalina, whom the English agents were to see. Don Juan was eleven years old, a pallid and ascetic boy, with sweet and suffering face, and tastes which rather fitted him for the trade of minstrel than for that of king. Although a child, he liked to be alone, to ponder over books, to sit in church and cloister, and to trifle with the strings of his guitar. He studied Latin, and he played on pipe and reed. His tutor was Diego de Deza, secretary and successor of the Grand Inquisitor of Spain. Like all the members of his house, he entered a religious order, wore a penitential sack beneath his silk and gold, and thought no man was safe unless he wore a monkish hood. His sister Isabel, the 'child of sin,' now eighteen years of age, was frail in health and weak in mind. Her lungs were hurt; her temper

was desponding; and the Queen had fears about her life. A girl of feeble frame, and yet more feeble will, she was the slave of a confessor who had power to bind and loose, to save and damn her soul. Juana, close on ten years old, was deemed the beauty of her house. Her mother called her Suegra (mother-in-law), from her personal resemblance to the beautiful and wicked Queen. She was so bright and quick, so full of flash and fire, that it was hard for any one to guide her steps. Her tutor, Fray Andreas, a Franciscan, had the task of curbing her unruly flights; but Fray Andreas found this task beyond his strength. A something of her uncle, Enrique the Liberal, seemed to live again in her. Maria, seven years old, was yet too young for any one to say what she would live to be in after days; and Catalina was an infant three years old.

4. A second audience being arranged, the English agents asked to see Don Juan and his sisters; but Fernando, who had set his spies to listen and inquire, contrived to put them off from day to day. Don Juan they might see, and Doña Isabel they might see; but for the younger children they must wait awhile. At last he yielded to their earnest wish. A time was fixed when they were introduced with much ado, and saw the baby Catalina richly dressed with seven young maidens waiting on her. All the family were present. Don Juan sat on the ground beside his father; Doña Isabel danced with a young Portuguese. Maria also danced.

Fernando gave a bull-fight at Medina; first, that brutal sport in which the horse is ripped and gored to death, and then the bull is fired and stabbed; and afterwards that Moorish game in which a troop of dogs is chased in festive war. The Queen was in her box, and held the baby Catalina in her arms to see the horses gored and ripped, the bulls tormented and despatched. Mendoza sat beside her in the royal stand. 'Well, it was beautiful to see the Queen hold up her daughter, the Infanta Catharine, Princess of Wales,' Machado wrote; at which time she was three years old. The fight being done, the King and Queen retired into their castle, where the ladies danced with knight and picador, and Isabel's iron men beat out the midnight chimes before the English agents marched with torch and banner through the city gates.

5. Amidst those frolics of the bull-ring and the dance, Fernando kept an eye on Rennes and Brest, which Charles was threatening to attack. Against that danger he must be prepared; for he had projects of his own, as yet untold, which Charles would cross if he were master of that duchy. When he learnt from spies how far the English agents were empowered to yield, he signed, in presence of Savage and Nanfan, that 'Project of Medina del Campo,' which was dated March 28, 1489.

6. The Kings agreed that Arthur, Prince of Wales, should marry Catalina when he came of age; and that the Kings of Spain and England should

assist each other in defence of their estates. It was agreed between them that if either Spain or England were at war with France, the other should attack the French; and neither kingdom should conclude a separate peace, unless the King of France had first restored the provinces he held. Rossillon and Cerdaña were noted as the Spanish provinces held by France; Guienne and Normandie were noted as the English provinces held by France. If France should give Rossillon and Cerdaña to the Spaniards, they might sign a separate peace; if France should give Guienne and Normandie to the English, they might sign a separate peace. By this arrangement of his terms Fernando thought he had outwitted and deceived the English; for if Henry and Fernando were to march on France from opposite points—the English landing on her coasts, the Spaniards pouring through the Pyrenees—the French would be compelled to buy off either one or other of their foes. Which would they buy? No doubt, the cheaper of the two. Fernando was this cheaper of the two. To give up Perpignan and Salsas was a trifle; but to give up Rouen and Bordeaux would be to mangle France. If, therefore, after two or three defeats, the French should try to square accounts with either, they were sure to square accounts with Spain. Rossillon and Cerdaña cost them nothing and were not their own. Guienne and Normandie were necessary parts of France. Fernando thought the treaty so arranged that he

could get his duchies at a trifling cost, and leave his English ally to the burthen of a war. Before a shot was fired, he fancied he had won his prize. But he forgot that Henry, whom he hoped to cheat, might have his own reserves and purposes. That Prince had no intention to observe the articles. He meant to use them, as Fernando meant to use them, for the purpose of controlling friends and foes. The Spanish girl was only three years and four months old; her lover ten months younger than herself.

7. Of this alliance Catharine was the price. Fernando was to send his child to England at his own expense, with store of plate and jewels, such as might beseem her royal birth. One point the gamesters had to leave in doubt—how far the cups and ornaments were to be treated as her property. Were they to be her own—her own apart from public dower, her own to hold and keep, her own to use and wear; her own to give and sell? Savage had understood they were to be so. Puebla, on the other side, declared that Fox had counted them as portions of the dowry, reckoning them at fifty thousand crowns. No hint of such agreement had been given to Savage. Fox was not a man to overlook a sum of fifty thousand crowns, nor was it like the King to take a woman's ornaments in payment of a public debt. Would it be possible for Catharine's cups and trinkets to be taken from her? If not, how could they be inserted in the

treasurer's accounts? Unless they were received as public property, they could not stand as dowry. Dowry was a public matter, and a counter-part of settlements on the other side. A lady who became Princess of Wales in England was entitled to her settlements by law; but personal ornaments and plate were not esteemed a portion of those settlements. Fernando stood on what was called the Bishop's word. As Savage could not yield, it was agreed that Fox should say and swear, if such a bargain had been made or not.

CHAPTER IV.

DUCHESS ANNE.

1489.

1. Ere Savage could return from Spain with news that articles of peace were sealed, the English King was forced to arm. He had been hoping that the French, since they had taken Orleans prisoner, would retire on Tours and Blois; but week was following week, and not a sign was shown of their intention to retire. Instead of falling back, they were advancing to the front. St. Malo fell. Guincamp was occupied. Dinan was surprised. Some remnants of the English volunteers were holding out at several points, and striving to avenge their leader's death; but they were pressed by heavy odds, and calling on their countrymen for help. The English garrisons in Jersey heard by every boat that towns and forts were falling to the French. The capital was lost, and Brest and Vannes were menaced from the sea. The town of Nantes seemed safe; but there were parties in the council-room, where Alain d'Albret had a voice above the power of Duchess Anne.

2. With slow and halting steps the King was

dragged along this road of war. At first his 'show' was all; but he was borne along the rolling tide. The clergy and the nobles in his council were as hot for fighting as the archers at his gate. To learn what men were saying in the shires, he called a Council of his realm, which Council was so strong in favour of the duchy, and so ready to supply him with the means of acting, that he found himself constrained to move. He sent ambassadors to Max. Once more, his almoner went to Paris, and was welcomed with a laughing eye and lying lip by Charles. Recruiting agents marched through every shire. A Parliament was summoned for an early day; yet Henry paused at every step, and caught at every pretext for delay. He spoke to Puebla in a dubious tone. He felt, he said, how much he owed to France; how many of his friends would fall from him the moment he deserted Charles; yet he would fight, if, after all his efforts, he should fail to bring about a general peace.

3. When Parliament met, all doubts of what the country wanted were dispelled. The country wanted war, and Henry could not hold his country back. Supplies were granted for the war; a hundred thousand pounds a-year; a tax for three years next to come. Some trouble rose about the share of clerk and layman; for the commons wished to lay two-thirds of the amount on Church and Abbey; while the monks and prelates held that Church and Abbey were not liable to the tax. At length the

several shares were fixed; a fourth part by the clergy and the other three parts by the laity. The commons could not stand against the upper house; and in that upper chamber Morton reigned supreme. Some bills were passed in favour of the troops. A person serving in Bretagne was to enjoy the benefit of his public spirit. He could make a will without a fine; by his attorney he could plead his absence as a bar to suits; and he could claim protection from the courts of law.

4. While Parliament was sitting, several knights and gentlemen, Sir Richard Edgecombe of the royal household with them, sailed for Morlaix. Edgecombe gained the town; but all the rest fell back, and spread reports through England that the French were masters of the land. These stories whet the English appetite for war. In no long time, ten thousand men were under arms; a fleet was riding off the southern coast; and every ear was listening for an order to embark.

5. Three thousand men were sent to Calais and adjoining ports; three thousand to the fleets in Portsmouth and the Down; four thousand to the menaced Breton towns. As Max had not yet come to terms, some companies of English marched from Calais to assist him, and the world soon heard what sort of war-dogs Henry held in leash. The English plumes were always seen in front, and in a desperate charge, some English pikemen cut a line of steel from which a regiment of Flemings had

recoiled. Maréchal de Querdes, the French commander, stormed against these new assailants, but Daubeney proved a stubborn foe, and by his timely succour Max was able to recover St. Omers. Max held his old opinion of the English prince, whom he regarded as a rebel and assassin; but this rebel and assassin was the only man in Europe who could help him to regain his towns. He signed a treaty with the prosperous monarch; hoping to renounce his friendship at an early date. Imperial agents came to London, which they made a centre of intrigues against the French. All hearts were soon on fire. Even Henry caught the martial glow; and when, in early spring, the court left London for the ports of embarkation, he inspired his army to go forward and protect the youthful Duchess from the rage of Charles.

6. A child with full blue eye, pink cheek, and tender mouth, the Duchess was a shy and pious thing, whom Fra Bartolommeo might have painted for a young Madonna. She was followed by a host of lovers, hardly one of whom bestowed a thought upon her charms of person and her gifts of mind. As yet she was too young for love, though writers of romantic history, like Abbé Irail, fancy she had given away her heart at ten. If she had not yet learned to love, it could not be for want of practice in that science. At her cradle there were sighs and hopes; her father, being without a son. As Bretagne passed

to female heirs, the man who married Duchess Anne would be the Duke.

7. The Sire de Leon, eldest son of Viscount de Rohan, was her earliest swain, and almost in her cradle Anne was pledged to marry him. Henry of Richmond, while at Begar Abbey, had bestowed his thoughts on Anne: but Henry was a man in years when she was nestling in her nurse's arms; and long before she reached her teens, his fortunes led him to Elizabeth of York. A little later he suggested Edward, third Duke of Buckingham and Constable of England, as a fitting match for Anne, and tried to make this marriage with an English subject a condition of his helping to expel the French. The Duke was young and winning, but the Duchess was a semi-sovereign lady, and her councillors could hardly be expected to consent. Another lover was the Archduke, Philip the Fair, a son of Max, and heir of the imperial crown; but Philip was too young to act alone, and no one thought the offer which was made for him would stand. A fifth was Charles d'Egmont, Duke of Gueldres, one of the many paupers of imperial stock who hung about the Kaiser's court. The claim of d'Egmont, who had lived in Max's household, was supported by those friends of Duchess Anne who looked on Philip as a prince beyond their reach. A sixth aspirant to her hand was Alain D'Albret, father of Jean, king-consort of Navarre. His mother was a Bre-

tonne; his half-sister was the Countess of Laval; and this intriguing woman was the governess of Anne. Each lover had his faction in the court of Rennes. De Rieux supported Leon, as the match already made. Comminges took the part of D'Albret. Edgecombe stood for Buckingham. Orange was for Gueldres. D'Albret, who was forty-nine, had eight children by a former wife, was ready to settle all his lands and monies on his offspring by the Duchess. Anne would never listen to his suit. 'A convent if you like,' she said, 'but D'Albret—never!'

8. Orleans had fluttered these pretenders to her smiles. When Anne first saw the man who was to be her second husband he was twenty-three years old. If Charles should die and leave no heir, Orleans would be king. That Louis fell in love with Anne is not to be supposed, although as heir of France he saw his great advantage in the match. He thought of the advantage, not the woman; and was only eager that her husband should be king of France. D'Albret, on finding Orleans in his way, had crossed that prince at every turn, and made the Duchess suffer by his passions. In the battle of St. Aubin, where they should have joined their forces, D'Albret would not act with Orleans; and the English archers had been cut to pieces through the wish of these excited men to bring each other to a shameful end. When Orleans was removed by

Charles, D'Albret imagined he had won his game. But while these fools were plotting in their tents, a still more dazzling lover came upon the scene. This man was Maximilian of the golden locks and condor nose.

CHAPTER V,

ANNE'S LOVERS.

1489.

1. In Max—a man of thirty, bronzed and handsome, with the light of an imperial crown about his face—the courts of Europe recognised their chief. He was a soldier and a student, like the princes of his line; a man of books and pictures, and a patron of the singer's and the graver's art; and yet so poor he often had to pawn his books and sell his pictures to prevent a mutiny of his troops. Like all the princes of his house, he dreamt of marrying duchies, provinces, and kingdoms. Marie, only child of Charles the Bold, had given him Flanders and Bourgogne in trustship for his son. A second wife, who had a similar fortune, would be welcome; and Bretagne, though hardly to be named with Flanders and Bourgogne, was still the amplest dower of any princess then alive. A marrying man, he kept an eye on every court in Europe where the males were sickly, and the sceptres could descend through female heirs. If Isabel of Spain had lost her son, he would have wooed the 'child of sin,' oblivious of his mother's passions and his cousin's wrongs. She

was the eldest-born. In search of provinces to marry, he was led in thought to Rennes. No sooner was he heard than answered; for a council wrangling over such poor claims as those of D'Albret, Buckingham, and Gueldres, was elated at the coming of a prince who could impose his will on France, and raise his wife to an imperial throne.

2. Fernando tried to keep on terms with all these rivals, who were fighting for his duchies in the Pyrenees as much as if they had been storming Salsas in his name. In London he professed to think the most of Buckingham. At Ghent and Frankfurt he was happy to support the claims of Max. At Nantes, which D'Albret held, his agents were instructed to support the Navarrese. The shrewdest of his ministers, Francisco de Rojas, was despatched to Rennes, where he was told to watch events, and turn them to account in dealing with the court of Charles. Fernando had a purpose of his own to serve. Of all the men who had been named for Duchess Anne, not one was to his mind. No English, French, or Austrian husband suited Spain; for Spain had no desire to see an English, French, or Austrian prince at Rennes, and master of the ports from Nantes to Brest. Nor were the candidates of equal weight. Fernando looked on Leon as a fool, on D'Egmont as a dupe, on Philip as a child. As yet, he had not heard of Max. Buckingham was only strong in Henry's grace. D'Albret was of greater weight, from his connexion with the duchy; but,

the father of Jean, King-consort of Navarre, was in the last degree obnoxious to the Spanish court. D'Albret in Rennes would strengthen Jean and Catharine in Pamplona, out of which Fernando had a mind to drive them when his time should come. No; D'Albret must not wed the Duchess Anne.

3. The matter needed to be touched with skilful hands, for Henry was a jealous prince, and England had a gallant fleet at sea. Fernando opened the affair by offering to support the Duke of Buckingham if Henry were inclined to press his suit; but he submitted whether Buckingham was the fittest man for Henry to propose. Was not his object to secure the Duchess on her throne? If so, what did he think of D'Albret? D'Albret was a soldier of repute. The town of Nantes was in his hands. Madame Laval was on his side; De Rieux was also on his side. If D'Albret and De Rieux were driven into the arms of France, the duchy might be lost for ever. As a friend of Anne, the King should weigh these points, and let Fernando know his thoughts. What they had most to fear were French 'fine words.' They must beware of Charles, and of his sister, Madame Anne. Let every one be armed. If Henry were not ready in the spring, the French would burst into the duchy and surprise the forts. Let Max and Henry take the field, and Spain would follow in their wake. If Henry thought that Max would be a better match, Fernando would support his choice. Spain simply

wished to please the English prince, and find a firm support for Duchess Anne. These words were framed to cloak two secret schemes. Fernando meant to let his allies fight, and afterwards secure the duchy for his son.

4. In spring an English force, eight thousand strong, was ready to embark. Lord Willoughby de Brooke was to command these troops, but their confederates showed no signs of life. Fernando was too busy with his war against the Moors to think of Charles; and Max, who had returned to Ghent an older, not a wiser man, could hardly spare a lance from his unruly towns. The Pope, incited by the French, was working to prevent a war. His eyes were bent on Naples, and the King of France announced his readiness to avenge the Holy See. Fernando was a kinsman of the King of Naples; nay, the Pope suspected him, as the eventual heir, of stirring up his cousin to reject the Papal yoke. A war to weaken France and strengthen Spain was greatly to be feared by Rome. The French were friends, the Spaniards foes. In Paris, said the Papal legate, every one was busy with the Pope's affairs. The Prince of Salerno was providing maps of Naples; Madame Anne was sending for Maréchal de Querdes; and Charles was studying plans of a campaign. But all this ardour in the cause of Rome had been suddenly arrested by the din of coming war. If English regiments landed on his coasts, the King of France could hardly send a man across the

Alps. The Pope must interfere. A Papal chamberlain, Perseo Malvezzi, left for London with a money-box, a parcel of indulgences, a cap of state, a consecrated sword, and a request that Henry would turn his arms against the Moslems rather than against the French.

5. Though Henry met Malvezzi with a cheerful smile, and gave him leave to shake his money-box and sell his indults and indulgences in church, he was obliged to hold with him a language hostile to the French. He took the consecrated sword and cap with joy, and caused a solemn service to be held in honour of these Papal gifts; but he replied to Innocent, that while he wished to satisfy the Pope, he was obliged to help the Duchess Anne. He had no wish to fight the French, and every wish to fight the Turks; but Charles was ravaging a district near the English coasts. If any crusade was prepared against the infidel, he should be ready to embark; but for the moment Charles of France was the offender, and his course of violence must be stayed. A holy man was gone to Paris in the name of peace. If Charles would listen to his almoner all would soon be well; if not, he must defend the orphan girl with all his strength.

6. Malvezzi brought from Rome a promise of the Cardinal's hat for Morton, and in turn this pluralist stood beside the Papal chamberlain in council, church, and market-place. The primate had a gift for raising money, and his genius for extortion was a

by-word in the town. His chief device was known as Morton's Fork. When sending out collectors, he instructed them to set aside excuses. 'If a man lives sparely, say he must have saved and can afford to pay; if lavishly, declare he must be rich and can afford to pay.' But Morton could not make the people, who had given a war-tax eagerly, subscribe their money for indulgences and crusades. Folk were mad against the French, and in the push and clang of warfare, Morton's voice was drowned by that of Brooke. Impose another tax! The King would nail a money-box to his door, and ask his peers and ladies to subscribe; but he could do no more, he told the Papal chamberlain, without exciting hatred of the Holy See. When peace was made with France, he could accede to Innocent's wish, and lay a crusade-tax. He added, with his touch of humour, that the Pope should write to Charles and other kings, exhorting them to grant a tax, in order that the burthen of defending Holy Church might not be borne by him alone.

7. Malvezzi came to London fired with golden dreams. In Rome these islands were supposed to be a mine of gold and silver, much of which Malvezzi hoped to sweep into the papal chests. On landing he was hurt by hearing fife and drum, and still more hurt by learning that a war-tax had been laid. He thought the Pope as worthy of assistance as the Breton Duchess. If the English could afford to fight the French, they could afford to pay for the

salvation of their souls. He showed his bag of papers, and inquired how much his holy wares would fetch. 'Not more than twenty thousand ducats,' some one answered. 'Twenty thousand ducats!' He had counted, in his fancy, many times that sum, and he was fit to cry with rage. 'If I had only heard of this in time,' he wrote to Innocent, 'I should not have published the bull till you had heard about the case. For such a sum it was not wise to lay yourself under obligation to the King of England. Since the bull is out, I cannot call it back; but I refuse to hear these tales, and try to show that they are false.' Malvezzi found the King a servant of the Pope, and fancied all the English peers and knights were like the King; but he was slowly undeceived by his attempt to sell these holy wares. In six months after his arrival, he had sold no more twenty-seven dispensations, and received no more than forty-nine pounds in English money. Even the twenty thousand ducats he had flouted seemed a long way off. But he had still the King and court; the opening of his box would be the test. This box was hung by Henry to a door at court, where every one could see it, and his peers and knights, his dames and abigails, were asked to drop their gifts into a coffer which the King himself would open with a royal show. The gifts were understood as peace-offerings, and the sum subscribed would represent the feeling of the court in favour of the policy of Rome. A day was fixed for this august

affair. Malvezzi was invited to receive the courtly gift in presence of the chiefest dignitaries of Church and State. The King and Queen, the King's mother, the Queen's mother, Archbishop Morton, and a press of prelates, dukes, earls, marquises, and knights, were present. The ambassadors of foreign powers were asked to witness the imposing scene, and note how lavish of her money England could be when the object—only half concealed—was to divert her from a war with France. Malvezzi took the box, and, lifting up the lid, displayed the royal sum—eleven pounds and eleven shillings in the current coin! 'Our hearts sank within our breasts,' Malvezzi wrote to Innocent; 'for in so great a company we expected to have found much more!'

CHAPTER VI.

CHARLES AND ANNE.

1489–90.

1. The English troops embarked with Willoughby de Brooke, and, having thrown themselves on shore, pushed up into the country, making straight for Guincamp, as the strongest fortress near the sea. In haste the French let down the grille and closed the posterns; but on seeing Brooke prepare to storm the town, the garrison retired and the inhabitants drew back their gates. Brooke entered in the midst of pealing bells and kindling fires, hailed everywhere as a deliverer of the country from a loathsome yoke. Four days he lodged at Guincamp, where he spent Palm Sunday, and received a message from the Duchess, praying him to march at once for her relief towards Rennes. The fort of Moncontour was in his way; but when the French who held that fort perceived his banners in the distance, they destroyed a portion of the wall and fled. At Moncontour Brooke celebrated Easter with imposing rites, while one of his columns, which had wheeled upon St. Brieu, moved forward on the fort of Chanson, and

compelled the garrison to yield. Meantime an English fleet had doubled Bec du Raz and thrown some troops on shore near Vannes. The towns of Vannes and Hennebon were held by strong French garrisons; yet on a menace of assault a portion of the walls was tumbled down, the garrison fled, and the victorious English entered through the breach.

2. Rohan, commanding for the French, was forced to stand on his defence, avoid a general action, and secure his lines of passage to Anjou and Maine. He found this task too much. At Brest the people rose upon his troops, and held them prisoners in the citadel. The Duchess was at Rennes, where Edgecombe, as an officer of the English household, ruled her court. No day passed by without some Breton noble who had hitherto held aloof from parties, riding to the English camp and giving his adhesion to the Duchess Anne. If Spain and Austria had been equally alert, the French could not have kept a foothold in the duchy; but Fernando only sent two thousand men from Spain, and Max had not supplied another lance from either Ghent or Worms.

3. Instead of Max assisting Henry, Henry was compelled to succour Max. Aware that Max was entering into leagues against him, and was seeking to engage the hand of Duchess Anne, Charles sent an order to his general in the north, Maréchal de Querdes, to cross the frontier with an army, occupy the town of Ypres, and advance into the country, on

pretence of helping the inhabitants to defend their local rights against the Austrian prince. The town of Dixmunde blocked his way. De Querdes required the garrison to yield; they answered by a challenge to assault. A siege was laid, and guns were mounted for attack. De Querdes himself returned to Ypres, where his main array was lodged, in order when the fort was carried to advance on Bruges. But Daubeney, watching from his lair these movements of the French, drew out of Calais, Guisnes, and Hamme, a thousand pikes and bows. A thousand men were brought unseen from England, when Daubeney sailed for Nieuport in the Sands, pushed through the narrow streets in silence, crossed the level country, entered Dixmunde by the eastern gate, and, picking up a few stout fellows, sallied from the town against the French. A bloody fight ensued; the camp was stormed; eight thousand French were slain; the guns were captured, and the siege was raised. His work being done, Daubeney marched to Nieuport in the Sands, embarked his men, and sailed for Calais, leaving his sick and wounded in the hospitals of Nieuport with an English guard.

4. De Querdes, disturbed in his repose at Ypres, took the field with a superior force, and marched on Nieuport to avenge his honour, but the English garrison received him with such ardour that he had to draw his men away, before Daubeney could arrive by sea. The English lay too near at Guisnes

and Calais, and Maréchal de Querdes fell back, exclaiming that it never would be well in France while Calais lay in English hands. 'To drive these English out of Calais I would fry seven years in hell,' the Maréchal cried. The French now saw they could not fight three enemies at once; and, since the easiest terms could be arranged with Max—who hated both his allies—Charles despatched an agent with instructions to propose a separate peace. Within a month of the affair at Nieuport, Max was base enough to sign a treaty with the French, by which he undertook to act in concert with the French at Rennes, and made a pact with Charles, that all the English troops then fighting in the duchy should be driven away. Max urged De Rieux and D'Albret to insist upon this measure with the Duchess Anne, who was at length induced by them to beg her only friends to leave. She signed a treaty with the French, by which she bound herself to send her English and her Spanish troops on board their ships.

5. A change was taking place in Paris. Louis, now restored to grace, advised his cousin Charles to give up Marguerite and to marry Anne. In losing Marguerite, Charles would lose Franche Comté and Artois, two wealthy provinces on his frontier; but, as Louis thought, of less importance to his kingdom than Bretagne; a duchy that would round off France by sea and give him the command of all her ports. His sister, Madame Anne, held firmly to

her former view. To send back Marguerite would offend the Kaiser and provoke a war with princes who invested France from Lille to Dole. Artois and Franche-Comté would be lost; rich provinces, which her enemies might be able to defend against her arms. What would her brother gain by wedding Duchess Anne? A poor and barren country in their rear, which Nature must herself restore to France. Madame was right. In fact, a union of Charles and Marguerite was seen to be so much the better policy for France, that serious statesmen paid no heed to rumours that the royal imp might some day break his word, renounce his bride, and challenge Germany to mortal strife. But Charles was a fantastic youth, as weak in head as he was false in heart. To puzzle and surprise his neighbours was his boyish pride, and in this project of his cousin Louis there was every charm to take his flighty soul. There was a secret to conceal, there was a treaty to discard, there was an ally to mislead, there was a neighbour to offend. A girl whom he had courted, and who thought herself his consort, was to be dismissed and outraged, while a girl whom he had injured, and who called herself another man's wife, was to be wooed and carried off. Force, fraud, and frolic, were combined to captivate the mind of Charles.

6. But Charles was not yet clear that he must lose the duchy if he failed to wed the Duchess. Louis thought so; but his cousin Louis was a

book-worm, not a knight in mail. Could he contrive to win and hold the duchy by his arms? He loved the blare and smoke of war, and chose to rule by might where he could easily have ruled by right. Could he expel the leaguers and destroy the league? Already he had signed a separate peace with Max. If he could square accounts with either Spain or England, he might hope to hold his ground. He knew the price of peace with Spain. Was he prepared to pay that price? Not yet. Rossillon was the gateway into France, and while he held it she was covered from attack. Was there no cheaper way? He thought there was, and threw out feelers to provoke reply. In Rome, in London, and elsewhere, his agents whispered that a treaty could be got by France on other terms than the restoration of Perpignan. He listened for the answer out of Spain. In England it was easy to intrigue for peace; the war being pressed in England by a turbulent people, and opposed by a sagacious prince. Believing that those turbulent folk would listen to the Pope when they would hardly give an ear to Henry, Charles persuaded Innocent, whom he deceived as he had cheated Father Christopher, to send his legate, Lionel, Bishop of Concordia, as a messenger of peace to London. Lionel was in Paris on that business of the Pope's dispute with Naples. Innocent was told that Charles could send no troops across the Alps while war with Henry raged. The pontiff

therefore had an interest of his own to serve. The Bishop of Concordia, whose auspicious name was held to be an augury of his success, was ordered to cross the sea, and urge his son, the King of England, to arrange his quarrel with his son, the King of France.

CHAPTER VII.

A YEAR OF INTRIGUE.

1490–1.

1. FERNANDO, sitting in his tent before Granada, turned these bruits in Paris, Rome, and London, to his own account. Could Duchess Anne be forced to wed his son, the swart and sickly boy of twelve? If not, how could he put such pressure on the French, as would induce the King to buy him off, as he had done with Max? At once he fell to work. A sharp and angry message was despatched to Rome. The Bishop of Badajoz, his minister at the Papal court, was told to wait on Innocent, and let him know, in language strong as he could use, that Spain resented very much his meddling in affairs beyond the Alps. Of course the Pope's intentions had been good. Spain raised no word against a priest proposing peace; but Innocent's time and agents had been badly chosen, even for the ends he had in view. The holy father must be told that peace between France and England was of no importance. War would still disturb the world, though Charles and Henry should be brought by Innocent's means to sheathe their swords. Rome's first concern,

the Pontiff must be told, should be to bring about a peace between Castille and France. If Spain were satisfied the English would at once retire. But Innocent must also understand the terms of peace. Rossillon and Cerdaña must return to Spain. This cession of the districts in dispute stood first and last. All other points were open to debate: but France could never be at rest until these counties were restored.

2. In London he had need to take another tone. Since war began, the English council had been pressing him to change the articles. When Henry signed the draft prepared by Fox, he fancied he was buying Catharine with a word; no thought of war with France was in his mind; and he supposed the clause about his claim to Normandie had no more meaning than Fernando's claim to be the Duke of Athens. But as war had broken out, and Henry was afield in company with a man who had a separate end to serve, the English council asked to have that clause amended, so that neither Spain nor England could retire unless her ally were included in the terms of peace. Fernando could not yield so much. This clause was nearly all that he had gained by his adroitness at Medina, and to give it up was to abandon for the moment every chance of winning back his duchies in the Pyrenees. Yet he could hardly justify the draft; and still less could he own his motives for declining to revise it as the English council wished.

3. The ground was loose beneath his feet, and Puebla was instructed how to feel his way. Fernando hoped that England might be led, by her desire to mend the articles, into carrying out his larger scheme. Aware that every man in London would object to Juan marrying Duchess Anne, and bringing Spanish fleets into the Channel, Puebla was to choose his words—to hint at dark intrigues —to mystify the council—and to get the English sovereign to suggest a Spanish match. He was to throw out hints that foreign courts were talking of the King of France and Duchess Anne. He was to watch the King, and notice how he took the rumour. Puebla was to urge how much the English would be injured by a union of the duchy and the kingdom, which would follow on a union of the King with Duchess Anne. He was to add that Spain, although she was not menaced so directly, had her coasts, her commerce, and her allies to consider. It was well for Spain and England to repress this growing and aggressive power of France. Could they not see their way to act in common, and engage their honour to oppose all candidates except their own? If Henry chose to name a suitor, Puebla was empowered to say that Spain would back his suit. Would Henry do the same for Spain? A common interest ought to lead them to a common action. After what the Kings had done, the Duchess could not criticise a lover of their choice. If Henry listened to these

words—but made no further sign of his intention—Puebla might proceed to hint that people had begun to speak of Juan, Prince of the Asturias, as a proper mate for Anne; but that his parents would not hear of sending him—their only son, the heir of more than twenty crowns—to live in a provincial town, the husband of a subject of the Kings of France. He was to speak of them, however, as of princes who were open to advice. If they were shown that no one else could carry Anne against the French, they might be brought to sacrifice their son. If Henry were to put Don Juan forward as a rival to the King of France, they would not hold him back. Should Henry listen, Puebla was to add, that if the English council bought out Juan as a candidate, they might amend the articles in any sense they pleased.

4. At Rennes, the Spanish agent, Rojas, played a bolder game. This able minister induced the Prince of Orange to adopt Don Juan as a candidate, and got the Duchess to confess that she would like to have the Spanish Prince. Aware that Anne preferred the suit of Max,—a lover who could make her Queen and Empress, Rojas whispered in the court of Rennes that Max was trifling with the Bretons, that he never dreamt of marrying Anne, and only made his show of courtship to distract the French. Fernando told him to assert that Max, instead of raising her to the imperial throne, was minded to bestow her on his creature

D'Egmont. Should the Duchess think of Juan, Rojas was to say that Spain could get the Austrians to consent. He was to act with seeming fairness, telling her the choice was wholly in her hands, and that the King, his master, would sustain her acts. If she selected Juan, he would answer for the Austrian prince; if she selected Max, he would support that Austrian prince. The choice must be her own.

5. Anne took the Spanish agent at his word, and being urged by Rieux, she fixed her maiden eyes on Max. Espousals were arranged in secret, and the Prince of Orange, standing at the altar for his lord, received the Duchess in his name. The rite was done before the Spanish ministers could protest; and afterwards they thought it prudent to refrain. They spoke of the affair like men who had been badly used. They thought the Duchess should have taken counsel with her friends, the Kings of Spain and England. Spain and England would have put no veto on her choice. So said the ministers. Fernando held his tongue; but sent an order to recall his troops and ships from Brest.

6. Though Henry had been urged by Parliament to cross the sea, he shrank from taking part in active war. As Morton knew his secret wishes, he was labouring with his clergy in behalf of peace. He sent to Rome, where he had many friends, and stirred the sacred college to go on. A cardinal was coming into England on a mission which concerned

the Church even more than war with France: the doings of those Bible-men whom Pecock's Repressor had been utterly unable to repress. Malvezzi's failure had alarmed the Roman court. Were English bishops, as alleged, a set of proud and shameless pluralists? Were English friars, as stated, a fraternity of idle, dissolute and ignorant rogues? Were English people, as asserted, falling from the Catholic Church? If so, the pontiff ought to hear the truth, and Adriano de Castello, Cardinal of Corneto, was proceeding into England to inquire. Castello might be made an instrument of peace. Connected with the highest families in the state, a man of generous tastes and easy manners, he dispensed his income like a prince. The Roman court was lavish, and, excepting Borgia, hardly any Cardinal in Rome had spent his revenues more freely than Castello. Thus a mission to a country rich in stalls and mitres suited him, and those who could dispose of stalls and mitres could rely on his support. He bore a cardinal's hat to Morton, and in no long time the Roman cardinal came to see through Morton's eyes. A stall in London, and the rectory of St. Dunstan's in the East, expressed a part of Morton's gratitude; and Adriano de Castello, while pursuing his more spiritual labours, urged the pontiff to assist that party in the English council which was striving to avert a general war.

7. But long before the Pope could interfere, the

passions of all parties were inflamed by an event in Nantes. So soon as D'Albret learned that Max and Anne were plighted to each other, he renounced his duty, wrote to Charles, threw down his arms, and yielded up his fortress to the French. This act of treachery, by which the Bretons lost their second city, fired the English people into frenzy. Morton was no longer heard. Castello was no longer heard. From Kent to Cumberland the country was aflame, and Henry was compelled to take a leading part. Swift messengers were sent to Spain and Germany, requesting them to arm at once and throw their forces into France. Isabel answered fairly; but her troops, she wrote, were tented round Granada, where they could not leave a single fort unwatched. She was erecting Santa Fé, a fortress near the Caliph's city; in a little while that fortress would be built and armed; and when the Moorish capital was masked, she might have men to spare for distant points. The English must be patient with her. Max was more alert in words. He undertook to put ten thousand men afield; he would be ready in six months to march; and Henry was advised by him to act in concert with his troops, although their blows should be directed on the opposite sides of France. The Duchess Anne, as Max's consort, took the style of Queen of the Romans. Yet the Last of the Ritters was content with writing notes and brandishing his sword. A winter and a spring slipt past, but Max's lancers never came

in sight. Men lost all patience in these long delays, and Henry was so strongly urged by peers and commons to go forward swiftly, that he had to push preparations for attacking France, though he might have to enter on the war alone.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE DUCHESS MARRIED.

1491-2.

1. At length the King of France perceived that he must choose between the ladies and their portions. Marguerite or Anne—Franche Comté or Bretagne; which would he have? Not caring for the ladies, he referred the business into wiser hands. Orleans told him he should marry Anne. As Charles assented, all the rest was detail; but the details were not easy to arrange. The King was pledged to marry Marguerite. The Duchess had assumed the name and rank of Max's consort. If the King could cast off Marguerite, how could he wed the wife of Max? A King of France is potent, but the marriage made at Rennes could only be unmade in Rome. Such things required much art and secresy; but Orleans was a bold intriguer; and a troop of able priests were sent by him to Rome and Rennes. These agents were to hint that Anne was not a lawful wife. She was a ward, who could not wed without the license of her feudal lord. This doubt being raised, the Bretons wondered whether Anne was married to the

Austrian prince or not. The girl herself was troubled in her mind. In Rome, another game was played. The nuptial rites could hardly be denied; but France, as champion of the Papacy, was powerful in the Roman court. Much coin was spent, and many promises were made. What hindered Charles, these agents asked, from marching to the Pope's assistance? Nothing but the Breton war. If that affair could be arranged, the chivalry of France would stream across the Alps. In Borgia then the leading cardinal, Orleans found the man he needed in his scheme for marrying Duchess Anne to Charles. In secret all the necessary breves were drawn; in silence they were sent to France; in secresy and silence they were lodged in readiness at Tours.

2. Dunois, a favourite of the Duchess, spoke to her of Charles, whom he described as young and dashing—as a prince who loved her with a virgin heart. He spoke to her of Max, a man growing fat and old, as being a coward, who had married her by proxy, and had never had the pluck to show his face. The heart of Max, he said, was with his offspring by a former wife; the children who would be his heirs; the son who would inherit his imperial crown. If Anne should marry Max, her children would be younger sons But if she married Charles, her state would be the first in France; her son and grandson would be Kings. Anne, piqued by Max's absence, listened to her favourite's words. Dunois knew all the

secrets of his friends in Paris. He could tell her when her vow to Max was cancelled by the Roman court, and when her license to accept the King of France was sealed. At length she yielded to his arts.

3. The King of France might now have ridden down to Rennes and married her in open day, but such a course had no attractions for an imp like Charles. To please the King, there must be mystery, deceit, and outrage. So a mock proposal for a truce—a mock arrangement for a peace—was made. The French agreed to let the 'Queen of the Romans' go to join her German husband. They undertook to pay her certain pensions, and to rule her duchy by a separate code, administered by a native judge. And then they let her go. With few but trusty servants, Anne set out to join her Austrian lord, whom she had never seen, and never wished to see. Near Tours the King of France was waiting to receive her as a guest. A bishop was at hand. The Roman breves were read. The youth and maiden started for the halls erected by Pierre de Brosser, barber of St. Louis, where the Bishop of Albi, who was in their secret, read the service and declared them man and wife. No love was made by either boy or girl. The bridegroom got his duchy, and the bride obtained her rank of Queen; but their espousals were so much a business and a bargain, that the lady was compelled to bind herself, in case the King should die

without heirs male, to marry his successor on the throne! In brief, the Duchess married France.

4. Before he knew how much he had been tricked by Charles and Louis, Henry wrote a letter to the Pope, explaining how he had been labouring in the cause of peace. In urging Charles to let his cause be judged by reason, he had done his best. The French had seemed to yield, and even signed a treaty; but while their ministers were signing articles of peace, their troops were cannonading towns. They had usurped and occupied the duchy. Nor was Charles content with having wronged him in the Duchy. He was stirring up the Scots to cross his border lines, and bribing Irish kernes to rise against the English rule. Since nothing just and fair could now be hoped from France, the King, though much against his will, might have to enter on a war. If peace could be secured by giving way, he was prepared to yield; but this importunate craving of the French for what was not their own, could never be appeased, and must in honour be opposed. This craving threatened every one in turn. He told the Pope that Italy was not safe; nay, injury might fall on Rome herself. To stem this torrent, England was preparing all her strength; though nothing was so hateful to the King as Christian armies shedding Christian blood. 'We promise your Holiness,' he said, 'that just as we have always been devoted to you in the past, we shall be devoted to you in the time to come. To our utmost,

we shall always guard the freedom of the Church . . . and we implore you to support our rights and acts.'

5. At Santa Fé these nuptials of the King and Duchess seemed to open out a new and splendid prospect for the reigning house. As yet, this house was barely recognised by foreign courts. In France and Germany the Excellenta was regarded as the lawful ruler of Castille, and while the French and Austrians were united in the pledge of Charles and Marguerite, Fernando saw no hope of gaining ground with them. The King of France had spurned his offers, and he had not dared to tempt the German prince. But now those courts were finally estranged. No prince had ever suffered and forgiven such wrongs as Charles had heaped on Max. That Max would fight, Fernando felt assured; that even after fighting he would hate and loathe the French, he also felt assured. All allies would be welcome, and an ally such as Spain would be the moment she had won Granada, might be strong enough to make her terms. Why not accept the union thrown away by France? A close alliance with the Empire would enhance his glory and protect his dynasty. Why should not Juan marry Marguerite? Nay, more, why should not Juana marry Philip? Philip would in time be Emperor. At once Fernando offered help to Max, and entered into articles with England for a joint attack on France. Rossillon, he could see, was in his grasp. What else

might come of his alliance with the Austrian court was left for time to show.

6. Amidst his bridal junkets, Charles was told that three great kingdoms were in league against him, and preparing to invade his realm. A fleet was carrying troops to Calais; Henry was among his warriors; and an army such as France had not encountered since the day of Azincour was sallying from the lines of Guisnes. These English were the first afield; twenty-five thousand foot and sixteen hundred horse. If they should fight as troops who bore the banner of St. George had always fought, no force that France might raise in haste could beat them back. Charles saw that he must buy them off; and Henry was in mood to treat for peace. The English monarch had displayed his power; his people had been breathed by march and skirmish; he was tented on the enemy's soil; and his immediate objects had been gained. Pope Innocent was dead, and Cardinal Borgia reigned in Rome. He had to learn how matters stood in Italy; and Charles proposed to pay him seven hundred and forty-five thousand crowns of gold, in yearly sums of fifty thousand francs, for peace. That money tempted him to parley. Henry had no thought of conquering Normandie and Maine; and having gained his point, he signed a separate truce, and left his allies to arrange their own affairs.

7. But neither of these allies suffered from the

wrath of Charles. Fernando pressed his foes so warmly in the duchies, that the King began to parley, and his parley ended in a cession of Cerdaña and Rossillon to the crown of Aragon. Nor was the flighty youth more fortunate in his war with Max. In sending Marguerite home, Charles lost his legal right to Artois and Franche Comté. Fancying he could keep by force what he might have to cede in law, he had refused to yield these provinces; but he was roused from such a dream by roar of guns; and after many feints and tricks, he was compelled to render up to Germany his frontier towns. Men, money, provinces, had all been thrown away by Charles. The comedy of his marriage was become a tragic farce. On every side he piled up loss on loss. A yearly tribute had been pledged to England; Rossillon and Cerdaña had been given to Spain; Artois and Franche Comté had returned to Austrian keeping. France was isolated in the world. The Germans had become her mortal enemies. What had France to show for all these losses? Charles was now at liberty to cross the Alps and plunge his country into endless woes.

Book the Fifth.

CATHARINE AT GRANADA.

CHAPTER I.

FALL OF THE CALIPHATE.

1492.

1. FERNANDO was on guard within his tent before the Moorish lines; the scene before him taxing all his strength, and drawing out his military skill. The Moors still fought like lions; yet the day for which he had been toiling more than twenty years was nigh. In looking back on every step by which he had secured a point, Fernando felt the pride of one who has been left to fight and win alone.

2. Those knights and friars who swarmed around his tent and choked his court, so far from being the whole of Spain, were not even types and servants of the whole of Spain. Some warriors of the highest order were encamped around his tent; such warriors as Ponce de Leon and Gonsalvo de Cordova; but

his ranks were filled by denizens of every clime and followers of every creed. From far and near the men of broken fortunes flocked to Spain, as kites come fluttering towards a field of blood. Not many came like Rivers and his English troopers, out of pious zeal. They fought for pay, and pillaged every farm they passed. No blessing of a liberated people rested on their heads. Some natives were a little better than these strangers; yet the best of even these natives were but samples of two classes in a country rich in races, creeds, and callings; an unlettered gentry, who could ride and stab, and make a profitable trade of war; a brutal peasantry, who could push a pike and grovel in the dust before a monk. If blue in blood and rich in quarterings, many of those gentry wanted bread, and looked in hunger and despair to feeding on the more industrious Moor. When Don Alonzo de Gusman, Knight of St. Santiago, and a distant cousin of the King, grew sick of waiting in the court for place and play, he seized a pike, enlisted in the rank and file, and turned his point against the Moors. 'I am of gentle blood,' he said, in his unconscious humour, 'and I claim the dress of Santiago for the deeds I am about to do.' Alonzo added, with a touch that made all Spanish knights his kin; 'I scorn to work, and yet I dread being poor.' Too proud to labour, he was not too proud to beg. When hunger pinched him, he was not afraid to steal. The throng of knights who lay

about Fernando's tent were faithful copies of this knight of Santiago.

3. Lettered and industrious men had no such feeling as inspired these lean and noble knights. To drive the Caliphs out of Spain appeared the settled purpose of Fernando's war, and with those Caliphs all the Arabic schools of science, art, and trade. How could a man who loved his country join in such a crusade? Every one engaged in either art or industry was looking to those schools for light. A Moor was better taught and better fed than almost any Goth in Spain. A chemist, farmer, chronicler, he read more books, and books of a more liberal kind. He was a higher judge of courtesy. If two Castillian nobles had a quarrel, they preferred to state it in Granada, with the Caliph for an umpire, rather than submit their points of honour to a native prince. A Spanish cavalier who wished to gain renown in war, repaired to the Alhambra, where he entered as a student in the Moorish school of arms. Ponce de Leon and Gonsalvo de Cordova had formed themselves on Moorish models. A Castillian smith who wrought and tempered swords employed a Moorish artist in his forge. An Aragonese builder who had public work to do, applied to Moorish architects for help. A Spanish silversmith copied arabesques and damascenes. Moors had founded the great workshops of Toledo and Zaragoza; and the finest blades of Spain were stamped with Moorish marks. When

Zaragoza wished to build a tower that should excel the campaniles of Venice and Bologna, she employed Ballabar and Monferriz, famous Moorish builders, to construct for her that splendid pile.

4. All Spaniards borrowed from the Moors, as Russians borrowed from the Tartars of Kazan. A gentleman of Toledo looked to Moorish sources for the fashion of his coat, the plumage of his hat, the science which preserved his health, the story which beguiled his pain, the music which enchanted him to sleep. He hung a Moorish hanjar on his thigh, and strapped a Moorish saddle to his steed. A poet visited Granada for the subject of his muse, and found among the pomegranates and vines an atmosphere of song. A writer who would sell his romance, had to choose a Moorish knight as hero of his tale. Maza and Sarife were the popular idols. If a man grew famous for his valour, wisdom, and success, he was considered worthy to have been a Moor. The greatest name in ballad lore was that of Dias, who was known to common people only by his Moorish rank of Seid or Cid. Gonsalvo, the most perfect knight in Spain, the Bayard of his country, plumed himself on being, at every point, a Moorish gentleman. The arms he wore were Moorish work. The songs he sang were Moorish verse. He was so perfect in the Moorish speech and style, that he could pass in the Alhambra for a Moor. The King and Queen were no less ready than their subjects to obey this general rule.

Fernando wore the same red velvet cloak as Abdallah, and Isabel donned the same mantilla as Zoraya. In a Moorish house, the rooms were brighter, cooler, healthier, than in any Spanish house. In building, husbandry, and literature, the Goths had everything to learn from their more brilliant neighbours of the south. What church in Gothic Spain was equal to the Mosque of Cordova? What tower was equal to the Tower of Seville? Where, in Gothic Spain, was garden like the Generalife? The Alhambra was the finest palace in the west; the libraries of Granada were the richest in the world.

5. No one felt sure that if the Moors were driven from Spain, the Jews would not be forced to follow them. A Goth could hardly see in what a Jew was different to a Moor. They had the same dark eyes, lithe frames, and swarthy skins. They had the same quick senses, and the same capacities of speech. Each turned his back on Catholic worship; each retired into his synagogue and mosque; and it was hard to say in what a synagogue differed from a mosque. If Jew and Moor were gone, what schools of learning, poetry, and science, would remain? In art and industry the Jews were equal to the Moors; in song and science, they were more than equal to the Moors. Ince de Gali was a worthy peer of Ballabar. Zacuto had no rival in astronomy and mathematics. Alonzo de Zamora, Pablo de Heridia, and Pedro de Cartagena, ranked among the

leading writers of the age. Abravanel was a master in philosophy as well as in finance. To drive away these Moors and Jews from Spain was to deprive the country of her excellence in all the arts; yet every one suspected that the King and Queen, incited by their friars, were bent on driving every Moor and Jew from Spain.

6. Fernando pushed his trenches to the city walls, destroyed the water ducts, and intercepted the supplies of corn. At length the Caliph yielded to his fate; but even then he yielded more to guile than force. Gonsalvo stole by night into the city, every lane and court of which were as familiar to his sight as the arcades of Cordova, and with his Moorish garb and accent passed in safety through the gates and streets. A Moor in spirit, he was able to address the Caliph in the only language he would deign to hear. The war was represented as a sort of tournament in which the Moorish and Castillian knights had jousted for Granada. The Castillian knights had won the prize; but nothing else was changed. Abd-allah still remained a King. His capital was lost; but in the mountains of the Alpujarras he had still an independent kingdom left. That kingdom was secured to him for ever. He was free to march, and free to take with him his harem and his wealth. If any citizen of Granada wished to quit the city he was free to go; but nothing in a citizen's life would be affected by the change of rulers. Every one would be protected in his person,

in his property, and in his creed. The Spanish knights had won their prize, but they were knights and gentlemen, and treaties made with knights and gentlemen are sacred things. A contract was arranged between 'the Moors' and 'the Castillian knights.' Not knowing those with whom he had to deal, the Caliph yielded, with a sigh, and the Sultana covered him with her immortal scorn: 'Yes, sigh for what is lost like a woman, since thou couldst not defend it like a man!'

7. No stroke of fortune ever stirred men's minds more deeply than Fernando's victories against the Moors. Not forty years had passed since Constantinople fell before an Asiatic horde. A Moslem host was storming up the Danube, overflowing Greece, disturbing Sicily and Venice, and extending every year their frontiers towards the west. Vienna was not safe by land, Palermo was not safe by sea. All Europe was amazed by this advance. A holy war was preached; a sacred fund was raised; and princes were enjoined to imitate the virtues of St. Louis and the Lion Heart. A Holy League was formed. Yet nothing had been done to stop the Moslem hosts. What cared a King of France about the safety of Belgrade? Why should a Kaiser send his pikes to Cyprus? Innocent and Alexander tried to rouse the faithful; but the money paid into their hands was spent on other things than ships and guns. So far from fighting for the Cross, the French had made a treaty with the

Turks. All simple Christians, therefore, heard with throbbing pulse and flashing eye of the assault of Baza, of the blazing tents of Santa Fé, and of the final sorties of the Moors; a sense of danger quickening their delight in this great feat of arms.

8. Rome gave the signal for rejoicing when Granada fell; for in no other city was this victory of Spain so welcome as in Rome. As King of Sicily, Fernando had a motive for repelling the Mohammedans, not shared by any ruler in the west, and Sicily, his sea-girt island, was an outwork of the Papal States. A pasha in Palermo would have been an awkward neighbour to a Pope in Rome. The downfall of Granada, therefore, was a triumph for the Church, and Rome, in honour of that great event, proclaimed a festival of the Cross. In London, where the Saracens were chiefly known from song and legend, their defeat was judged more soberly than in Rome; yet even in London, Cardinal Morton told the people at St. Paul's that while the Church, unhappily, was losing ground elsewhere, that high and mighty captain, Don Fernando, King of Spain, and father of the young Princess of Wales, had won a kingdom for the Cross; for which high victory of the faith all Christian men and women were enjoined by him to thank Almighty God.

CHAPTER II.

GRANADA.

1492–3.

1. When Savage left the baby Catalina clapping hands at dog and bull in the arena, she had been carried from the Castle on the Mount to Jaen, where Isabel fixed her court and kept her children, while Fernando rode afield and spent his fiery days in camp. When Baza fell, and the great siege began, Isabel had broken up her house, and with her boy and girls had ridden into the field, and never left her troops till they had won the highest turrets of the Moor. Her tent was pitched before the city wall; the Moors came out; the camp was set on fire; and Catharine lay among the burning sheets and poles. She saw that camp of canvas grow into a camp of stone. Her window gave upon a lovely landscape; and she looked across that landscape to a massive tower from which the crescent glittered like a moon. She saw the crimson walls of the Alhambra, topped with cypresses and hung with vines; and hailed the fairy palace on the mountain side. She was a girl of seven when Christopher Columbus came

to Santa Fé and begged her mother's leave to add an empire to her states. When the observant friars were sent into Granada, where they ravaged through the mosques, and smeared the marble floors and golden shafts with wash and dirt, she rode from Santa Fé into the wrecked, yet lovely and mysterious palace of the Moor.

2. Her home was ravishing. The city at her feet sprang proudly from a nest of groves and vineyards, over which the towers and shafts of the Alhambra shot into the air, and showed in lines of light against the brown and sunburnt hills. Around her lay a hundred slopes of orchard, planted walk, and cypress grove. A balmy air flowed down into her chambers and arcades. A flood of sunshine bathed the pavement of her garden all the year, yet snow was always in her sight on the sierra tops. 'Granada,' sang the native poets — and Granada was a school of poets, male and female— 'is a palace for the eye, a place of contemplation for the soul; she is a watch-tower on the hills; a place of beauty and a place of strength; high walls secure her from a foe, and rivers intersect her houses, mills, and markets, and supply her baths with an abundant stream of purest water; down her meadows, and among her cypresses, these rivers flow like streams of gold between her emerald banks; the soil is rich enough to bring forth everything that feeds the body and enchants the mind.' Art, trade, and learning, found a refuge in Granada.

Though the pearl of earthly beauty, she was held to be more famous for her men and women than her graceful towers, her shady groves, and smiling fields. A home of scholars, heroes, and physicians, her especial pride was a poetic crown. 'The seat of science, empire, and religion, God has blessed her most,' the Caliphs said, 'in making her the birthplace of a school of poets, male and female, whose productions are the dowry of mankind.' Within her walls were born those female singers, Nazhim, Zeynab, and Hamdah; women whom the Moors respected as the Miriams of their race.

3. Catalina saw this city harried and opprest, and many of those poets, artists, and physicians, driven away. Against the letter and the spirit of her treaty with the Moors, her mother sent inquisitors into house and mosque. In vain the citizens appealed to 'the Castillian knights.' In vain they cited article and text, which guaranteed the freedom of their mosques and houses. Isabel was stiff. She had a duty to fulfil. Her pledge had long ago been given to the Dominicans that she would pluck out heresy from the soil of Spain. Granada was a part of Spain. The honour of Castillian knighthood was not sacred in her eyes, though she had gladly pledged that honour when she had a Caliph to deceive. Her spies went up and down the city, seeking whom they could betray. Their victims were the rich, the noble, the renowned in name. Some left their homes; some put away their riches; some defied

her officers. It was a dangerous thing to stir the passion of a quick and ardent race, accustomed to the use of arms, and fired with an idea that their losses had been caused by civic feud and personal weakness rather than by national decline. Fernando tried to curb his consort's zeal. A man of worldly mind, he cared for unity of rule far more than unity of faith. He saw that it was idle to denounce, and dangerous to excite, the people of his conquered lands.

4. But no such worldly wisdom saved the Jews. Though rich in art and skill, the Jews were few in numbers, and were noted by inquisitors as Friends of Light. Three months of grace were offered to the Jews, in which they were to make a final choice—baptism or banishment. If they accepted Christian rites, they could remain; but under pain of death should they relapse into their ancient ways. Of this relapse the Fathers of St. Dominic were to be the judges. Some were weak enough to yield; and every one desired a respite from the fatal word of Isabel. Rabbi Aboab threw himself before the Queen. He begged for mercy, if he dared not ask for justice, at her hands. His people, he could truly urge, were old inhabitants of the soil; yea, older than the local nobles and the reigning house. They had committed no offence. They were not subject to an Inquisition founded to protect the faithful from corruptions of the faith. Aboab spoke in vain. Abravanel at last repaired to court. The

King and Queen received him like a prince, and listened to his tale. 'I come to offer ransom from my people,' said Abravanel. A man as wise as he was rich, he spoke the language likely to arrest Fernando's ear. Six hundred thousand crowns in gold he offered, if this great iniquity might only pass away.

5. While Abravanel was speaking, Torquemada rushed into the royal closet, holding out a crucifix. 'Behold Him!' cried the friar; 'He whom Judas sold for thirty pieces! Would you sell Him too?' Abravanel fell upon his face. 'Look on us, O King,' he cried; 'have mercy on thy people. Take from us all we have, but do not drive us from the land we love. O let us live and die where we were born.' Fernando wanted coin; six hundred thousand crowns were much; but Isabel was seated nigh; and with her icy breath she froze Fernando's melting soul. She would not yield a jot; her pledge was given; and she would keep that pledge, if she unpeopled half her realm. Abravanel gazed in wonder at the woman's face. A mute and stony face, it frowned on him and on his suit. He turned to prelate, count, and monk, and begged them if they had the hearts of men to intercede with Isabel. But no one dared to whisper mercy in her ear. At last the Hebrew rose, and going to his brethren in their porches, said with firmness, 'If they leave us life, we live; if they choose to kill us, we shall die; but they shall never force us to transgress our holy law.'

6. The poor and aged Hebrews thought of the long road and of the unknown journey's end. 'Come,' said Abravanel, 'let us quit these lands, and seek a place elsewhere.' A month flew past, and men with horns strode up and down the city, crying out, 'Begone, ye Jews, begone! A month is past. In two months more, all ye who lag behind are lost.' Each month these men with horns strode up and down the city, calling on the Jews to fly from coming wrath. In families they broke up house and home; but who would buy the things they had to leave behind? They were compelled to go, and could not carry with them produce, workshop, implement of trade. An artist had to quit his study and a scholar had to lose his books. Zacuto left his globes and astrolabes behind. No one would buy the things for which he had no use, and few would give a price for things of daily need. A house was sold for a donkey, a vineyard for a piece of cloth. But loss of house and land was not the worst. A Jew has a peculiar reverence for the field in which his father sleeps; and feels his deepest pang when taking farewell of his family grave. The record of one scene remains. The Hebrews of Segovia, who had flourished under Enrique the Liberal, received the edict of expulsion with amazement, and delayed their flight in some vague hope that such a monstrous act would never be enforced. When they were undeceived, their misery became supreme.

Without a tear, they broke up house and farm, and having left and lost them all, they went into the grave-yard, where their fathers slept their final sleep on earth. In groups they fell upon their knees, and spent three days and nights in fervent prayer. At last they rose and girded up their loins for flight. 'In one day,' says Abravanel, 'three hundred thousand young and old were ready for the march. With God for leader we set out.'

7. They sailed to Italy, to Germany, to Africa, to Anadol. Some found a home in Genoa and Florence, but the fathers who had driven them out of Spain pursued them into Italy, and roused the passions of a bigoted mob against them. Some found refuge in Navarre, and others sought protection from the King of Portugal. Still more took ship for Smyrna, Alexandria, and Stamboul, and carried to those Moslem ports their enterprise and wealth. The royal poet, Bajazet, who watched the doings of Fernando with a curious eye, exclaimed, on hearing of this increase to his towns, 'You call Fernando wise, yet he has made his country poor, to make mine rich!'

CHAPTER III.

AT THE ALHAMBRA.

1493.

1. For years to come, with only now and then a break, the Princess Catharine was to live and grow in those secluded bowers where dark sultanas had been wont to make their home; a strong and fitful girl, more like her father in his pride of life, than like that Prince of Camelot whose mortal name she had begun to bear. Granada, as so many people had foreseen, was made the residence. The royal children had their rooms in the Alhambra; and although the holy war was at an end, the court had still the aspects of a convent and a camp.

2. A soldier who had donned the sack and cord, Alessandro Geraldino, was appointed to the post of Catharine's tutor. Born of a good family in Perugia, he and his brother, Antonio the poet, had come to Spain in search of fortune. Isabel had noted these Italian brothers; seen that they had talent; and had placed them near herself. Antonio

had become a proto-notary and diplomatic agent; Alessandro had been named cup-bearer to the Queen. Antonio had been sent to Rennes and other cities on her business; and in some of his journeys Alessandro had gone with him; but higher duties had been found for Alessandro in the royal tent. Mendoza favoured him, and on his taking orders, Isabel had named him tutor to her daughters, and especially to her youngest child. By one wise word, discreetly spoken, he had won immortal fame. When Queen and Cardinal were busy with the project of Columbus, men were much divided in opinion as to what the council should advise—the liberals wishing to support Columbus for the good of science, and the clericals opposing him as one who put no trust in holy Church. The clergy said the world was flat, and quoted Nicolas of Lyra and St. Augustine in their favour. How could priest and cardinal dispute the verdict of a saint? Mendoza turned to Alessandro:—'Cardinal,' the Italian said, 'though Nicolas of Lyra and St. Augustine are very good theologians, they are only poor geographers; for the Portuguese have lately been so far at sea that they have lost sight of the Polar star, and have seen the vault of heaven revolving round a southern star.' Mendoza was convinced by Catharine's tutor, and Columbus had been suffered to annex an empire in the ocean to the many crowns of Spain.

3. In eating angel bread, in lisping endless prayers, in dancing with her ladies, and in talking with her teacher, Catharine was to grow into her teens. At times she went with her dueña to the bull-ring, beat her paper fan, and saw the horses gored to death. At other times she watched the smoke curl up beneath her lattice ledge. One day it darkened from a pile of burning books, next day it reddened from a pyre of burning men. She learned to dread the frown of an inquisitor. She saw the chief Dominican surrounded in the public street by guards who brushed the crowds aside, and seized offenders at his beck and nod. Her youth was nurtured in the sentiment of a war of race and creed. In hall and tower she met the gaze of captive damsels, who had yielded on a pledge of mercy, which her mother had not deigned to keep. She could not close her ear on tales of Jews being burnt, and Moors being sold for slaves; for such events were called by those about her court the highest glory of her mother's reign.

4. Yet, in the beauty of their home, and in the landscapes which surround that home, there lay a means of education for the royal children better than the monks and friars could give. They lived with nature, and they fed on art. Of all the structures which adorned this earth, the home of Catharine stood the first in physical beauty. To her right and left, the eye ran out on gracious lines.

Below the tower of the Comares, on the pole of which a cross had now replaced the crescent, spread a scene that an Arabian poet had extolled beyond the valley of Damascus. Here the snow-line of the great sierras gave a hint of Lebanon. There the vega flowed through orchards, vineyards, gardens all but tropical in form and tint. The courts and alleys at her feet were perfect. As she strolled about the labyrinths of her palace, she could catch the jet and flash of fountains; peep from the purple gloom of Abd-allah's hall into the fiery noon-tide of the Court of Lions; breathe her evening hymn from the ventana of Zoraya; look into the dark ravines, made musical in their leafy shadows by the Darro; train her vine-shoots through the fretwork of innumerable balconies; reach at orange and pomegranate, as the fruit hung burning from her garden wall; and in the moments when a rarer spirit touched her fancy, she could dally with the secrets of the Moorish arch, and catch a meaning in those arabesques which clothed her walls with services of prayer and praise.

5. The Queen, her mother, seemed to love the Alhambra better than her palace in Toledo and her Castle on the Mount. She built a row of sheds within the garden for her brethren, the Franciscans, in whose chapel she proposed to lay her dust. Granada was her trophy, and the people of Granada had no public rights. As ruler of the Caliphate she

was free from charter, privilege, and fundamental pact. But she was conscious that her conquest must be held as it was won—by sleepless watch and curb of military force. Though bridled, an inflammable people filled the streets and squares. The roughs who had so often stormed the palace might renew their riot; and beyond the ridge, now called the Last Sigh of the Moor, a mountain tract extended towards the sea, in which an active and despairing remnant of the Moslems stood entrenched. The princes of Granada, owners of the palaces beneath her eyes, had locked their doors and carried off their keys, believing that a time must come when the Compassionate would relent Him of his anger, and the Moslem chivalry would swarm once more through the vermilion gates. The victors had to watch and pray; to keep such watch as steels the nerve, to breathe such prayer as sears and numbs the heart.

6. In such a school the girl could learn but little of that world in which, on marrying she would have to live. King Henry wished her to be taught a little French; the language of his court and household; but her Spanish and Italian tutors could not teach her French. The brethren of St. Dominic hated France; for French theology, as taught at Paris, was a liberal science, which those brethren called the froth of hell. Nor were the brethren of St. Francis gracious towards the French.

A friar of Toledo looked upon his brother of the Sorbonne as a lewd and tipsy fool. All liberal thought and liberal speech were banished from the court. To thrum a lute, to sing a ballad, to recite a prayer, to work an altar-cloth, were safe and useful things, and Catharine's sisters, when they passed into the world as queens and duchesses, knew but little else. A woman of her country had no call to be a learned clerk. Her duty was to find a good confessor, and commit her soul to him. He was to answer for her. When she gave her soul to him, as she might give her body to a leech, she had no more to do than follow his advice, and leave the burden in his arms. 'Confess to a man,' wrote Fray Andreas to her sister, 'who keeps his rule, who has not a pin of his own, and to whom your highness can give nothing, and show no favour—only to the convent in which he lives.' A good confessor for a princess must be an observant friar. 'He only,' added Fray Andreas, 'can give a good account of your soul to God.' But if Catharine knew but little of the world, she knew still less of the mysterious isle in which her lot was cast. She never saw an English face; she rarely heard an English word. Prince Arthur was to her a name, a shade, a dream. Her right to bear his title was in doubt. The ladies of her household gave her many titles: Doña Catalina, Señora Infanta, Señora of Spain, Princess of England, Princess of Wales:

but no one title seemed her own beyond the rest. Her sisters were engaged and disengaged as war and peace decided Spain to seek alliances with Austria, Portugal, or France. Even Padre Alessandro could not tell his pupil to what country she might have to go as queen; or, if she went to England, of what monarch she might have to be the bride.

CHAPTER IV.

A ROSE OF YORK.

1493–4.

1. GRANADA being secured, the King rode up to Barcelona, where the state of public feeling, and the treaty of the Pyrenees, required his instant care. A crazy patriot, Juan de Cañamares, took upon himself the mission of revenge, and stabbed the King in open day. This crime restored Fernando to a share of public favour. Many of the grandees of his kingdom rode to pay him court; the cities hastened to denounce the regicide; and for a season both the King and Queen enjoyed some breath of popular applause. A little softened by his pain and by the public cheer, Fernando rode to Zaragoza, where, in his ancestral home, the Aljaferia, surrounded by his knights and nobles, he proposed to rest until his wound should heal.

2. While Isabel was nursing him at Barcelona, she received a letter from a man whose signature was that of Richard, Duke of York. This letter, well conceived and finely penned, implored the Queen to lend the writer help in the recovery of his

crown. He told her, briefly, that his brother Edward, King of England, had been murdered in the Tower; that he himself had been delivered to a ruffian to be killed; that the assassins, having pity on his youth, had spared his life; that they had sworn him on the bread and wine to keep the secret of his birth; that they had sent him over sea in company of two warders, who had hidden him in Portugal; and that, on hearing how his uncle, Gloucester, had been slain in battle, he had sailed for Cork, where he had instantly been recognised as Edward's son. What followed, as he told the Queen his story, had been no less striking than these opening scenes. Ormonde and Kildare, his kinsmen, had received him as a prince. The King of France had asked him to his court, and after testing him by many proofs, had offered to assist him with a fleet and army to regain his father's crown. But since the King made peace with the usurper, the Duke of York had ceased to lean on France, though Charles was still his brother and his friend. On quitting Paris he had gone to Mechlin, where his aunt, the Duchess Margaret, held her court. The Duchess took him to her heart, and certified his royal birth. The Emperor had recognised him as King Edward's son. Philip, Archduke of Austria, Frederick, Duke of Saxony, Hans, King of Denmark, and James, King of Scots, all recognised in him King Edward's son. The King of Scots had taken up his cause, and many of the

English lords were only waiting for a sign to rise in his behalf. Since Isabel was of his blood, and was a just and pious queen, he prayed her to have pity on his youth, to plead his misery with Fernando, and to aid him in his contest with that Earl of Richmond who had seized his lawful crown. The writer was prepared to offer, in return for help, a true and faithful treaty with the King and Queen of Spain.

3. The writer of this letter was a youth of noble presence and accomplishments; so like King Edward that his face was 'as a magnet to the partizans of York.' Two tales were told of him while he was yet alive; and Henry, somewhat early in his venture, gave his countenance to the first of these imaginary tales. In this account, the youth is born in Tournai, on the river Scheldt; a Fleming, one of Duchess Margaret's subjects; son of Hans Osbek, a petty officer in the town. His folk are bailiffs, watermen, collectors, and the like; all poor and needy people, struggling for their daily crust. His name is Peter, which the neighbours change to Peterkin and Perkin. Though a lad of lowly birth, he hopes to make a figure; so he drops by boat to Antwerp, and from Antwerp sails by ship to London, and in London lives as servant to a Jew. This Jew, a convert from his faith, is known to Edward the Fourth, who is good enough to stand his sponsor, and bestow on him his royal name. Here Perkin sees the King, and has the means of catching all those tricks of eye and tones of voice which afterwards make the

partizans of York declare him to be Edward's son. He sails for Portugal, where he serves a one-eyed knight, until he leaves with Pregent Menou, a Breton trader, who conveys him into Ireland, where he first declares himself to Walters, Mayor of Cork.

4. A second story was invented later on in order to account for facts which Henry's story leaves untouched. This second tale is French in origin, and is sustained by documents under Charles's royal seal. According to this French report, the Duke of York is born a Portuguese. His father is a barber, carrying on his trade in Lisbon; and the man called Perkin Warbeck is that barber's boy. The youth has wandered up and down the world, and picked up many arts and tongues. He is a clever lad, but cannot cheat a parent's eyes. The Lisbon barber is alive, and willing to appear against his son. The barber's wife is also living, and is ready to denounce her child. These facts, the French declare, have been investigated by the king-at-arms in Lisbon, and the King of France is ready to produce his proofs—if only Henry, in return, will give up Spain and act in concert with the French. How any Lisbon barber came to bear the name of Warbeck is not mentioned in this French account.

5. A third and merrier story lightens modern books; a story penned by Bacon in a mood that would have made Fernando laugh and Henry swear. In Bacon's romance, Perkin is a sort of Ariel, who can float and fly, and daze men's eyes by magic

arts; a youth of such 'fine shape and form,' and of such 'crafty and bewitching fashion,' that he acts like 'a kind of fascination and enchantment to those who saw and heard him.' Perkin is the son of Osbek, but this Osbek is himself the Jew. A pretty wife—as fair as Mistress Shore—entices Edward to her husband's house. She bears a son, and Edward the Fourth is sponsor to the child. Her boy is christened Peter, which is afterwards corrupted into Perkin. Jests are made about the pretty Jewess and the merry King. The child is called King Edward's god-son, and in sport King Edward's son. These jests and sports take form in Peter's brain. He shapes the plan of an imposture. Bacon thinks he may have been King Edward's offspring by the pretty Jewess, and would thus account for a resemblance which the hottest enemies of the youth could not deny.

6. This romance, which arose from some mistakes of name and place, was just as true as Charles's tale. One man could tell the truth. Were both the princes slain by Tyrrell and his comrades? Tyrrell was alive. How had this murderer of his prince escaped the gallows? He had got a pardon from the Duke of Gloucester! Henry was not slow to execute the law on other sinners who could plead a pardon by the fallen prince. Was Tyrrell master of some secret which the Tudor king was forced to buy? Instead of hanging Tyrrell, Henry had promoted him to offices of trust. The regicide

was a knight of the King's body, and enriched by many a royal gift. Henry had made Tyrrell Sheriff of Glamorganshire for life, Chancellor of that shire for life, and Steward of that shire for life. Henry had made him Captain of the fort at Guisnes; had made him Constable of Cardiff Castle; had given him the appointment of Chief Forester of a county, with the power of naming all the coroners and clerks. Why was this murderer taken into so much grace? Guisnes was an important post, and Cardiff also an important post. Had he a tale to tell which Henry feared to hear? A second man could also tell the truth Where was that Breton trader, Pregent Menou, who had brought the prince from Portugal to Cork? If not in Henry's closet, he was certainly within his reach. Was he invited to reveal the facts within his knowledge? Was he brought before a magistrate and asked to state the details of his life on oath? Not once. Instead of being induced to speak, Menou was silenced by the King, and when the time for his reward had come, the man was paid in money and a place of trust.

7. When Isabel received that letter from the Duke of York, she thought his story true. She had some means of testing him, especially on his life in Portugal; and nothing to be learnt in Lisbon tended to produce a change of mind. Among the papers at Simancas, which were once the secrets of her closet, is a key to certain Latin numerals

used by her and by her husband in their cyphers. Every royal person has a number to his name. The Pope, the Emperor, the Kings of France and England, have their numbers; each in order of his rank, as he was measured in the court of Spain. The Duchess Margaret has a number, and Ferdinando, King of Naples, has a number. None but royal persons have a number in this key. A note explains that other persons of distinction, not of reigning houses, are included in a second key. Among the royal names is that of Richard, Duke of York; his place between Duchess Margaret, his aunt, and Ferdinando, King of Naples. Such a record is decisive. Let the youth who signed that name be either Osbek, Warbeck, or Plantagenet, the King and Queen then living in the Aljaferia thought he was King Edward's son.

8. Yet Isabel, to whom this letter opened an abyss, was slow to pledge herself. If Richard, Duke of York, should get his own, he would require a wife; and Catharine, her youngest daughter, must be queen, whoever was the English king. But Richard had not tried his strength, as yet; and till he proved his mettle she must keep herself unpledged. She therefore wrote a note to Duchess Margaret (meant for Richard's eye), expressing all the feelings of her heart towards the unhappy prince, and offering him, as one of her own blood, the tenderest friendship and the best support.

CHAPTER V.

INVASION OF KENT.

1495.

1. THREE years the titular Duke of York had lived in royal courts; the court of Charles, the court of Margaret, the court of Max; and neither in his speech and gait, nor in his family affairs, had he betrayed himself. If he were acting, men had never seen an actor like him since the world began. A mayor of Cork, like Walters, might be fooled by tricks of speech, but Max and Charles were born in purple, and could hardly be misled by a comedian. Max and Charles had means of finding out, and having much to gain or lose through him, they are not likely to have left these means untried. The young man lived in Margaret's house. She was his aunt, and she had seen him in his youth. Yet Margaret never varied in her strong conviction that he was her brother's son. It may be true, as Henry's scribes gave out, that she disliked the English King and wished to cast him out; but if a base pretender were to gain the crown, she would be also casting out the line of York—her niece the reigning Queen; her other nieces, sisters of that

reigning Queen; her nephew, Edward Plantagenet; her nephew, Edmond de la Pole; her daughter's children, Philip and Marguerite; and, last of all, herself. She could not aid a counterfeit duke without deposing all her kith and kin. Unless it can be shown that Margaret was insane, she must be taken as a witness to the fact. If Margaret knew the man as an impostor, she was doing her utmost to unseat her niece, to set aside her nephews, and to dispossess the house of York, in order that a rogue, a peasant, and a stranger, might enjoy her brother's throne. If she was not an honest witness she was nothing but a crazy fool. What fact in her career permits a man of sense to brand her as a crazy fool? In writing to the Pope, she dwelt on her affinity with Richard, Duke of York. He was her brother's son, her nephew, and her liege. His face, his voice, were evidence to her eyes and ears. She could not be mistaken, she declared, in one who stood so near to her in blood.

2. A dozen princes saw him, spoke with him, and judged him; from the crafty Charles of France to the chivalrous James of Scotland; yet in every court of Europe his appearance and his story were approved. Fine ladies listened to his talk, and found in every sentence from his lips a secret charm. Soft, winsome, witty, he engaged all hearts. The mayor of Cork no sooner saw his face than he became a convert to his cause for life and death. Kildare and Desmond were not louder in his praise

than artizans and kernes. A sort of royal gift he had; a grace to work on kings and princes even more than on the common herd of men. The Archduke Philip loved him as an elder brother. Max regarded his affairs as more important than the business of his empire. Though a Diet was proclaimed, and though a hundred princes, dukes, and cardinals were assembling, Max could find no time to meet them. 'Richard, King of England,' was, he said, 'about to sail,' and Max being busy with that great event, his princes, dukes, and cardinals must wait.

3. Ten years ago, two thousand men had sailed from Normandie and won the English crown. A second venture was about to sail from Flanders, where the Rose of York was gathering ships and men. His object was the Irish coast, where he could count on friends in every town. His father, Edward the Fourth, had made him Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Gloucester, a usurper, could not cancel that appointment; Richmond, also a usurper, could not cancel that appointment. Walters was the mayor of Cork, and Walters was prepared to die for him. But while his ships were loading stores and guns, intelligence from Dover led him to believe that he might march on London from a nearer base. He heard that Kent was full of Yorkist peers; these peers were all his partizans; and he had but to show himself on shore. A dash was therefore to be made at Deal. His venture drained the riff-raff of a dozen

ports, and Max, who had not ceased to hate the Tudor prince, was certain that the Duke would win his kingdom. Max was Emperor now; as Emperor, he recognised the 'King;' as Emperor he made a treaty with him. Max agreed to help the 'King' with men, and Richard promised to assist the Emperor in disturbing France. When York was King of England, there should be merry times in Normandie and Maine. The days of Crecy would return, and Max, then resting in a dubious state at Worms, might sleep securely on the Rhine. But in his idle hurry, Max forgot to send the promised aid.

4. A fleet of ships was hired and troops were put on board. The Duchess paid her money, and the Kaiser's lancers were expected. Margaret wrote to Borgia, as the man of God, the soul of justice, praying him to do her nephew right; and the more worldly Max desired his agents in the Papal court to hint that Richard was a better friend to Rome than Henry. Borgia waited for events; in truth, all Europe waited for events. The hour of words was past; the world had judged the Rose of York. From Rome to Stirling, from Granada to Vienna, there was not one reigning prince who deemed the Duke of York a cheat. But Henry had some talent for the field. Was Richard his superior in the art of war? Had he the science which commands success? With fifteen hundred men at arms, and five hundred seamen of all grades on board, the Pretender ran out to sea, and put these questions to

the proof. No one had yet forgotten how a little fleet ran out of Harfleur, just ten years ago, and what had come of her adventure. Margaret had relays of couriers at her palace gates, and Philip had despatches sent to him by day and night. In Stirling every one was shouting for a border raid, and James, in hope of picking up some beeves and horses, if no richer spoil, led out his warriors to the Tweed. At Worms the Kaiser was elate with joy. 'We entertain great hope,' he said to Contarini, 'that the Duke of York, when he has gained his kingdom, will attack the French. We have his promise to that end.' In England there was neither fear nor joy; but close, sedate, and pregnant measures of defence. A few hot tongues were wagging here and there in favour of the House of York; but years of peace and settled law, the Queen's devotion to her consort, and the birth of princes who combined the rival claims, induced the sober part of England to accept existing facts. Whatever flaw was in the reigning King, would disappear when Arthur came to wear his crown. A Rose of York meant civil war, and even a successful war meant years of desolating strife. A party of the House of York would raise a party of the House of Lancaster. New Wakefields and St. Albans might be fought, and at the end of forty years a second Bosworth might uncrown the reigning King. Meantime all growth would be disturbed, all law would be suspended. Force and wantonness would riot through

the land. A man who honestly believed that Richard was the Duke of York might well deny his right to ravage England for his personal gain. No grinding tyranny drove men to despair. The King was fond of money, and his minister Empson was unpopular in the shires; but on the whole his people were content to eat and sleep, and cultivate their fields in peace. With all his faults of origin, he had one advantage over every Yorkist prince. His child was Welsh, and in his rise the Welsh were reconciled to English rule. It was a first step towards a union of the various tribes on British ground. In Arthur, York and Lancaster were wedded, and his reign would be a second step towards unity. A people weary of domestic broils was ready to support the King, without inquiring far into the legal right. Even those who wavered were inclined to cast their lot with Henry when they heard that Richard was supported by the King of Scots. Aware of what was passing, Henry gave his orders and departed for the north. He knew the Kaiser and the King of Scots, and set his main array against the Stuart prince.

5. Misled by false reports, the Rose of York proposed to land near Deal, to seize that town, and march on Walmer Castle, as a camp in which to rally the adherents of his house. All Kent was waiting, he believed, to welcome him; and he had only to unfurl his flag in order to possess the shire. Off Deal, he moored his fleet, and sent some com-

panies of Dutch and Spanish troops on shore, with orders to advance on Walmer, occupy the town, and throw out pickets on the London road. When all was safe, he was himself to land. No one opposed the strangers as they took the beach, though many lads in smocks, who carried bills and hooks, were seen about the fields. 'Who were they?' asked these lads in smock. 'Friends of the House of York!' 'What knights and peers were with them?' When the strangers pushed these lads aside, they shoved and swore at them in turn. More lads in smocks with English bills and hooks ran down the cliffs. A general fight came on. No other strangers landed, but the Rose of York, who stood in readiness to come on shore, could see his troops in mail contending on the beach with lads in smocks. The lads seemed led by men who understood their work. An hour or more the strangers held their ground; but every house in Deal seemed full of bills and hooks; and after fighting stiffly for a time, the foreign troops were broken, captured, and destroyed. Some squads were either piked to death or pushed into the sea; but when the wrecks were gathered into line, a hundred and sixty prisoners answered to the call and gave their names. These names were chiefly Spanish, and the lesson of their capture was a bitter one for Spain. But England was in no light mood of mind. Her peace had been disturbed; her soil had been profaned. She meant to tell free lancers of all nations what they had

to face by landing in an English shire. The prisoners, roped in gangs, were marched from Deal to London, with a hangman at their side, who bared their backs, and whipped them as they limped and groaned along the dusty roads. In London, they were tried as pirates, and condemned to hang in chains. One batch was strung on Dover cliff; a second batch was strung on Harwich sands; and every fort and nose of land in front of Flanders was adorned with German and Castillian bones.

6. Much cowed in spirit, the Pretender set his compass for the Irish coast, where he expected to be welcomed with a burst of frantic joy. The Irish were his earliest friends, and Ireland was devoted to the House of York. The citizens of Cork were faithful, and his warmest partizan, John Walters, was in office. Yet, the King was well prepared for him in County Cork. Prince Henry, five years old, had been appointed Lord Lieutenant, with Sir Edward Poynings as his deputy, and Father Henry Deane as chancellor. Edward Poynings was a soldier, and the deputy of Calais. Henry Deane was an Augustine monk, a man of venerable aspect, and the Prior of Llanthonia in Wales. Each in his several office was a man of high capacity and perfect trust. An English army had been sent with Poynings, and an English bench had followed Deane. The whole administration had been placed in English hands. A new treasurer, a new chief justice, a new chief baron, were appointed. These judicious officers had curbed

the Yorkist peers and crushed the restless kernes. No fuss was shown; but every man was in his place. Sir Robert Cotton stood to sea with a considerable fleet. Henry Wyat had the musters out for drill. Kildare had been removed, and that so craftily, that no one, even among his Irish tenants, pitied him. He was a prisoner of the Church!

7. An Irish parliament having voted him a traitor to his sovereign, Poynings might have seized him as a prisoner of the State; but Father Henry, whose capacity for secular business was astonishing, contrived that he should seem to be a prisoner of the Church. John Payne, the bishop of Meath, had been the Irish chieftain's early friend. They had been out with Simnel; Payne having preached the coronation sermon at Christ Church, while Kildare was raising armies to support the Rose of York. When Payne received a pardon, he had gone to London, where he sought and gained a pardon for his still more guilty mate. Some Irish feud had parted these old plotters, whose dislike had now become as fervid as their love had formerly been warm. Kildare had tried to kill the bishop. One day he had set a church on fire, and many persons fancied he had done so in the hope that Payne was in the church. Another day he followed Payne into his chancel, loud in oath and sword in hand. Payne dropt upon his knee before an altar, and the furious Earl exclaimed, 'By St. Bridget, were it not for fear my prince would be offended with

me, I would lay this sword across your shaven pate.' Kildare laid hands on Payne, and carrying him to his castle, kept him prisoner, till the deputy, Poynings, called for his release. Kildare consented to release the bishop, but insisted on the promise of a pardon. Treating faithless men with faithless measures, Poynings sent Kildare a promise, got him into Dublin, seized him in the dead of night, and putting him on board a bark, despatched him into England as a man accused of sacrilege. Payne had to follow him as witness, and the Yorkist peer and Yorkist prelate were detained in London till the King could find a day to hear their case. The bishop was received at court; Kildare was lodged for safety in the Tower. A personal feud, the right or wrong of which no tongue could tell, had left the partizans of York without their secular and spiritual chiefs.

8. No blaze of fire along the Irish hills gave signals for the foreign troops to land. At every port an English cross was floating in the wind. In every cove and inlet watch was kept. In every shire the musters were at drill. Kildare and Payne being gone, no Yorkist peer but Desmond was prepared to take a leading part. Kildare was hostage for the Butlers and O'Briens, no less than for the Geraldines. Payne, too, was in the tyrant's power. The factions seemed to lie beneath a spell. A country filled with Yorkist peers and knights could hardly trail a pike, or even raise a shout for 'Richard!' when he came

to them acknowledged by his aunt, supported by the Kaiser and the King of Scots, and favoured in their secret councils by the Kings of France and Spain. Unable to advance by way of Cork, an inland city, the Pretender listened to advice. John Walters had not cooled in zeal, and Desmond was prepared to risk his life. But where were they to strike a blow? Suppose they made a dash at Waterford? It was a royal burgh; a gateway opening up the country; and the nearest port to Milford Haven. Waterford in their hands would be a tower of strength. Here Henry the Second had descended when he came to take possession of the isle. But nine miles from the sea, Waterford was easily approached by sea. Their friends from Cork could help in the assault by land. All parties joined in this advice. Desmond and Walters were to storm the gates, while the Pretender forced a passage up the Suir.

CHAPTER VI.

AN IMPOSTOR!

1495.

1. THIS failure fortified the throne on every side. Let Duchess Margaret either rail or weep, her grandson Philip had to make some show of friendship for his able and offended neighbour. Never doubting that the Rose of York was Margaret's nephew, Philip, was prepared to help his cousin at the proper season; but he owed some duty to his Flemish states; as well as to the House of York. A Duke in Bruges and Ghent, he had to study how he was to live in peace with one who had the power to injure Bruges and Ghent. Restrictions had been placed by Henry on the trade with Flanders, and restrictions on the Flemish trade was ruin to the shippers, bankers, and craftsmen of his towns. Nor was he safe from more direct attacks. An English fleet stood on and off his coasts; an English army lay at Calais, Guisnes, and Hamme. A Kaiser might indulge in sneers at Henry, for a King of England could not send his fleet to Worms and Spires; but Henry's ships were visible from Flushing; and a neighbour

who had troops at Guisnes and fleets off Flushing might become a dangerous ally to his factious citizens in Bruges. The King of Scots, now pressed beyond the Tweed, beheld himself alone, with all the troops of England in his front. He sought relief in Margaret Drummond's smiles; but bonny Margaret Drummond could not witch away the English horse and foot. James tried to soothe the English court, and Henry, ever prudent, was inclining towards a policy of peace and union with the Scots. The seeds of an idea which were soon to bear much fruit were sprouting in his mind. Even Max himself, though he would bate no jot of his belief that Richard was King Edward's son, consented to receive Sir John Egremont as the usurper's envoy, and to treat with him about a league—a league which was of much concern to Max and Germany—against the King of France.

2. In spite of all his sister's warnings, Charles had led his armies through the Alps, and, strange to say, an enterprise which every one had called a crazy act, had opened with a blaze of glory and success. The state of Italy, where almost every city was at feud with her immediate neighbour, and the chief republics were at variance with the Holy See, had favoured Charles. Dynastic struggles dyed the streets of Florence, Milan, and Perugia, with civic blood. Rome was quarrelling with Naples. Genoa was at strife within herself. Pisa had been overthrown by war; Siena had been over-

thrown by peace. The princes were intriguing to destroy each other, and the Church was struggling to annex their states. Pietro de Medici had signed a secret treaty with the King of Naples. Lodovico il Moro had contracted an alliance with the Doge of Venice and the Pope of Rome. Savonarola, the Dominican, had begun to call for his Reform, and point the moral of his sermons by referring to the scandalous conduct of his spiritual chief. Loud voices called upon the French to intervene, some patriots even begged the Turks to save the country from herself. The King of France had answered to their call. Descending from the Alps, as friends of every cause, the French had entered Florence, Rome, and Naples. Italy had fallen at their feet, and Charles, who panted for another world to conquer, had begun to throw his glances into Greece. French agents were already in the isles, and Charles, puffed out with sudden vanity, assumed to be as much the lord of Athens as he was of Rome. The Doge of Venice took alarm; the King of Spain had still more cause to be alarmed. As Duke of Athens, King of Sicily, and heir of Naples, he had everything at stake. If Charles should carry out his schemes of conquest, Sicily would not be safe. Fernando broached the project for a league of all the kingdoms and republics menaced by the French; a Holy League he called it, since he meant to brand the French as enemies of the Catholic Church. These kingdoms and republics were prepared. Illusions were no longer possible.

Instead of helping every one, as the Italians dreamt, the French had only helped themselves. As city after city opened to receive the strangers, she had bitterly repented of her sin against the commonweal. Plate, pictures, money, everything the strangers wanted from a wealthy and artistic country, they had taken with unsparing hand. Italian causes had been left alone; and nothing had been done by Charles excepting for the pride and gain of France. But soon the day for flight and perfidy had come. The Pope deserted Charles; then Lodovico turned against him. Barbarigo, Doge of Venice, joined the league of princes. Kaiser Max came in; for Max was threatened with a rival in imperial rank. Charles wanted to be Emperor, and since he could not take the style of Charles the Great, he fancied he might take the style of Constantine the Fourth. A throne, he said, was vacant. Max was Emperor of the West; Charles would be Emperor of the East. But Max denied that any throne was vacant; he being Emperor both of West and East. In wrath and haste a Holy League was formed. Five signatures were appended; those of Rome, Germany, Spain, Venice, and Milan. Max would only sign the articles on condition that his colleagues styled him Emperor of the East as well as of the West. The Holy League being made, Gonsalvo passed into Calabria, and began to press the victors. Charles, abandoned by the princes he had favoured and the cities he had plundered, rode

into the north. He passed through Rome in silence; and in Lombardy he ran against Italian pikes. French gallantry preserved him in the field; but every day his hold on Italy was loosened; and the fruits of all his efforts were at stake. His troops were fighting bravely, but the French had no man in the south to measure weapons with Gonsalvo. Charles was wavering in his plans; and Max was thinking that if Henry could be drawn into the Holy League, the French would have to call their troops across the Alps. He would have gladly done without this aid; but France was so alert and quick that he was never at his ease. He, therefore, deigned to hear Sir John, although, more knight than emperor, he could hardly tame his tongue in presence of the English knight.

3. The Rose of York being gone, Kildare was brought before the council, and his enemy Payne, the Irish bishop, was placed before him at the board. 'What say you?' asked the King. 'My liege,' Kildare replied, 'the Bishop is a learned man, which I am not, and therefore he will easily outdo me in the argument.' 'Then choose a counsel,' said the King. 'I doubt,' rejoined Kildare, 'if I shall have the good fellow whom I choose.' 'By my troth, you shall,' the King assured him. 'Give me your hand,' the Irish peer entreated. 'Here is my hand,' said Henry, laughing; 'when will you choose your counsellor?' 'Never,' interposed the Irish prelate: 'never, if he has his choice.' 'Thou liest,

brallagh, bald bishop! I will choose a counsellor as soon as thou wouldst choose a fair wench, if thou couldst have thy wish—within an hour.' The council roared; and Henry, turning to Kildare, inquired, 'Can such a thing be true?' 'By your hand,' replied Kildare, taking Henry by the palm, 'there is not in London such a mutton-master as yon shaven priest. I know him well.' 'It is best you choose your counsellor well,' said Henry; 'I perceive he will have much to do.' 'Shall I choose him now?' the Irish peer inquired. 'Yes; if you think good,' replied the King. Kildare assured him he would have the best in England. 'Aye, and who is that?' cried Henry. 'Marry,' said Kildare, 'the King himself! and by St. Bridget I will choose no other.' Henry broke into his winsome laugh. 'A wiser man,' he whispered, 'might have chosen worse.' Some witnesses deposed that he had set a church on fire. 'I did it—that is true,' he sighed; 'but by my troth I would never have done it, but I thought the bishop was in the church.' The grey-beards at the council had to hold their sides. 'All Ireland,' murmured Payne, 'cannot rule this man.' 'Then let him rule all Ireland,' laughed the King. And Henry meant in earnest what he said in fun. Kildare was courting Bessie St. John, Henry's cousin of the Beauchamp blood; and having won that lady's heart, he married her, became a member of the royal circle, and was chosen as the Prince's Deputy. Having

made an English servant of the Irish peer, the King had no more trouble with the Geraldines.

4. But more than all, a change was evident on the side of Spain. When Richard was preparing ships and men, the King and Queen of Spain had felt so doubtful of the future that they sent for Puebla, and proposed to cancel the agreement, and declare the treaty as to Catharine at an end. To them the Tudor king was nothing; to their daughter, Arthur of Winchester was nothing. England was the prize they sought. If prudence bade them wait before they took so strong a step, they held a haughty and exacting language at the English Court. A minister of rank whom they had promised, in the room of Puebla, was not sent. The cripple crossed the sea, instructed to assume a haughty tone, and ask for things that Henry could not grant. The King was to be told that Spain had signed a separate treaty with the French. He was to be reminded of his duty to the Pope. He was to be informed that Max was angry with him, and that Spain alone could turn aside from him the Kaiser's wrath. The Kaiser, he must learn, was King of Kings, and no man was a King unless the Kaiser recognized his rank. These proud beginnings had a more offensive close. Should Henry speak of Catharine, Puebla was to listen and report; but he was not to say one word implying that the articles of marriage were in force. Those articles were not regarded by the King and Queen of Spain as still in force. 'All

former treaties are annulled,' Fernando wrote in his instructions to his minister; but feeling that his pen was giving an unwonted outline to his thought, he blotted out the words, and left that minister to guess his secret mind.

5. So long as the Pretender stood at sea Fernando had been silent and reserved. No sign from him enlightened Puebla, who had nothing but the blotted line, 'all former treaties are annulled,' to guide him in his intercourse with Fox and Morton. Innocence, as Puebla knew, would plead in vain with either king or queen of Spain; but the Pretender was a single man, and if he won the crown he would require a bride. Though Isabel kept her counsels, Henry learnt that she was corresponding with his rival, and he spoke to Puebla of her breach of faith. The Kaiser he could understand; the Kaiser was a son-in-law of Duchess Margaret; his children were conspicuous members of the House of York; but Isabel of Spain was a Lancastrian princess, and was fighting with him in their common cause. His son was hers, her daughter his; and to encourage Perkin was to rob their children of a crown. The Queen had answered curtly, that she had not written to Him of York. 'El de Ayorque' was a title hit upon by her. The Kaiser called his cousin Prince of York; the French and Flemings called him Duke of York; and Isabel edged between these several styles. She recognised him as a member of the House of York

while she withheld from him the rank of Prince and Duke.

6. But on the news of his defeat, the Queen turned round at once. Let Richard be as graceful and as witty as a fairy prince, she saw that he was wanting in the first condition of success in arms. He could not fight. His rival on the English throne, although a man of peace, had shown some talent, and his courage was beyond dispute. The King being likely to maintain his ground, she must be prudent in her speech, and less exacting in her tone. The cripple was instructed to approach the King with an assurance that his masters had not written to the so-called Duke of York. If they had written to the Duchess Margaret, as the King complained, they had but done so to inform her highness that the man she sheltered was a rogue.

7. 'All parties' now began to court the prince whose crown so many of them would have given to 'him of York.' The Pope appointed Puebla his ambassador in London. Max sent over a commissioner to treat about the Holy League, and Charles, intent on winning sympathy for France, supplied his Portuguese story of the Rose of York. Fernando could not lag behind. On hearing of the stuff sent over by the French, he wrote to London that if Henry wanted proofs about the barber, he could furnish more and stronger evidence than the King of France. He had the means for getting at all facts in Lisbon. 'We can send the King,' Fernando wrote

to Puebla, 'written evidence of many persons who knew the boy; among others, that of Ruy de Sousa, who lived in London during part of King Edward's reign, and often at that period saw the Duke of York.' Unhappily, these stories of the Lisbon barber smote the tale already published by the English council. If the youth were Portuguese, he could not be a Fleming also. If his father was a Lisbon barber, he was not a water-bailiff at Tournai. Of two such stories one, at least, was false, and Henry saw no reason to refute his former tale.

8. A witness was secured in Pregent Menou, who had brought the prince from Portugal to Cork. If any other man than Tyrrell knew the truth about him, Menou was that other man. Menou had been with him in Lisbon; Menou had presented him to Walters, Mayor of Cork; Menou had seen the whole intrigue with Desmond and Kildare. If York were an impostor, Menou could supply the proofs. If York were a Plantagenet, Menou could do more than any one alive, excepting Tyrrell, to supply the proofs. In either case the Breton trader was a man to gain. The King made haste to win his confidence. He granted him three hundred pounds in gold; he settled him on Irish lands; he gave him letters of denization; he enriched him by a patent for exporting wool. He took the man into his service, and invested him with an important trust. A

few months after the Pretender failed in Waterford, Henry appointed Menou Constable of Carrickfergus Castle. But he never called on him to tell the public what he knew about the Rose of York.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CHILD OF SIN.

1495–6.

1. While Isabel was waiting for events to guide her as to Catharine, she was suddenly bereaved of her first councillor, the Cardinal of Spain. She liked Mendoza, and in sickness made herself his nurse. Being near him as he lay in pain, she learned that in his trials he was haunted by the spectre which had troubled her so long. That fair young queen, whose mother they had killed, whose honour they had stained, whose birthright they had filched, whose person they had seized and thrust into a foreign cell, was near the Cardinal in his latest hours on earth. No blaze of tapers drove that phantom from his bed; nor could he die in peace till he had spoken with the Queen, his partner in those unforgotten crimes. He had repented of his evil deeds. Mendoza was too good a man to dwell without remorse on all that he had done. A scholar and a prelate, he had never given his sympathy to inquisitors. If proud and worldly, he had not been wanton in his exercise of power, and he had made no war on learning and on learned men. But Isabel had lured him from the

path of duty to his lawful queen, and he had sold his conscience for the empty name of Cardinal-King. At length the inner voices rose and would be heard. What price shall pay a man to lose his soul? The dying Cardinal begged the Queen to think of what was past; and, for the sake of his salvation and her own, to study how she might undo the mischief they had wrought.

2. Five years ago, the Cardinal had carried Doña Isabel, the Child of Sin, to Portugal, and paid her down to John the Perfect, as the wages of his shame. Her nuptials had been splendid, but Affonzo, who was younger than herself, had faded from the presence of his gloomy bride. The Prince had passed away in early youth, and left no heir behind. John's dream of a united Spain was gone; his house was childless; and his sceptre would descend upon a younger branch. He never rallied from the blow. Some stings of conscience pricked him when he thought of that fair woman — bone of his own bone and flesh of his own flesh — whom he had wronged to gratify the mistress of Castille. He could not help but think of her, for in his desolate house, as well as in his angry capital, every voice was crying that Affonzo's early death was nothing but a judgment of offended Heaven. A curse had fallen on the kingdom, and a low and sullen pride embittered all the intercourse of Portugal with Spain. John sang no hymn of gladness when Granada fell. He gave some pity to the noble

Moor, and granted an asylum to the persecuted Jew. When Isabel insisted that the holy race should be expelled from every part of Spain, the King of Portugal, alike in protest and in policy, received the fugitives in his towns and ports:—a great and noble act, which cancelled many of the errors of a feeble life. Zacuto, the astronomer, became a friend of Manoel, Duke of Beja, heir presumptive to the throne. Aboab, the learned Rabbi, found a second Israel in the states of John the Perfect. Many a bitter tear was dried, and many a bleeding wound was closed, by these concessions of the Portuguese; but every deed of mercy on the part of John estranged him more than ever from the Queen of Spain.

3. A widow in her bridal year, the Child of Sin had come to Spain a worn and blighted creature—blighted in her birth and in her marriage, and afraid lest what so many tongues were saying of her husband's death was true. She moped and moaned about the court; alarmed at her own shade; averse to either see or to be seen; a living spectre in the royal house. Mendoza saw his work undone. Instead of Portugal being linked with Spain, the sovereigns and the people were at feud. A dying man, Mendoza saw his life unrolled before his eyes. The evil of his course was now too plain. So far as evil deeds can be removed, he sought to have his evil deeds removed. A dying priest, Mendoza urged his old and favourite policy on the Queen. The

Excellenta might be married to her son. Don Juan's consort might return to Spain, and re-ascend her father's throne. Mendoza begged the Queen to weigh his words—his final words to her on earth. 'The good man wanders in his mind, and chatters like an idiot,' she exclaimed, as her now penitent partner passed into another world.

4. John the Perfect followed in Mendoza's wake. No sooner was his son Affonzo dead than he began to pine away, and on his dying bed he, too, became a victim of remorse. Mendoza's sin was on his soul. Unable to endure the pangs of conscience, he inquired for Manoel, Duke of Beja, his successor. John and Manoel had been much estranged. Distracted by Affonzo's death, the King had striven to set the Duke aside; but he had failed to dispossess the lawful prince; and when his end was near, he sent for Manoel to his room. Much talk the cousins held about the Excellenta. John repented him of many things; and begged the Duke, as his successor on the throne, to help in setting right the things which pressed so heavily on his heart. But most of all he spoke about the royal Nun. "'Let earthly passions tempt you as they may, you seek to do Juana right,' he said; and in the hope of finding peace, the royal sinner turned him to the wall and died.

5. A liberal prince, who bore in after years the name of Fortunate, Manoel was in the pride of youth and strength, and men of twenty-six are apt

to pay scant heed to dying prayers. While he was Duke of Beja only, he had sought the hand of Lady Anne, a younger sister of the English Queen; but Anne had little more to bring him than her high descent and the incomparable beauty of her race; and when Affonzo died he saw within his reach a greater prize. Affonzo's moping widow was a princess of Castille. Her brother was a feeble lad, and if that feeble lad should die, the moping widow would be Queen of Spain. To win her was to win a crown, and what was more in Manoel's eyes, the prospect of uniting Spain and Portugal in one vast kingdom, reaching from the Straits of Hercules to the mountains of Navarre. But he could only win that moping widow at a price; the price of doing, like John, a jailer's office towards his cousin in her convent cell. His choice was quickly made. He chose the path of profit and disgrace; forgot the dying king's injunctions; set a double watch on Santa Clara; and in asking for the Child of Sin, assured her mother he had seen and loved the princess when she was his nephew's wife!

6. The moping widow was alarmed. At twenty-five she was an aged female; having lost the taste of youth, and only wishing to devote her days to prayer, beneath some convent roof. Even if her heart could fill with love, her uncle Manoel would not be the man whom she could bear to wed. A niece and uncle were forbidden by the law to marry.

Though the Pope might grant a dispensation from the penalties of sin, still sin would be committed, and a woman of her birth and temper shrank from such a course. Already she had too much sin to bear. Nor was the Queen, her mother, less alarmed. Too well she knew what Manoel sought; too well she knew that he would press his suit; too well she knew that if he urged her she would have to yield. A man who held the Excellenta under lock and key had Isabel and all her kingdoms in his grasp. On seeing that the moping widow would not marry, and that Manoel must be gained some other way, the Queen proposed to send her younger daughter, Doña Maria, to the court of Lisbon. Maria was a younger and a prettier woman than her sister; but the King of Portugal would not take the younger and the prettier bride. Maria was the youngest child but one. Three lives already stood between her and the crown; the lives of Juan, Isabel, and Juana. Juan was a pallid youth, now entering on his eighteenth year, and pallid youths of eighteen are not sure to fail. Isabel was hardly twenty-six, and moping widows have been known to make a second choice. Juana, now fifteen, was strong in frame as she was brisk in mind. Whoever failed, Juana seemed a likely girl to live. Maria's chance of coming to the crown was slight, and Manoel hoped to grasp his prize at once. If Doña Isabel had been either dead or under vows, he might have been content

to take the second daughter, Fair Juana, as the next in order to Don Juan, even though this second daughter of the Queen was not a favourite of Dominicans like the Child of Sin.

CHAPTER VIII.

FAIR JUANA.

1496.

1. JUANA, the most lovely, agile, and enlightened of the royal sisters, was in high. disfavour with the brethren of St. Dominic. Juana was of other mood than Isabel. Although she knelt at mass and read her book of saints, she had no fancy for the company of coarse and ignorant friars, and when she listened to the homilies of Fray Andreas, her confessor, it was often with a pouting and impatient face. A beaming eye and baby ways were in her favour; but the Queen, her mother, listening to the monks, grew angry with her wayward child; in whom she saw to her dismay a something of the genius of her liberal brother and the beauty of her uncrowned niece. Nor were her fears without a cause. Suppose her feeble son and moping daughter were to fail? Juana was the next in order of succession, and in course of nature would be Queen of Spain. But how if the religious orders turned against her? Civil war would start afresh. What the religious orders might attempt if they had reason to believe the Church in danger, she was well aware.

The monks were stronger now than in Enrique's days. Besides, there was the royal Nun—a nun who had not taken vows, and who might raise her flag at any time. How would her child be able to resist the popular feeling for her niece? This source of danger must be stopped; and, whether she should bend or break in the experiment, her daughter must be reconciled to that great party which had made her Queen.

2. A sterner spirit than Mendoza sat beside her chair, in Fray Francisco Ximenes, Primate of Castille and Cardinal of Spain. Excepting natural gifts, this friar had scarcely anything in common with Mendoza. He was not of noble birth; he had no taste for luxury; he ate no dainty food; he wore no purple; he disdained to ride on mules. In early life he often wanted bread. His father placed him at the school of Alcala, from which he went to Salamanca, and from thence to Rome, where he had won the eye of Sixtus the Fourth. A prodigy of learning, he had studied with success, not only letters and theology, not only civil law and criminal law, but various Oriental tongues. Yet many years elapsed before the low-born sage could win his way to rank and power. At last, he won them by appearing to reject them. Laying down his poor preferment in the priesthood, he became a brother of the Order of St. Francis in Toledo, where he roused the city by his sermons, and secured her notice by retiring to a convent in a wood.

A crowd went out to see him and confess to him. Mendoza, hearing of a man who lived a holy life and drew the city after him, presented him at court. Ximenes saw his kingdom made. At fifty-six he was confessor to the Queen, at fifty-nine Archbishop of Toledo, and the Cardinal of Spain. At once he stamped his image on the court and on the church. Austere and self-denying, he declared that offices should not be given to those who sought them. 'A request for place,' he said, 'implies either want of modesty or want of merit.' Like the great Dominican in Florence, he commenced reforms on every side; in the religious orders, in the regular clergy, in the convents, in the colleges and schools. He preached the merit of belonging to religious orders. Men who wished to rise became lay brothers of St. Francis; women who desired to shine became lay-sisters of St. Francis. Isabel was a sister. Catalina was a sister. In Mendoza's time a friar bore pike and sword. Ximenes made the fighting-men wear hood and gown. Yet the reform for which his Church has praised Ximenes most, was the example of a holy life. He never bent his eye on woman, and he never grasped at personal wealth. On every side he kept his vow, and lived as he had sworn to live, obedient, chaste, and poor.

3. This priest, whose errors were the outcome of his virtues, was resolved on winning over the Mohammedan people of Granada to the faith of Christ. Fernando had agreed in his capitulations

with the citizens to respect their customs, laws, and creeds; and he was not unwilling to maintain his royal pledges. It was hardly safe to rouse the passions of the conquered race. Some risings had already taken place, in consequence of a flagrant breach of the conditions made between the Moors and the Castillian Knights. But then Ximenes had not signed that treaty with the Moors, nor was he bound by what the knights had signed. At first, he tried a gentle treatment. Sending for the learned Moors, he made them fervid speeches, and presented them with costly gifts. Some few he won by speech and gift; but with the hard of heart he tried the virtue of arrest, confinement, and starvation. As the work went slowly forward, he imagined he might gain his ends by burning all the Moorish books. Then came a deed which rivalled and revenged the act of Omar in the capital of Egypt. From afar and near he gathered in the treasures of Arabian learning—books of science, books of poetry, books of travel, books of history—original, adapted and translated—and in tens of thousand burnt them all!

4. Austere and jealous, he committed Doña Juana to a body of observant friars, with Fray Andreas at their head. Andreas undertook the task of bringing her into a better frame. A stiff and swarthy man, who boasted that he was not worth a pin, and yet was happier with his mouldy crust than kings who dined on costly meat and wines, he locked the princess in her chamber, read to her the lives of saints, and took

away some portion of her daily food. He put her under penance, and at last he broke her to his will. But she was cowed, not crushed. A sullen fire was burning in her heart; she yielded only in her words; and Isabel, her mother, no less troubled by the peril of her state on earth than by the danger to her soul in heaven, grew sore in heart against her beautiful and petulant child.

5. This stage of suffering ended with Juana's marriage to the Austrian Archduke, Philip the Fair; a fact that was to change the course and aspect of events, to plant a German dynasty on the throne of Spain, and lay the platform for a universal empire under Charles the Fifth.

CHAPTER IX.

SPANISH MARRIAGES.

1496.

1. When Charles of France, rejecting Marguerite and marrying Duchess Anne, had challenged Germany to mortal strife, Fernando, seizing on the moment of imperial frenzy, had proposed a league of Spain and Germany against the French. It was to be a large and lasting league; a bond between their houses and their kingdoms; so that what was done by King and Kaiser should be carried forward by their sons and by their sons' sons through all coming time. Juan, Prince of the Asturias, was to marry Marguerite, the bright and witty creature driven away by Charles; while Philip, Archduke of Austria, was to wed Juana, fairest daughter of the house of Spain. Fernando meant to marry Germany as he had married Portugal. If Max were made a partner in his crime against his cousin, the Señora Excellenta, nothing need be feared from her. If Marguerite were Queen of Spain, as Juan's bride, the Emperor would become as much a partner in that crime as John of Portugal had been. The Emperor had listened to these Spanish offers with

a greedy sense. To marry provinces and kingdoms was the habit of his house :—

> Bella gerant alii, tu felix Austria nube
> Nam quæ Mars aliis, dat tibi regna Venus!

2. Fernando made things pleasant at the Austrian court. Max had no money to bestow on Marguerite; yet feared to let the Spaniards get a footing in the Netherlands and on the Alps. Artois and Franche Comté ought never to be parted from the empire. If the French had carried out their treaty these important provinces would have gone to France but having got them back from Charles, the Emperor feared to let them fall into another hand. Yet Marguerite could hardly go without a portion let her marry whom she might. Fernando showed the Kaiser how to marry his child without giving her a ducat or an acre. Let there be a pure exchange of brides. Let each forego the woman's share. More knight than emperor, Max snapt at the proposal, for the chief advantage of the bargain lay with him. His daughter was to enter Spain without a portion; and Juana was to enter Germany without a portion; so far King and Kaiser stood in line. But Marguerite was to yield her artificial interest in the coronets of Artois and Franche Comté, while Juana could not yield her natural interest in the crowns of Aragon and Castille.

3. Doña Juana sailed for Flanders, and the fleet which bore her from Laredo carried the Archduchess Marguerite to Spain. Philip the Fair, a youth with

yellow hair and light blue eyes, whose beauty was a little marred by his long Austrian lip, received his bride with rapture, and was true to her a summer day. The bridal feast was spread at Lille, and artists of all nations were employed to celebrate the nuptial rites. Juana found at Ghent a liberal church, with priests who laughed at friars, who read the newly-printed books, and preached the free theology in vogue among the French. As yet she saw no writing on the wall; but sharp and menacing eyes were turned on her from Santa Cruz. Don Juan and Marguerite were married in the town of Burgos, with a more than royal state. The pale and sombre boy was smitten by the wit and beauty of his bride, a girl who laughed and sang the live-long day; but his confessor and his almoner, brethren of St. Dominic and St. Francis, were alarmed by Marguerite's happy ways, so different from the stiff and dismal habits of the Spanish court. The boy, who never breathed the air of freedom and enjoyment till he met his airy consort, fell into a trance of dizzy and delighted love.

4. While all these bridal feasts were on, the King of Portugal pressed his suit in terms which could no longer be put off with words. He would not have the younger girl. He wanted Isabel, and would not be denied. The moping widow, listening to the counsels of her mother, put him to a test. He said he loved her; would he make a sacrifice for her? A lover would do anything to gain the

woman of his choice. What would he do for her? Would he forget for her the liberal passion of his youth and yield his conscience to the brethren of St. Dominic? If so, she would accept his hand. But he must give a striking proof of his submission to the order. He must set aside the noblest act of John, and drive the Jews from Portugal as thoroughly as they had been expelled from Spain. A fearful test; but not a test of love! He felt no love, and had to make no sacrifice for love. His yearnings were for crowns. He cared no more for Doña Isabel than he had cared for Lady Anne. Could he destroy for his ambition twenty thousand happy homes? Could he drive out a hundred thousand men and women from his kingdom? Could he force into his caravels, to sail they knew not why and whither, multitudes of aged men, of innocent girls, and unoffending babes?

5. To Manoel's shame he yielded to the woman's bait. A royal edict bade the Jews depart from Portugal. No one, however great in science and in favour, was to lag behind. Zacuto had to quit his globes; Aboab had to carry off his scrolls. Scant time was given them to prepare for exile. Such as had not gone in time were to be seized, baptized, and marked as converts. The Dominicans hoped to catch a crowd of laggers, and in order to delay their going they were forced to leave the country from a single port. The roads were rough, the caravels were few. Young children sickened on the road

and died. A few of the unhappy race were left behind; the sick, the aged, and the halt; yet even these were few; for in this awful scene, which Usque calls a final Exodus, the rich and vigorous helped the poor and weak. At length they got on board their ships. At sea, they parted company; some going north towards Flanders, others dropping south towards Africa, and many running up the midland sea to Venice and the Grecian Isles. To Portugal they left a bitter and abiding curse.

6. The Jews being ousted from his kingdom, Manoel claimed his price, the first-born child of Spain. Although her marriage with his nephew had been called a 'curse,' he would not wait for her one day beyond his time. To get her, he had parted from his friend Zacuto. Caring more for science than for anything on earth save rule and government, he had robbed his country of the lights of learning and the masters of finance and industry in order to obtain her hand. A gambler who had staked his fortune on a throw, could not have been more anxious to possess his gains. The moping widow was obliged to yield. With heavy heart she bade her sisters, Catalina and Maria, her adieux, and rode with her parents to the frontier city of Valencia, where she gave the King of Portugal her frigid hand and lifeless heart. He made no fuss about his love, but took her for the prize she was; a woman only one remove from twenty crowns. In wedding her, he wedded her contingent claims.

With neither royal feast nor public show, with neither private hope nor personal love, the child of sin, the curse of Portugal, took her rank and place as Manoel's wife. Her parents were content; Fernando that the royal Nun was safe, and Isabel that the Hebrews were expelled. But while they ate the nuptial feast, the curse began to work around them. Riders came in haste from Salamanca, whither Juan had repaired, with news that he had fallen sick. A chill, a fever, and a wasting sickness were upon him. The physicians were in mortal fear, and if the King and Queen desired to see their son alive, they must be up and in the saddle ere the morning broke!

Book the Sixth.

PRINCESS OF WALES.

CHAPTER I.

CATALINA.

1497.

1. In these great matches with the Empire, England, Portugal, and Flanders, Catharine's parents touched the zenith of their fortunes. They could stretch their hands from sea to sea. The Caliphs of Granada were expelled. The liberal party in Castille was crushed. Their Holy Office was at work in every part of Spain. A Genoese adventurer was adding unknown regions to their empire in the west. Their troops had entered Naples and supported Rome. They had redeemed their duchies in the Pyrenees. By giving Isabel to Manoel they had sealed their frontier, satisfied the brethren of St. Dominic, and locked the gates of Santa Clara on their niece. By giving Catharine to the Prince of Wales, they had secured an ally who could hold the French in check. By marrying Juan to the

Kaiser's daughter they had brought the Empire into close connexion with their house; by marrying Juana to the Archduke Philip they had given their grandson an imperial throne.

2. Maria, now fifteen, was with her sister Catalina, upwards of eleven, at the Alhambra, living in their golden cage. Maria, though refused by Manoel as a younger child, was kept by Isabel, her mother, in reserve. The policy of Spain required a daughter of the reigning house to be in Portugal, and if the moping widow failed them, who, except Maria, could be sent to Lisbon in her place? Maria was reserved. With Catalina everything seemed fixed. She wore her English name; she was the bride of Arthur of Winchester; she urged against her mother's priests the wishes of her future lord.

3. Ximenes, Cardinal of Spain, admitted Catharine as a sister of the Order of St. Francis, and exacted from her childish lips the customary vows. She bound herself by oath to give back all ill-gotten goods, to live in peace with every one, to spend her days in works of charity, to eat no costly food, to wear no personal gauds, to serve the poor and sick, to teach the ignorant, and to live in palaces the life she might have had to live in convent-cells. These vows were hard to keep, and Catharine never tried to keep them. How, among the ruins of Granada, could a child restore ill-gotten goods? How, in the midst of burning pyres, could she devote her time to acts of

mercy? Fasting was a form of piety for which she nursed a strong dislike; the greater since the father of Prince Arthur, wishing her to be stout of frame, had begged her mother to allow her wine at meals. In sultry Spain, the luxury of earth is water. Wine is fire, and in a caliph's chamber wine is a forbidden drink. But Henry had informed the Queen of Spain that if the Princess was to live in London, she must learn betimes to live on wine.

4. At ten she could not speak a word of either French or English. Henry was enraged at this neglect. Himself a scholar, his sons were being taught whatever it was well for kings and dukes to learn. André, the blind French poet, was appointed to the post of Arthur's tutor. André was a learned man, but learned men were not as yet familiar with Castillian. Save a trader here and there, no Englishman could speak that language. How would Arthur court her? How would Henry and his ministers advise her? How could people come to her on business, courtesy, and service? Would she like to have interpreters between her husband and herself? A separate language meant a separate household; for a princess who could speak no language but Castillian, must provide herself with Spanish servants; a confessor, a dueña, and a keeper of the privy purse. Her servants would be strangers in the land. How would the Prince, her husband, rule these foreign servants in his house? If Catharine could be got to England in her early teens,

much trouble might be saved, as she would learn to be an English girl before she would be called an English queen. But in Granada neither King nor Queen was yet aware how far the treaty would be carried out. 'All former treaties are annulled,' was still Fernando's principle. When circumstances led him to propose a second treaty, with a marriage of the Prince of Wales and Princess Catharine as the binding article,—a treaty with the Pope, the Emperor, the King and Queen of Spain, the Doge of Venice and the Duke of Milan—it was agreed between the two Kings that Arthur of Winchester should marry Catharine of Aragon when he came of age, and that the Princess Catharine should be sent to London at the age of twelve. But in the drawing of his articles, Fernando made mistakes of fact which helped him to evade his pledge. He stipulated that his daughter should be sent to England when the Prince of Wales was fourteen years of age, and she was twelve; a date which never could arrive, since she was ten months older than the Prince. This error helped Fernando to detain her three years longer than the stipulated time.

5. When Henry took his place as member of the Holy League, he was already strong enough to make his terms with Germany and Spain. A dozen years of peace had given a vast expansion to his means. His treasury was full; his fleets were strongly manned. In every shire his musters were at drill. A capable and active officer had put his

ordnance into working order. The factions had been curbed, if not effaced. The Welsh, so long estranged, were coming into better mood. The Irish septs were quiet, and if knight and kerne still quarrelled in the old domain, they seldom turned their arms against the crown. With Scotland not much progress had been made; for Stirling was a nest of French intrigues, and Arthur's contract with the Spanish princess was opposed by France. But Scotland was a nuisance which the King could use in reckoning with the league. On joining Kaiser, King and Pope, he asked to be excepted from those articles which obliged the leaguers to support each other by a fixed number of men. They yielded to his terms. He asked to be excepted from the article which bound all leaguers to contribute certain sums. Again they yielded to his terms. He asked to be excepted from the article which compelled the leaguers to maintain an army ready to repel aggressions. And again they yielded to his terms. Fernando's blotted line, 'All former treaties are annulled,' was turned by him against the Spaniards, and the treaty of alliance was renewed on terms more favourable to the English crown.

6. 'If Henry joins the League all other members will defend him in his states against every one who seeks to do him harm,' Fernando wrote to Puebla while the King was pausing ere he signed. A rumour reached the King of Spain that French ecclesiastics were in London, striving to seduce the

King by offers of a princess for his son with a far richer dowry than Catalina was to have. The tale was true; for Charles, being pressed on every side, was eager to connect his fortunes with so strong a friend. At once Fernando wrote to London: 'Let the King beware of these French offers; such a match as that proposed would light a flame in England that would quickly burn up Henry and his whole estate.' Events near home were lending a most serious meaning to Fernando's promises and threats, for Richard, Duke of York, was in the field again, supported by the personal efforts and the whole resources of the King of Scots. Again the factions were astir. Again the borders were disturbed, and many of the border chiefs were plotting with the Rose of York. No man could say how soon the storm would burst, how far the ravage might extend. All Henry's hopes of a pacific union of the nations seemed to melt away, and in the place of sending to the north his doves of peace, he must unkennel and unslip his dogs of war. Fernando and his allies had the power to help him and to thwart him in a policy the nearest to his heart.

CHAPTER II.

KING OF SCOTS.

1497.

1. ERE Henry joined the Holy League French agents had been sent to Leith, where James was but too eager in their master's cause. For France had always been his patron; and whenever England was at war, her border lay exposed to sudden raids. Some Scots were burning to recover Berwick; more were bent on lifting kine and sheep. To James, the port of Berwick was what Calais was to Charles; an open portal into his estate. Not fifteen years ago that portal lay in Scottish hands; but while the country had been struggling with Albany, an English force had slipt into the town, and could not be expelled. In strength, in shipping, in revenue, Berwick had been a shield of safety and a mine of riches to the northern crown. To get this fortress back, the Scots were ready to engage in war, and since the titular Duke of York agreed to yield that fort, if James would help him to obtain his crown, a bargain was arranged between the King and Duke. The Rose of York appeared at Stirling, and the Scottish cryers ran into the hills with pipe and torch,

announcing that the King was girding on his sword, and calling on the clans to arm. These clans were but too eager for a raid which promised them free quarters in a comfortable English shire.

2. Like every one who met him, James was fascinated by the Rose of York, and his relations with the young pretender ripened into close and passionate regard. James took the stranger to his heart, as well as to his house. He carried him through his towns as something nearer than a royal guest. He put his cousin, Catharine Gordon, in his way, and when the Duke, enchanted by her grace and loveliness, proposed to her in one of the prettiest love-letters in the world, James gave away this daughter of a line of kings to Richard, Duke of York, with rapture. Lady Catharine was a bright and delicate woman, whom her enemy, the Tudor prince, respected for her sense even more than for her miseries; yet her princely instincts never warned her that the husband of her fancy was a low-born churl. She took him, in the 'purple light of youth;' she gave her heart into his keeping; and she clung to him through all the tempests of his life. Events had no effect on Lady Catharine's love. Great princes might betray her lord; but Catharine could not change her mind. She never doubted that her partner was King Edward's younger son.

3. Old spears were dragged from wall and gate; old swords were cleaned and ground; old guns were were dragged from tower and yard; and the clans-

men gathered from the farthest isles. A ship brought men and arms from Duchess Margaret. An agent came from France, professing a desire to mediate, but secretly intending to assist the King of Scots and Duke of York. Some border families—Nevills, Dacres, Herons—sent to hail the Duke, and James concluded from these merry openings that his guest had but to show his face across the border for the English towns to rise. How little either of them knew about those border lands!

3. His feet on English ground, the Rose of York put out a proclamation in the name of Richard the Fourth, denouncing Henry Tudor as a Welshman, and his councillors as low-born caitiffs. Richard Fox and William Smith, Reginald Bray and Thomas Empson, were among these low-born caitiffs; Fox and Smith being bishops, Bray and Empson councillors and knights. Henry Wyat, Keeper of the Jewels, William Hatcliffe, Secretary of the Exchequer, and Oliver King, Bishop of Bath and Wells, were all denounced by name. Henry was proclaimed a murderer and usurper, a taxer of the people, and an enemy of the Church. The 'King' was lavish of his promises of a happier rule; but in the border shires these promises were read in the wild light of blazing farms. Then English blood grew hot against a man who came to free them with a gang of Flemings, French, and Scots. The people rose. A border war broke out; a war conducted in the border style. Being masters in the open field,

the clansmen wreaked their rage on farm and peel, until the Duke, distracted by the riot, turned his face away in shame from men whose only deeds were lifting cattle in his name and tossing stolen liquor in his cause. But when he checked them, they began to waver in their faith. Even James indulged a sneer at his expense. 'Yea, I would rather lose my crown,' said Richard; 'than secure it by such means.' 'My cousin,' James replied, 'is too solicitous for the welfare of a nation that hesitates to acknowledge him as either a subject or a king.'

4. An English army under Dacres was assembling in their front; an army which the clansmen could not meet in fight. A wasted country offered but a poor support to hungry men. Should they advance on Yorkshire, or retreat behind the Pentland hills? The Duke and Lady Catharine urged the King, their cousin, to advance. But James, who saw that Richard was no warrior, also saw that England would not rise. A woman called him to her bower at Stirling, and the flighty monarch wheeled about and fled. In hurrying through the Cheviot hills, a poorer, thirstier rabble than before, the clansmen shouted to the winds that some one had betrayed them to their English foes. Those men were wrong. Not one, but many, had betrayed them to their English foes. Half Stirling was in Henry's pay. The Bishop of Moray had agreed to help the English in repelling Richard, Duke of York. Buchan, a son of the Black Knight of Lorn, and Joan,

Queen-widow of James the First, had taken service in the English court. Bothwell had asked for English gold. The Duke of Ross, a younger brother of the King, was on the English side, so far as such a boy could be on any side. A party in the court, aware of Henry's plans for a pacific union of the crowns, was bent on thwarting York. Some friends of Ross proposed to send him to the English court. Buchan and Bothwell formed a plot to steal by night to the Pretender's camp, to seize his person as he lay asleep, and bear him to the nearest English town. In every quarter Richard and his wife had secret foes to watch and foil. They had no funds. They were indebted to the King of Scots for bread. They had no friends save such as youth and misery brought them. They were weak and human. Richard could not look on fire and blood without a wish to yield his claims, if giving up his rights would save the waste of life. His tenderness had weakened the invading force, disturbed his intercourse with James, and driven from him the Highland clans.

5. Of all his foes, the most adroit was Pedro de Ayala, envoy from the King of Spain. By marrying Lady Catharine, he had made Fernando the most deadly of his foes; for if he now succeeded in his claim, another Catharine would be Queen of England, and another family would supply a race of English kings. Since Henry had become a member of the League, it was Fernando's cue to stand by him; and Stirling having now

become a nest of French intrigues, he chose to plant an agent in the Scottish court. This agent was a priest, a proto-notary, and a man of family, who knew the world even better than he knew the Church. In dress, in manner, and in speech, Ayala was a contrast to the lame comedian at the English court. A gentleman of handsome person and engaging tongue, he found a way to every heart. He hired a goodly house; he kept a delicate table; and by scattering presents to his right and left, he made a friend in almost every house. He noted Scot and Scotland with a cunning eye. By sparkling wit and pleasant ways, the Spanish proto-notary soon became a favourite of all parties in the Scottish capital; and that in spite of what they called, and very justly called, a recent insult to their King and state.

6. When Puebla had first come to London, he had been instructed to inquire about the Scots; what kind of men they were; what sort of land they lived in; how they could be turned to good account by Spain. Fernando's aims on England had compelled him to consider Scotland. Scotland was the friend of France. If Henry could be got to throw an army into Normandie, the Scots were sure to hurl their clans across the Tweed, and half the English forces would be wanted to repel these inroads on the northern shires. If Scotland could be made to keep the peace through Spanish means, Fernando would be still more

powerful at the English court. So Puebla had been told to ask if James would wed Juana, daughter of Fernando by his Catalan mistress. He had imagined Scotland as a savage waste; but he had learned to his surprise that Scotland was a civilized kingdom, that her ruler was a poet and a soldier, that her peasantry were high in mood, and that her nobles were as ancient and as haughty as the dukes and counts of Spain. How could he name Fernando's offer of his Catalan daughter to the King of Scots? Not daring to propose that James should wed a bastard, he had dropt the question of Juana's birth, and let the King of Scots imagine he was treating for a daughter of the King and Queen. A comedy of errors had been played for many months; a false Juana and a true Juana threading in and out; till James had heard from other quarters that the girl he talked of wedding was contracted to the son of Max. At once, he had inquired of Puebla, and the cripple, in reply to James, had reached the highest of his many flights. No doubt, he had replied to James, there was a new Juana in the field, who was to marry Philip, son of Max; but Philip was to wed the second, not the first; the first and best Juana had been kept for James. Both girls, he had assured the court, were daughters of Fernando; both were born in wedlock; both were heiresses of all his crowns. But James would have the elder-born. According to the canon's story, everything seemed

clear. Before Fernando married Isabel, he had been married to the Catalan lady, and the princess, being the elder-born, might live to wear the crowns of Aragon, Sicily, Sardinia, and the whole of their dependent duchies. James had seized his offer, and appointed envoys to proceed to Spain, while Puebla, laughing in his cloak, had written joyously to say how thoroughly he had gulled the King of Scots.

7. Unhappily his masters had not read his letters in the proper light. They had their doubts whether James was such a fool as Puebla thought him. Puebla had said the Scots would be a little hot; but savage heat soon cools; and when their hands had touched the Spanish silver they would say no more about the Catalan lady's birth. But how, the King and Queen had asked, could they prevent the truth being told? How, too, were they to be assured that James would pocket the affront? To them the lie had seemed a grave affair; and though they praised the cripple for his wit, they had not seen their way to make a profit by his falsehoods. 'You have acted for the best,' they had assured him, in reply to his disclosures; 'yet it was not prudent to assert that Doña Juana is a legitimate daughter of Fernando. You should tell the truth before the Scotch ambassadors leave their country. Seeing by what roads they have to come, some one will surely tell them. Even we ourselves should have to tell the truth at last.' If, when he understood this matter,

James had been content to take the Catalan for a wife, they would have given her heaps of ducats; and as James was short of money, they had hoped he might go forward in the match. 'Her dowry shall be doubled if the King will wed her.' But they had not thought of giving him a daughter of the royal house. On Puebla hinting that they might do well to let him have Maria, they had said with brazen front, 'If James expects to get a princess, you must put him off with lies. A plain refusal of his suit from us would drive him over to the French.'

CHAPTER III.

RICHARD THE FOURTH.

1497.

1. SEVEN years had passed since this rebuff was given, yet James had never smoothed his brow towards Spain. Ayala had to clear the ground. He had to get this prince, the warmest friend of France, to look at men and things through Spanish eyes. It was no easy task, and yet the Spanish priest soon found a way to work. The King was low in mood; in part from failure in the war; in part from fear of Henry; and in part from a mishap in love. Ayala soothed and cheered him. An ambassador from a mighty prince, he spoke to James as though he were an Emperor; suggesting brides for him, as though a King of Scots could pick a wife from any family in the world. The King was young, with several amours on his hands. Ayala found one mistress in the palace, and another in a country house. Bonny Margaret Drummond was the reigning toast, but Lady Janet Kennedy disturbed her empire in the King. There had been many more. 'The noble families,' said Ayala, 'favoured his intrigues in order to procure advantages for them-

selves.' Ayala led him to renounce these evil courses, and to turn his thoughts towards marriage with a lady of some royal house. Doña Maria, then at the Alhambra, Princess Margaret, then at Sheen, were held before his eyes as ladies of the highest birth, who might be asked to share his throne. James listened to a guest whose words made music in his veins. A match with Spain would fill his heart with pride; a match with England might result in giving his posterity the English crown.

2. At first, Ayala was not clear about his master's game. If he had given Maria to the King of Scots Berwick might have been to-day a border town, and Scotland might have been to England all that Portugal has been to Spain. But she could not be spared for Stirling. 'Then, if James is not to have Maria,' wrote Ayala, 'he will turn his eyes towards Margaret.' That was in Fernando's thoughts; and that was what Ayala was instructed to secure. 'A truce, a peace, a marriage, and a crown,' were the alluring prizes which Ayala was to dangle in the eyes of James, who soon began to see his duty with Ayala's eyes. If pride forbade him to desert a prince who had become a member of his house, his arm grew slacker in the cause with every turn of thought and every pause of speech. His rage for rushing through the Cheviots cooled. He listened to the men who spoke of peace, and though the Rose of York received from him the honours of a

prince, sharp eyes could see amidst the cheer some signs that his affairs were hastening to their fall.

3. Ayala sailed for London with a secret mandate from the King, his master, in his belt, appointing him ambassador at the English court, and noting him to Henry as a man of special trust. Fernando had resolved to bring about a truce between the English and the Scottish Kings, and even to prepare a union of the greater with the lesser crown. Ayala was the man for this pacific work. That Puebla would be jealous of their envoy was foreseen by Isabel, who tried to soothe him by a string of lies. Ayala was her minister to James, but not to Henry, she explained. His letters were a sham, and only to be shown in case he fell into some cruiser's snare. When he was safe on shore, he was to tear them up. But Puebla murmured, that this agent stayed in London, and was constantly in Henry's closet. She affected to be angry at Ayala having left his proper post, and threw the blame on Henry, who appeared, she said, to exercise a sort of fascination on the protonotary. But Puebla was to carry on his business, as before Ayala came, and write to her in greater detail. When the cripple had been lulled by specious words, she sent two spies to London, with instructions to observe his ways of life, to see what place he held, and find out anything they could against him. Fray Johannes de Matienzo, sub-prior of Santa Cruz, and Sancho de Londoño, knight and soldier, were these spies.

4. Ayala was a man to take the eye and catch the ear of Henry; for his person and his purpose were exactly to the royal mind. A truce, a peace, and after peace a match, were what he wished to bring about. Constructive in his genius, he had dreamed of that arrangement of the border strife, and once at least he had been ready with his treaty. When Ayala hinted that the swiftest way to crush the Rose of York was to arrange with James, he found the King familiar with his line of thought. Already, by his Welsh and Irish policy, he had taken some preliminary steps towards founding one great monarchy on British soil. The end was still far off; but he had partly cleared the ground, and shown the masons where to build. To found that monarchy, a reconciliation of the Welsh and a conciliation of the Irish were not all; the Scots must come into the union; and a hundred years of war had proved to every man of sense that Scotland was a country never to be won by force of arms. Alliance might succeed. But how were they to move? It was for James to sue. The King of Scots denied his title, entertained a rival 'king,' and led his clans across the Tweed. Pride, anger, and revenge, the fiercest passions of the human heart, inflamed his border shires, and any treating with the Scots, except by sword and brand, might stir up swarms of foes whom he could ill afford to brave. Apart from passion, every one could see the value of a truce and match. Ayala knew the case of

Portugal. If Spain could give her daughter to a Portuguese for peace, why should not England give her daughter to a Scot for peace?

5. Ayala was allowed to feel his way with James, but only if he spoke as working on ideas of his own. On going back to Leith, he found his friend the King of Scots depressed in mind. A raid on Norham, which he fancied he could take asleep, was helping him to see his duties as Ayala saw them. Norham was a castle on the Tweed, then occupied by Bishop Fox. A few days' notice of the Scots' approach sufficed for Fox, who called in men, and put his guns in order. When the clans came storming up the bank, he met them with a hail of shot that broke their companies into spray, and drove them down the steep in headlong rout. Much sobered by his check, the King began to treat of terms. 'Surrender Perkin,' said the Bishop. 'Never!' answered James; 'I am no judge of whether he be Duke of York or not; but I received him as a suppliant; I married him to my kinswoman; I believed he was a prince; and cannot sell him for my personal gain.' The prudent bishop took what he could get. A truce was signed, and articles of peace were sketched; but Henry would not listen to a word so long as James consented to protect the Rose of York.

6. Ayala worked on James; and James, though much against his will, suggested to his guest, that, since the English would not rise in his behalf, and

since the Scots had done their best for him, he would do well to seek some other home, and try his chances on some other coast. All forms of courtesy were still observed with him. His rank was recognised, his escort found, his table served, his pension paid; but he was told in many a sigh and gesture, that the time had come for him to leave. If Lady Catharine chose to go with him, she should be free to go. The Scots believed in him, but they had done their utmost in his cause, and were not bound to waste their country for the House of York. A ship was fitted out for sea; some smaller barks were added for his men. His consort went on board with him; and in the midst of sad adieux, the youth whom every one in Scotland, from the King to his obscurest page, believed to be King Edward's son, set sail from Ayr.

It was Fernando's breath that drove him out.

CHAPTER IV.

MORE WHITE ROSES.

1497.

1. THE Rose of York and his adoring wife were not the only Roses to be clipt. Of Arthur's rivals, there was hardly one to whom, in other days, Fernando would have scrupled to transfer his child. A red Rose and a white Rose were to him the same; but he had now made up his mind to win on Henry's son. All other Roses, therefore, were but thorns and briers, to be removed as Carlos and Pacheco were removed. If Catharine sailed for England, she must come to share an undisputed throne. All rivals of the Prince of Wales must disappear.

2. The first in blood was Edward, Earl of Warwick, son of George, the murdered Duke of Clarence. Cousin to the Queen, he stood behind her and her sisters in the legal order; but the right of females to succeed in person was denied in fact, if not in law; and after Catharine Gordon's husband, all the Yorkists looked on Edward as their rightful prince. A weak and inoffensive youth, his name alone was dangerous to the King; a soldier with no sounder

title than a battle won by mercenary bands; but he was saved from hurting any one, and most of all from injuring himself. He was a prisoner in the Tower. When Simnel rose in Dublin, and announced himself as Edward, Earl of Warwick, Henry had put the true Plantagenet under guard, and as the times grew perilous, had prepared for him a lodging in the pile so fatal to his race. The partizans of Simnel called the prisoner an impostor; and these partizans of Simnel are not yet extinct. Ten years he had been kept in durance. Happier than his father and his cousin, Edward, last male prince of the Plantagenets, was 'forgotten' in the Tower.

3. The next in blood came Edmond, Earl of Suffolk, son of Lady Bessie, eldest sister of King Edward and King Richard. Lady Bessie had married John de la Pole, second Duke of Suffolk, to whom she had borne five sons and four daughters; all of whom stood high in favour with their uncle Richard, and were placed by him in close succession to the crown. A violent age and an unsettled law had given the reigning prince a voice in choosing who should follow him; and Richard, on his son's demise, had fixed on John de la Pole, his sister's eldest son, as heir-presumptive to the throne. No other choice was left. The son of Clarence stood before him, but the son of Clarence was attainted by his father's crime. The daughters of King Edward had been set aside. John de la Pole was next in blood, and being a dashing soldier, seemed

the fittest prince to carry on the line of York. The highest post in Richard's gift, the Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland, had been conferred on him. Nor had his younger brothers been forgotten. Humphrey, having taken orders, had been made a prebendary of St. Paul's, and Edward, having also taken orders, an Archdeacon of Richmond, in the diocese of York. These rich and stately posts were but the steps by which they were to reach the pastoral staff and cardinal's hat. His sister, Lady Anne, had been engaged to James, the heir-apparent of the King of Scots. Had fortune turned against the mercenary bands at Bosworth, John de la Pole and Lady Anne would have worn the English and the Scottish crowns. That battle had destroyed the House of Pole.

4. By bending to the storm, the Duke had saved some portion of a mighty wreck. A thrifty son of thrifty Yorkshire fathers, Pole had trimmed his sail and got his bark to port; and having in his veins no royal blood, had been allowed to keep his money and his ducal rank. But the Plantagenet yeast being strong within his sons, they could not brook their fall from princely state and regal hope. The King had been disposed to treat them kindly. He had called them to his councils, and was willing to regard them as a younger branch. But John, so lately heir, was rash and restless, and while courting Henry's smiles, had entered into plots against his crown and life. Afraid of fortune, he

had fled to Flanders, where his aunt, the Duchess Margaret, gave him shelter, till he crossed the sea to Ireland, where he still affected to be Lord Lieutenant, though that office had been given by Henry to his uncle Jasper. Pole had sworn that Simnel was his cousin Edward, Earl of Warwick, the legitimate heir of Richard's crown. In Simnel's service he had landed, fought, and fallen.

5. Attainders having swept away the family estate, his younger brother, Edmond, was too poor to hold his rank as duke, and had to sell his patent to the crown. The King bestowed on him the rank of earl, and strove to win him over to his side. Pacific and inventive, it was Henry's care to live in peace with all the Yorkist princes, if the Yorkist princes would accept him as their king. He lost in many ways by lodging Warwick in the Tower; and Edmond de la Pole at court, in seeming favour, was a sign that Henry had some cause beyond the jealousy of a rival prince, for keeping Warwick under watch and ward. Young Pole was near the King, and treated as a cousin by the Prince of Wales. When Henry was created Duke of York, his cousin Pole was foremost in the feast and dance, and took from Queen Elizabeth's hands a handsome ring. Desiring all the world to note how much he trusted Pole, the King went down to his house in Ewelme, near Wallingford, where he deigned to sleep beneath his rival's roof. Yet Pole was very bitter in his heart against the King. His

loss of rank and fortune galled him. He had fallen in the world; not only far below his birth, but even below his father's birth. The Poles had held the rank of Duke and Marquis fifty years; yet he, whose mother was a princess of the blood, must walk behind my Lord of Bucks! Young, rash, and false, Pole needed to be watched by curious eyes, and kept in bounds by many unseen hands.

6. From Ayr the Rose of York stood over for the Irish coast, where he imagined every knight and kerne would rise on his approach. But Ireland was no longer what she had been in her lawless days. The reins were held in English hands; the team was driven with English strength. Repelled from port to port, the fugitive found no inch of ground on which to set his feet. He knocked at many gates, and found no entrance till he sighted County Cork. John Walters and the citizens of Cork were staunch, but in the higher regions every one seemed changed. By clemency and humour Henry had begun to win upon the Irish fancy. Poynings had repaired to London, leaving Father Henry in his post, and Father Henry had in turn retired in favour of Kildare. An Anglo-Irish chief was ruling Dublin, and an English lady, cousin to the King, was governing that Anglo-Irish chief. Kildare having now become a loyal officer, his kith and kin were suitors to the Countess of Kildare for place and pay. Even Desmond, rallying for the King, rode down to Cork, and tried to snare

the man for whom he had so lately risked his head. A fleet ran out from Waterford, which city had not yet forgiven the fugitive, and anchored in the Cove of Cork. As foes were coming up by sea and land, the titular Duke and Duchess stood in peril of their lives, until the faithful Walters counselled them to fly while any road lay open for escape. At dead of night, he and his son put them in a skiff, fell down the river Lee, and passing through the ships at anchor, sailed with them for a deserted rock called Leprous Island, lying off the headland of Kinsale.

CHAPTER V.

CLEARING THE GROUND.

1497–9.

1. WHAT port was open to the fugitives from Cork? What mayor would follow them like Walters? Philip had become so cool, they could not venture on a Flemish harbour. France was closed to them by Charles. They dared not land in Spain; and Venice was too far away. Nor could they rest on Leprous Island, for an English fleet was on their track. In something like despair, they listened to a voice from Cornwall, where the Celtic commons had been lately in a discontented mood. A Spanish bark was at their service, for the Spanish skippers gave their ready help to any Rose of York. With ninety men on board this Spanish bark, they sailed for Whitesand Bay, and threw themselves on shore. 'Rake-hell,' cried Henry, when he heard the news, 'has landed in the west!' A fleet was instantly despatched to Whitesand Bay. 'We have the knave at last.' A tailor and a smith who joined the Duke of York, informed him how the Cornish men had lately marched to London Bridge, how they had found the King despised, how no man raised a

lance for him, till they were near the Thames. They had no general, and they had to turn, the tailor added; but the King, although he got the better of them in a push of pikes, had hardly dared to press them in retreat. That King was offering them his pardon, but the Cornish men despised him and his gifts. Give them a general and they undertook to crown his rival in a month. The fugitive listened, like a man in desperate fortune, to these foolish tales. Still unaware that he was not a soldier, he secured his consort in St. Michael's Mount, and marching with the tailor and the smith, he reached the town of Bodmin, where a rabble from the mines and hedges came into his camp and hailed him as their king.

2. 'Who serves me now,'. said Henry, more in look than words, 'even though he come in at the eleventh hour, will earn the wages of a day.' A host of men sprang up to serve him; for the blindest partizan of York could see that, whether 'Rake-hell' were Plantagenet or Perkin, he could never more escape. Daubeney marched into the west. The Courtneys and Carews were soon afield. Brooke leapt to horse, and Buckingham put on his mail. A hundred friars went out to help their patron with the spiritual arm. Except that Celtic rabble from the mines and hedges, no one joined the Rose of York; and that poor rabble, in and out of whom a band of friars kept passing, soon began to melt away. A rumour ran among them that the New-Year's

grain and ale were cursed, and all who ate and drank of them were dying in their sins. It was remembered how the Church had censured those who lately marched against the King; the men, the fields, the crops, the granaries; and lo, the corn and malt had all been turned to poison by the wrath of God! Too surely, they were fighting in an unblest cause. They might be stiff in heart and stout in limb, but who was strong enough to wrestle with the unseen powers?

3. Before Daubeney's troops could reach them, they had summoned Exeter to yield, and finding more resistance than a mob could overcome, had turned off north towards Taunton, where the soldiers coming from all quarters of the compass caught them in a belt of steel. The Cornish men were hot for fight, but York grew faint of heart as Daubeney drew nigh. 'A sanctuary!' cried the luckless youth; 'I cannot stay and see my people slain.' He rode to Bewley Abbey, a Cistercian cloister in the New Forest, where the abbot gave him shelter, till the offer of a pardon from the King induced him to come out. No force was needed, for the Church was on the regal side, and rights of sanctuary could be either lengthened or abridged by Rome. The King appeared to speak him fair. His wife, already captured in the west, was at the royal mercy; and the hapless Rose of York had reason to believe that if he yielded his pretensions to the crown, his life and honour would be safe.

4. The fight was done, and could not be renewed. What matter whether he were prince or commoner? By giving up his regal claim, he might regain his freedom and recover the companionship of his wife. On yielding, he would have to own the fraud. But if the King might call him Osbek, he was likely to forgive the rest. The Mayor of Cork and his devoted son were prisoners, and the lives of these true servants hung upon his lips. On saying he was 'Osbek,' he was kindly greeted by the King, who sent for Lady Catharine to his court. The pair were lodged in Henry's house. To Lady Catharine he was kind, for Lady Catharine was not only young and beautiful, but was a cousin of the King of Scots. To keep her from her lord, without appearing to be harsh, he sent her with a message to the Queen, in whose apartments she remained—a royal guest and hostage for her cousin James. 'This youth,' the shrewd Raimondo wrote, 'has vanished into smoke.'

5. Ayala seized the hour of victory to urge his scheme of union. Morton gave him help. Those bishops who were oftenest in Henry's closet, Richard Fox and William Smith, were warm supporters of a Scottish marriage. William Warham, Master of the Rolls, a man of higher reach than either Fox or Smith, and oftener in the privy chamber, also pressed the match. Assured of strong support at Sheen, the Spanish proto-notary rode to Stirling. James had ceased his raids, and every one was

anxious to discuss the English terms. Ayala's object was a secret, and a secret kept so well that even the wily agents of the Signory, who learned that he had some commission from the English King, inferred that he was sent to bring about a match between the Scotch and Spanish courts. James liked Ayala's plan so well, that he appointed him commissioner to the English King; and thus a stranger in the land was actually made ambassador from James to Henry and from Henry to James. A truce was signed, and something better than a truce prepared.

6. Fernando's plans seemed ripening fast, but still those rival Roses were unclipped. A pair of youthful and mysterious guests at court, who were received and lodged like princes, caused Fernando some misgivings. Lady Catharine in the Queen's apartments, always near her person, seemed to him suspicious. Save that 'Osbek' only saw his wife in presence of other parties, he was not restrained. But soon a change came over his affairs. The thought of an escape was put into his head. The road seemed open, if he chose to go. He quitted London in disguise, and was arrested in the act of flight. This flight was given in evidence of a plot against the King. Condemned to public shame, the youth was fastened in a pillory, and when he had been hooted, pitied, and abused, according to the humours of a crowd, he was conveyed into the Tower for safety. From his chamber to a coffin was a step. Beside him in his prison lay that hapless Edward,

son of Clarence, who had been 'forgotten' in the Tower. The keepers let the young men see each other and engage in foolish talk. They were accused of plotting to escape; were tried, condemned, and sentenced to be put to death! Could such a sentence be enforced? With 'Osbek' there was little pause. Stern judges, treating him as an alien, ordered him to be hung on Tyburn tree. He had a promise of his life; but needs of state compelled the council to enforce the law. John Walters and his son, both true to him in life and death, were judged to share his fate. All three were taken in a cart to the accursed spot and hung.

7. With Edward, Earl of Warwick, there was longer pause. Plantagenet had never been in arms; had never claimed the crown; had never plotted to upset the King. An effort to escape from prison was not treason. But the King and Queen of Spain were thirsting for his blood. Plantagenet was to them another Excellenta; and their daughter Catharine could not mount a menaced throne. Few words were said on either side. The times were harsh, and men were used to tragic woes; but secret poisoning was a crime from which the English soul recoiled. Some letters out of Spain were shown, from which the council gathered that the prince must die. Ten months elapsed; but in the last days of November writs were issued for his execution; and a prince of the blood, a prisoner from his youth, was taken from his cell, and hacked to death, in order that Infanta

Catalina might not find a rival near her husband's crown. 'The King,' as Bacon says, 'did not observe that he did bring a kind of malediction on the marriage.' Yet the fact was so. 'The Lady Catharine herself,' the writer adds, 'a sad and religious woman, long after, when King Henry the Eighth's resolution of a divorce from her was first made known to her, used some words that she had not offended, but it was a judgment of God, for that her former marriage was made in blood; meaning that of the Earl of Warwick.'

It was Fernando's axe that clove his neck.

CHAPTER VI.

A HOUSE OF WOE.

1500–1.

1. But while the rope and axe were clearing ground in England for the Princess Catharine to come in, the curse invoked by Hebrew bard and Moorish knight was working in her mother's house in Spain. Don Juan, sickening in his honeymoon, was dead. Too suddenly his soul had filled with Marguerite's light and life. That lady, followed into Spain by crowds of poets, cavaliers, and artists, seemed to have no other care than studying how to make her day one round of festive grace. Her joyous spirits were too high for the reserved and silent youth, whose years had passed in convents, with a secretary of the Inquisition by his side. 'Let them be parted for a time,' his leeches said. 'No, no,' groaned Isabel; 'whom God has joined let no man put asunder.' And the prince had faded from her sight. At Salamanca, fever seized upon his feeble frame. By riding hard, Fernando was in time to see him die, but Isabel had never seen his face again. At nineteen years of age, this heir of twenty crowns was laid in that especial home

of the Dominicans, the convent of Santo Tomas, near Avila, which his mother had erected with a portion of the money she had wrung from Moors and Jews. His widow bore a son, but when this heir of Spain was born, to Isabel's despair the child was dead.

2. Juan and his son being gone, the 'curse of Portugal' stood next in order of succession, and her husband thought he saw within his grasp the diadems for which he had forgotten John's remorse and multiplied the Excellenta's wrongs. The King and Queen of Portugal crossed the frontier into Spain, in order to receive the oaths of fealty, and in other ways secure their future rights. In Seville and the conquered lands they met with no rebuff. Castille, an old and liberal country, made conditions. Aragon, an older and more liberal country, raised the constitutional question as to whether females could succeed. It was a mooted point, and Isabel began to fear that after all her crimes, and after all Fernando's crimes, the union of Castille and Aragon was insecure. If members of the Cortes could dispute her children's birthright while Fernando lived, what would they fear to do when he was dead? She said, in her alarm, it would be better to have done with parley, to dismiss the Cortes, to annul the fundamental pact, and to subdue the country as Granada was subdued. Appeal to codes and rules enraged her, and she longed to hold the kingdom as she held the Caliphate, by force of arms. But even in the

Aljaferia she heard a warning voice. 'We stand upon our oaths, we men of Aragon,' replied Antonio de Fonseca; 'we must look before we leap; for what you ask of us is hard to justify according to our usages and laws.' Worse things than legal questions in the Casa Blanca and disloyal speeches in the Aljaferia were behind. In truth, the kindred of the murdered Friends of Light might well have found some pity for their Queen. While she was wrangling with the deputies over points of law, the object of her care fell sick. Forebodings seized the Child of Sin. She felt and said she was about to die. No bustle at the Aljaferia could rouse her spirits, and in giving birth to her first child she died.

3. Miguel, her orphan son, was heir of Portugal and Spain, of Sicily, Sardinia, part of Naples, both the Indies, and the rest of their dependent states. Though he had lost his consort, Manoel seemed to have secured the object of his reign. A son of his was heir of all the kingdoms from the Straits of Messina to the outer ocean. But the vials were not spent, as yet. Don Miguel withered in his crib and died.

4. Juana, wife of Philip the Fair, was now the heiress, and her infant Karl, an Austrian prince, stood next in order of succession to the King and Queen. The Catholic kingdoms were to pass into a foreign house, and Catholic Spain would know her

native kings no more. Nor was the bitter draught commended to their lips by any grace on Philip's part. That Austrian would not wait for Miguel's death before he took the style of Prince of Castille. Aleady his pretensions were unbearable. Juana, too, was growing every year more liberal. She refused to house her mother's spies. She would not take a Spanish friar from Santa Cruz for her confessor. She declined to live, as Isabel had lived, according to monastic rules. A son of Kaiser Max, the Archduke added to a winsome face a flighty temper and a calculating brain. He was in daily want of coin, and spent his fretful hours in counting up the ducats he would have as King of Spain. He asked the King and Queen for money, power, and recognition. If the King and Queen were slow in granting his requests, he stormed against them and reproached his wife. She was in love with Philip, and she strove to satisfy him, even at her father's cost. Fernando was beginning to regard his son-in-law and daughter with a cold and dangerous kind of fear.

5. Would Manoel now remember John's advice, and seek to vindicate the royal maid? Fernando had two daughters at Granada. That Maria whom the King of Portugal had once rejected, was become, in consequence of all these deaths, a prize. She stood the next in order to Juana. Should Juana's offspring fail, Maria would be Queen of Spain. When Manoel had laid her sister in the grave he sent proposals

for her hand. If his proposals for the elder sister had been treated as a scandal, these advances to Maria seemed no less than infamous. Maria was related to him in the first degree, and marriage in the first degree is contrary to a code which neither pope nor council can suspend. But Isabel had to ask herself the question — what if Manoel were refused? The Excellenta was at Santa Clara; and if Manoel were to marry her, he could throw the country into civil strife. She feared, and had good cause to fear, the chances of a civil war. The whole resources of her realm were taxed. From Sicily and Naples came a daily cry for men, more men. A rising had occurred among the workmen of Granada, which was hardly quelled before a general insurrection broke along the mountain ridges, from the Alpujarras almost to Europa Point. Her armies were so hardly pressed, that she was forced to yield whatever Portugal might choose to ask. A treaty therefore was arranged at the Alhambra, and Maria was conducted to her sister's throne.

6. These risings of the Moors, provoked by shameless violation of the articles of surrender, proved how little had been done towards conquering the conquered race. For weeks the rebels held a quarter of the capital. For weeks they menaced the Alhambra. They were only got to lay aside their arms by promises that every article of the treaty should

be put in force, and every cause of discontent be done away. Ximenes would not keep these promises; and being backed by Isabel, he was converting the disarmed Mohammedans by force. A wail of woe went up from the great city; but the garrison was strong and ready, and Gonsalvo de Cordova was at his post. The gates were closed; the walls and towers were manned; and though the craftsmen chafed, they could not drive the garrisons from these walls and towers. But in the open country, where the garrisons were thin, the people flew to arms and leapt to horse. A dozen fortresses were captured in a week. Gonsalvo marched against them, and at Huescar showed the world what Christian knights could do, by giving up the town to sack, by putting nearly all the men to death, and selling all the rest, together with their wives, for slaves. The rising spread. Fernando had to take the field; and by his sleepless energy had barely pacified the Alpujarras when a still more threatening movement called him to the west. Among the dales and passes of the Red Sierras rising east of Ronda, dwelt a race of warlike Moors, whose rage the King and Queen had striven to calm by promises of strict adherence to the terms of peace. Deceived a dozen times, these mountaineers unfurled their ancient flag. Alonzo, elder brother of Gonsalvo, led an army to the Red Sierras, where the Moors entrapped them in an ambuscade, and routed them with fearful loss.

Alonzo was among the slain. So great a victory sent thrills of terror through the Christian camps. It seemed as if all Islam were about to rise; and should the Sultan carry out his threat, and send an army into Spain, the Caliphs might regain their palace on the hill. Disgusted with the Cardinal, whose breach of faith had caused this loss, the King exclaimed to Isabel, 'Your priest has cost us dear; in a few hours he has thrown away the conquests of our lives.' Again Fernando had to call on everyone for help, and ride away to Ronda, where his troops were gathering in their quarters for a hug of death.

7. The Queen was reeling in her mind. So many graves about her feet, so many ghosts about her bed, so many troubles in her states, were more than mortal frame could bear. Confession ceased to bring her comfort. Acts of Faith no longer roused her spirits. The husband of her youth was causing her the keenest pangs. The two Juanas, one her niece and one her child, were always in her brain. She knew how much the great religious orders feared their future Queen. They had begun to slander her as they had done Enrique's child. If they could hardly touch her birth, they could attack her views. They said she was unsound of faith, and hinted that a girl unsound of faith must also be unsound of mind. With all her dead about her feet, and fretted by the vision of a truant husband

and a disobedient child, the Queen was lonelier in her purple hall at the Alhambra than that niece in Santa Clara whom her acts had buried in a foreign cell.

8. Alone in her secluded chamber, Catharine waited for a signal to depart. Arrangements had been made to celebrate her nuptials in the previous fall. The English King had written to express his joy. A challenge had arrived from English peers and knights to break a lance with any gentlemen of Spain in honour of the match. The Cardinal of England had assumed a special patronage of her union. Arthur had sent his love, expressing his desire to see her, in a pretty note which Padre Alessandro could translate. The King, by crossing to his town of Calais in a time of sickness, made the personal acquaintance of her sister, the Archduchess, whose exceeding beauty won his eye and heart. At Christmas she had ratified the contracts and espousals made for her by Puebla. Yet the King, her father, would not let her go. There was another prince to fear, another Rose of York to clip and cast away. Plantagenet being gone, the Yorkist party had begun to turn their eyes towards Edmond de la Pole; and then the council saw, a day too late, that in their eagerness to satisfy Fernando they had killed a fawn and put a leopard in his place. With a Plantagenet living, Edmond de la Pole had felt secure; but when the last Plantagenet

was slain, he was himself the head of all offence. As next male heir of York, his life was in an enemy's hand. An agent of the Kaiser tempted him to fly by offers of support; and after supping with some Yorkist peers, and planning an invasion of the realm, Pole slipt away in secret, crossed the sea, and hurried to the court of Max.

CHAPTER VII.

A VEILED INFANTA.

1501.

1. EARLY on a bright October afternoon, a lady, veiled from crown to slipper, stept on shore at Plymouth from a Spanish ship. A crowd of barks were tossing in the Sound, and every tower and steeple were ablaze with flags. Some parts of what had been a Spanish fleet were riding near the Hoe, with prelates, counts, and dames on deck, and money, plates, and precious stones on board. The counts and dames were worn and white, and all seemed glad to set their feet on land. A church which stood beside the mole invited them to enter, and a priest being ready to begin his mass, the language common to all services of the church soon made these strangers feel at home. The lady veiled from crown to shoe was Catharine, that sister of the order of St. Francis who for thirteen years had been the titular Princess of Wales.

2. She caught the first soft outline of the western coast on an autumnal day, when she was worn by fasting, sickness, and a stormy voyage, as weak in frame as she was galled in mind. Her parting from her parents had been strange. Her father was away

at Ronda, and her mother was too sad and broken to escort her to the coast. Her home had been a house of dole; and when she quitted the Alhambra she had started on her voyage alone. 'She would be longer on the road,' said Isabel, who could only travel with an army of confessors, nuns, and clerks. Her motive was to save expense. If Catharine was alone, she might be lodged in wretched villages and still more wretched inns. Aware how strong the contrast might be when her daughter landed on the English coast, for she had heard that every one was getting ready to receive her, Isabel begged the sovereign not to make too much of Catharine, and not to spend his money on a foolish show. She parted from her child, whose face she was to see no more, at the Alhambra. Catharine lodged in wayside inns; she prayed before the shrine of Santiago; she increased her train as she approached the coast; and having put to sea, was blown by tempests round Cape Ortegal, along the shores of the Asturias, and was driven for shelter into that small harbour of Laredo, where the English envoys who had come to seek her had been forced to land. Her sufferings were so great, she feared to face the sea again. Her ships were small and slight; her captain was a novice in his trade. All England had been roused by tales of her adventures, and the ablest sailor in the navy, Stephen Brett, had gone to meet her and conduct her little fleet to port.

3. When Catharine caught the welcome outline of her future home—the soft green sweep of down, the fine white front of cliff, the red and sparkling cove, on all of which a temperate sunshine lay—her heart grew strong within her breast. A few hours later, when she rode along the mole, her ear drank in the hail and shout of those who lined the beach, and then she made a vow that, come to her what might of either good or ill, she never would go back to Spain, as Isabel her sister had returned from Portugal, with broken heart. These cheers put life into her whitening cheek. Already she had heard in Spain that England was a merry isle. Already she had heard that lords and knights would come to meet her; that the Round Table would be spread again; and that a chapter of two hundred and thirty knights would be revived in honour of her husband and herself. But she had hardly dreamt of such a welcome as she found. Her name, her rosy cheek, her light blue eye, reminded people of her English blood. Old love and hate found voice in these warm plaudits from the western shores. In Yorkist eyes she was an English princess, and a princess with a clearer title than the King. A daughter of the land, she came to be the mother of a race of kings. 'The Princess,' wrote Alcares to his royal mistress, 'could not have been received with greater joy, if she had been the Saviour of the world.'

4. The ship in which she came was laden with

her plates and jewels, and was crowded with the servants of her household, and the magnates who had come to see her dowry paid. Elvira Manuel, a sister of the minister, Don Juan Manuel, then at Bruges, had been appointed by the Queen her 'deputy.' Elvira's actual rank was that of first lady of honour and first lady of the bed-chamber; but she was to stand towards Catharine as a mother, and to see that no one raised her veil and looked upon her face until her nuptial day. Elvira's husband, Don Pedro Manrique, was first chamberlain and mayor of the palace. Don Inigo, her son, was master of the ceremonies and master of the pages. Juan de Cuero and his wife were master and mistress of the state rooms; but Cuero's foremost duty was to keep the royal plate. Alonzo de Esquivel, Knight commander, was her master of the hall. Maria de Rojas, Francisca de Silva, Beatrix de Blanca, and Martina de Salazar, were her maids of honour. Maria de Rojas was a daughter of Fernando's ablest foreign minister, and was herself as proud and able as her sire. In waiting on these ladies were two female slaves; no doubt, two Moorish maidens from Granada, who had been a part of Isabel's spoil. The Padre Alessandro was her first chaplain and confessor. An almoner, a secretary, a cup-bearer, a marshal, a chief butler, a warder of the chapel, four equerries, three gentlemen-in-waiting, a comptroller, a keeper of the plate, a cook, a quarter-master, a clerk of the stores, and purser followed. There was

still a tail behind; including such small officers as a washer-woman, a waiter, and a sweep. Among the persons who attended as a train of honour, were Alonzo de Fonseca, Archbishop of Santiago, who was still engaged with the affair of Alcala, and Count de Cabra, one of the heroes of the Moorish war. These eminent persons were commissioners for the dowry, which they were to pay on seeing the bridal rites performed and getting evidence that the marriage was complete.

5. A crowd of knights and ladies from the western shires came riding into Plymouth to receive the Princess, bringing with them gifts and services, and forming on the spot a circle like a court. She stayed in Plymouth till her dowry, plate, and stuff were landed, and while messengers sped forward to announce her coming to the King. A little rest and some good dinners set her up; but the provincial knights and dames were puzzled by Elvira holding to the rule that Catharine must not lift her veil and show her face. Ayala, who had stayed in London by the King's desire, pretending to be waiting her arrival, but in secret busy with the Scottish peace and marriage, came to join her, and assume the main direction of her house; but he had no authority to break a rule laid down by Isabel, and Catharine wore her veil in public like a Moorish bride.

6. Willoughby de Brooke spurred down into the west, attended by Red Dragon, Mont Orgueil, and

Richmond King-at-Arms, to meet her grace at Exeter, to ride before her through the counties, and to furnish her with horses, carriages, and lodgings on the road. On quitting Exeter, she supped and slept at Honiton, Crewkerne, Sherborne, Shaftesbury; lodging in the abbey when there was an abbey, in the parsonage when there was a parsonage, and in the absence of either parsonage or abbey at an inn. Two miles from Amesbury, on the Avon, she was met by Thomas Earl of Surrey, Lord High Treasurer, and his wife. Surrey's wife, Elizabeth, who held the titular rank of Duchess of Norfolk, was appointed mistress of the household. Surrey was attended by two prelates, two mitred abbots, two barons, and six knights, who carried her in state to Amesbury, where she dined and slept. No words could pass between her English escort and her Spanish servants; but the titular Duchess had a man named Hollybrand in her train who spoke Castillian, and by means of Hollybrand some words of welcome were conveyed from Surrey and his wife to Catharine in her native tongue. On every side the princess saw what pains were taken for her comfort; pains so striking when compared against the freezing farewells of her kith and kin. In sending her a welcome to his country, Henry begged of her to love and trust him in the days to come, and look upon his country as her own. He told her he was coming with her prince, Arthur of Win-

chester, who, like the King himself, was said to be on fire till he could look upon her face.

7. Fonseca and Elvira said this license could not be allowed. What! look upon the maiden's face? Their orders were to hide her like a Moorish bride. Fernando was so sure that Henry would attempt to cheat him, that he laid two 'strict injunctions and commands' on the Archbishop of Santiago; first, that he was not to pay one ducat of Catharine's dowry till the marriage-rites had been performed; and next, that he was not to suffer either king or prince to see her till the bridegroom had obtained a right to draw aside her veil in church.

CHAPTER VIII.

FIRST INTERVIEW.

1501.

1. How could a man who trusted neither wife nor child, put faith in such a schemer as the Tudor prince, whom he had found a mate in guile, and feared to find a match in fraud? The English King might still cry off, propose another wife for Arthur, and retain his daughter Catharine as a pledge. Suppose the Prince, himself a comely boy, should see no beauty in his Spanish bride? All English eyes were spoiled. The Queen was perfect in her charms; her court was full of lovely maids; in every park and street a man might see such faces as recalled his peerless Queen. Nor was Fernando's daughter fairest of her train. The English King had seen her sister, and might fancy Catalina was a younger version of Juana. As an artist and a worshipper of beauty, Henry had requested that no plain maid of honour should be sent with Catharine. Gentle birth was much, but youth and comeliness were more. If they were

beautiful, these damsels might attract adorers; and by marrying in the country they would live in Catharine's sight. The loveliest damsels had been chosen as companions of her voyage, and in the light of their exceeding beauty she might seem to Arthur flat and dull. Suppose the Prince refused to have her? How could Spain compel him? Contracts were but words. There was the rite at Bewdley Manor, where the Prince had pledged his troth; but here Fernando felt no safer than he felt on secular ground. Grave doubts existed as to whether that solemnity was lawful. It was secret, and the Church forbade clandestine marriages. Smith, Bishop of Lincoln, who performed the rite, had stated in the chapel that the ceremony was irregular, and asked a secular peer to read the contract in his place. A prelate, he incurred the danger of suspension from his office if he read the service. Puebla had been forced to interfere. As papal agent, he declared the Pope's approval of that secret rite. Nay, more, the King of England and the Queen of Spain required it. What had Smith to fear? Smith answered that he had his doubts; and Puebla, who could see how easily these doubts might touch his mistress in the future, sent a full account of what the Bishop had observed to Spain. Fernando meant to run no risk, to put no hostage in a rival's hand, to have no child sent back to him in shame, and

so his orders had been given that Catharine's veil should not be lifted by the Prince until they met in church.

2. But how could the Archbishop and dueña carry out this rule? A king is master of his house. On English soil Fernando had no voice, except so far as Henry might allow. If either King or Prince should meet them on the road, and ask to see the bride, what man would dare to answer that he should not lift her veil? As neither King nor Prince was yet aware of these commands being laid, Ayala, knowing how a Tudor would receive such news, felt anxious to avoid a scene. The King should be informed. If they could reach him in the outset of his journey, he might turn aside and wait for them at Sheen. All wrangles would be spared, and Catharine's face might still be veiled from English eyes. At Dogmersfield, in Hants, the house of Oliver, Bishop of Bath and Wells, the Spaniards heard that Henry and his son were on the road. At once it was proposed to warn them; and Ayala, as a man who knew them well, rode forward towards East Hampstead, which the King and Prince had lately left. If any messenger could have stopped the King, Ayala was the man. Not many weeks had passed since Henry had requested him to wait in England till the Princess came. No man knew more of Henry's mind than he; no man was busier with the royal hopes than he; but Henry was a prince not easily turned aside.

Two miles from Dogmersfield, Ayala met the royal party riding towards the Bishop's house. The King and Prince were ambling like two knights in front, with prelates, peers, and cavaliers behind them. 'Stay, your highness,' cried Ayala. Henry reined his horse, and listened to the protonotary. They must go as they had come. The lady Catharine was at Dogmersfield; her Spanish servants were about her; and by order of Ayala's master, Catharine could receive no visit, see no company, until the morning of her nuptial rites. The King sat musing in his saddle, as his mythic Hero might have sat and mused. The boy who bore that Hero's name was at his side. Behind him rode the prelates, earls, and councillors, who helped him to conduct his realm, and far as eye could reach the road was all agog with pages, knights, and men-at-arms. Before him sat Ayala, in his hood and gown, forbidding him, in his own realm, to see a lady who was called by every tongue Princess of Wales. By order of the King of Spain! What could Fernando mean? He called a council on the spot — the spot an open meadow on the road from Winchfield; when he told his barons what Ayala said, and asked them whether, in his proper kingdom, Catharine could be hidden from his sight, and that of her contracted groom? The temporal and spiritual peers made answer with one voice that, since the lady was on English soil, she was protected by the English

law. These Spanish servants had no power to shut her doors; and Henry, as the lord of all, might see her when and how he pleased.

4. 'Then follow,' cried the King, and, striking spurs into his horse, he rode to Dogmersfield, and ere the Spanish servants knew what message had been given, he was within the Bishop's gates. In boots and belt, with sword and cloak, he pushed his way into the house. What page or abigail could stay his foot? The Count de Cabra put himself in front, but Henry passed the hero of Lucena as he might have done the youngest page. Fonseca, counting on his clerical habit, tried to bar his way. 'She is retired within her room, your highness,' he began. 'I will see and speak with her,' said Henry, 'even if she were gone to bed.' Fonseca had to go and tell his mistress that the King was come and would not be denied. She seemed to like this greeting well, and walked into an outer chamber, called the third, where she was told he was. He spoke to her in French, and was amused and grieved to find that she had still that tongue to learn. She spoke no language save Castillian. She observed that Henry's tones were sweet, for he was gentle with the child, whose honest face, blue eyes, and sunny hair were pleasant in his sight.

5. Too young to ride as Henry rode, the Prince came after him, all slushed and soiled with the November rain; and, after washing hands and

changing clothes, he joined his father, who conducted him to the second chamber, where the Prince and Princess saw each other face to face. The scene was quaint and droll. They bowed and kissed. Each held the other's palm, and spoke his love, the boy in English and the girl in Spanish. Councillors and bishops stood about. When Arthur told his bride he loved her well, a bishop turned his phrases into Latin, which he whispered to a Spanish priest, who turned his love into Castillian. Henry put their hands into each other's, when he bade them pledge their mutual troth. Camelot sighed and Aragon smiled, and love was chiefly made through two young pairs of eyes. When supper, which they ate apart, was done, the King and Prince walked back to Catharine's room—the inner room this time—and there, in spite of all Fonseca had to urge about his rule, they stayed till late at night. Elvira frowned, as a dueña should do. Cabra made his silent protest, for the hero was a knight who kept his word. But if her ladies stared at these free English manners, Catharine liked her guests, and, sending for musicians, she began to dance. If Arthur was too shy to lead her out, he danced a figure with his governess, Lady Guilford. Catharine's southern dances would be new to King and Prince, and Catharine tripped and twirled till Henry rose.

CHAPTER IX.

DAYS OF COURTSHIP.

1501.

1. NEXT day the King rode back to Sheen, the name of which he changed to Richmond, where he told the Queen of his adventures on the road; his meeting with Ayala in the fields; his pricking on to find the Princess; his encounter with her proto-notary; and his amusing evening spent in Catharine's room. He added that he liked her person and her manner, and that Arthur was enchanted with his future bride.

2. Not only as a mother who desired the welfare of her son, but as a woman who had suffered in her youth, Elizabeth felt cheered. For peace, she thought, depended on the birth of heirs. As yet, she had to lean on two lives mainly; Arthur, Prince of Wales, and Henry, Duke of York. Her daughters weighed but little in the scale. Of course their rights were good in law; but English law had never yet been known to guard

a woman's rights. No English queen had ever reigned alone, and in her native strength. Elizabeth was herself the lawful queen; but she was only reigning as her husband's wife. Nor could she hope her children would succeed where she, and others of their race, had failed. She longed to see more heirs about her knee; male heirs; accepted heirs; indisputable heirs. The King was still more restive than herself; his regal pride, his turn for peace, his hope of founding one great monarchy on English soil, conspired to rouse in him that passion for male offspring which is seldom dead in any human soul. In him, this passion glowed and raged. Prince Arthur's liking for his winsome bride gave both his parents promise that their court might soon be gladdened by the light of future kings.

3. A pale and oval face, a pair of dreamy eyes, a delicate lip and mouth, gave Arthur an air and grace not found in his robust and sturdy brother. Henry was at ten as big as Arthur at fifteen. Though lithe and comely, Arthur caused men's eyes to turn from him in fear. He was a prince of Camelot, a prince of song and legend; and they turned with hope from Dr. Bereworth's patient, to the ruddy cheek and stalwart frame of Henry, Duke of York.

4. Elate with joy, and tasting of a freedom she had never known in Spain, the Princess rode to

Chertsey Abbey on the Thames; the abbey built by Erkenwald, the famous Saxon saint, who was to be so much with Catharine in her bridal days. At Chertsey she was lodged and feasted; and the next day came towards Kingston, where a goodly company of lords and ladies—Edward Duke of Buckingham, George Earl of Kent, Edward Lord Dudley, William Lord Stourton, the Abbot of Bury, and a band of gentlemen and pages, gave her a merry 'welcome to the realm.' With lengthening train she rode—the Lord High Constable in front, the squires and yeomanry behind her, to St. George's Fields, near Lambeth, where a still more goodly company stood ready to receive her. There she first saw Henry, Duke of York. Near Henry stood that Thomas Savage who had signed the treaty of Medina del Campo, and in compliment to her had just been raised to the Archbishopric of York. Near him, again, were Richard Fox, Lord Privy Seal and Bishop of Winchester; Henry, Earl of Essex; Father Thomas, Abbot of St. Albans; and Father John, Abbot of Westminster; with upwards of a hundred barons, knights, and gentlemen of rank. Each baron was attended by his squire and page, adorned with feather, sword, and cloak. So brave a show had not been seen for many a year; and not the least worth seeing was that boy of ten who sat his charger like a king, and parleyed with the bride, though her dueña scowled

in his unflinching face. The Princess was beside herself with joy.

5. Yet near her mule, and near the Duke of York, stood two great courtiers, cap in hand, whose blood was by and bye to mingle in the veins of one who was to be her rival in the palace, her successor on the throne. These two great courtiers were Thomas Howard, Earl of Surrey, and Sir William Boleyn, one of a hundred knights who rode in company of the Duke of York.

6. Thomas, Earl of Surrey, was a son of that John Howard, first Duke of Norfolk of the Howard line, who fell on Bosworth Field. A young and splendid captain, brave as Bayard, prudent as Gonsalvo, he had opened his career beneath the happiest stars. Having learnt the art of war from Charles the Bold, he had returned to England, where his father was devoted to the House of York, and served with high repute at Lincoln, Banbury, and Barnet. He had won the woman of his heart, Elizabeth Tilney, widow of his cousin, Sir Humphrey Bourchier, and had seen his house at Ashewolthorpe grow merry with a numerous offspring. Honours had been showered upon him. He was created Earl of Surrey; he was elected Knight of the Garter; he was made the Sheriff of two counties. On the field of Bosworth he had led the archers, and, except the King, had been the greatest hero on the losing side. But Fortune had betrayed her favourite. His honours

lost, his lands escheated, and his liberty restrained, Surrey had moped for many months a prisoner in the Tower. A striking word had set the hero free. When Simnel was at Newark, on his way to London, the Lieutenant of the Tower had gone into his cell, and offered him the keys. 'My lord, you are at liberty to go, if you so please.' But Surrey would not take the keys. 'The King has sent me hither; and I will not stir till he command me hence.' The false Lieutenant must have been surprised. 'On your allegiance, sir,' the Earl had said, 'I charge you, if the King is yet alive, to bring me to him, that I may assist his Grace.' A knight, susceptible to knightly feeling, Henry had embraced his prisoner, set him free, restored his blood, and given him back the property of his wife. Thomas, his eldest son, was decorated with the George and Garter. Edward, his second son, was knighted in the field. Elizabeth, his wife, was mistress of the Princess's household. As the crown of all, his heir was married to the peerless Lady Anne Plantagenet, sister of the Queen. This lovely woman had been pledged to Philip the Fair; she had been courted by Manoel of Portugal; she had been asked in marriage by the Prince of Scotland; but the heir of Surrey had secured her. No one doubted that this highly favoured soldier would regain the ducal coronet which his father, John, had lost, and which his wife, Elizabeth, was allowed by royal grace to wear. High

service was atoning for his first and last offence. He signed the treaty of Etaples with the King of France; he fought against the northern rebels and the titular Duke of York; he was assisting in the match of Princess Margaret with the King of Scots. Great offices were showered upon him and his family. He was General of the Forces, Admiral in the Narrow Seas, Sub-warden of the Marches, and Lord High Treasurer of England.

7. Sir William Boleyn was a son of Godfrey Boleyn, of the Jewry, mercer, alderman, and mayor. Godfrey was a son of Geoffrey Boleyn, also of the Jewry; in the little church of which locality these worthies sleep. A family of French descent, who came to London for the sake of trade, the Boleyns chose to stay in England after they had filled their chests and ceased to toil in mart and shop. Yet they had never dropped their French connexion. As they grew in riches, adding house to house, and park to park, they had been lifting up their eyes in wedlock, and improving lowly blood by that of nobly-born and handsome wives. Sir Godfrey, mayor and city knight, had married Anne, the only child of Thomas, Baron Hoo and Hastings; and Sir William, eldest son of Godfrey by this heiress of the Hoos, had married Lady Margaret, second daughter and co-heiress of the Earl of Carrick and Ormonde. Anne and Lady Margaret had brought into the Boleyn family a claim, not only on the

baronies of Hoo and Hastings, but on the earldoms of Carrick and Ormonde, and in more remote degree on the earldom of Wiltshire. Married to the daughter of a man who held two earldoms, and had some pretensions to a third, Sir William had retired from business in the Jewry and become a gentleman at court. The lord of Blickling Hall and Hever Castle; one a great estate in Norfolk, and the second a delicious seat in Kent; could make a figure with the best; and nothing but the best would satisfy this offspring of the city knight. He matched his eldest son, Sir Thomas, with Lady Elizabeth Howard, Surrey's eldest daughter, and he gave them Hever Castle as a home. This marriage brought Sir William what he wanted; a connexion with the highest orders in the kingdom. Lady Elizabeth was the daughter of a duchess, and her brother was married to a sister of the Queen. Sir William Boleyn therefore was a close connexion of the royal family; and his son, Sir Thomas, and that son's wife, Lady Elizabeth, a woman of entrancing beauty, were persons in attendance on the King and Queen.

8. Not dreaming of the webs which Fate was weaving for them down in Kent, the Duke of York and Catharine rode together from St. George's Fields to Lambeth House. The Cardinal who had made himself the patron of her love-affairs, was gone to his account; and Father Henry Deane, Augustine monk and Deputy in Ireland, had succeeded Mor-

ton as Archbishop of Canterbury. Deane had also taken upon himself a special patronage of the match. Beneath his roof at Lambeth, Catharine was to rest until her entry into London and her marriage to the Prince of Wales.

CHAPTER X.

BRIDALS.

1501.

1. PRINCE ARTHUR came to the Wardrobe, in Blackfriars, to be in readiness for his bridal day. He was not strong enough to bear fatigue, and Henry wished him to be near St. Paul's. The King and Queen dropped down the Thames from Sheen to Paris Gardens, then a pretty house belonging to the monks of Bermondsey, from which the Queen went on to Lambeth House; while Henry, who had not seen the Princess since his interview at Dogmersfield, pushed over in his barge to Baynard's Castle, near the river Fleet. He had rebuilt this ancient castle, not as in the Norman days, with keep and moat, with tower and wall, but in the new domestic style; rebuilt it as a house and home, in which the Queen could hold her court without being fretted by the sight of mounted guns and men equipped for war. This house, a type of his new England, he proposed to give the Prince and Princess for their future home.

2. The Queen was pleased with the Infanta, whom she found in company of her maids, dueñas,

and confessors. If the Spanish girl was not of ravishing beauty, like her sister the Archduchess, yet, compared against such girls as Beatrix and Inez, she was bright and fair. Her women wore a dress of black and white, and had their veils drawn close about the face. Elizabeth thought her son was happy in his choice. The King was free of hand; not sparing either pains or money to adorn her future home; and sending into foreign parts for plate 'against the marriage of my lord the prince.' He hired good houses in the city for his Spanish guests, and gave to each a proof of his esteem:—to the Archbishop of Santiago, five hundred marks; to the Bishop of Majorca, four hundred marks; to Count de Cabra, three hundred marks; and to the rest according to their rank.

3. The nuptial day was fixed for Sunday, November the fourteenth, a local festival of St. Erkenwald, the Saxon saint. This local festival was kept in Cheape and Lombard Street as well as in the cloister and the church; St. Erkenwald being to London citizens what St. Thomas was to those of Canterbury. A Saxon prince, the saint had spent his time in reading holy books and building cells for monks and nuns, until King Sebba had compelled him to accept a pastoral staff. As bishop of London he had laboured in his office many years; had much enlarged St. Paul's; had gained high privileges for the altar; and had left the citizens his sacred dust.

So potent was this dust that almost every one was cured who knelt before his shrine. A chip of wood from his horse-litter had cured diseases after he was dead. St. Erkenwald was the popular London saint. His day was given to prayer and sport. His ashes were the consecration of St. Paul's, where crowds of penitents and pilgrims thronged his shrine, and drew from him a sacred and refining fire.

4. What priest and monk could do to bring a blessing on the nuptial day was done. The saints were all invoked. A figure of St. Catharine was arrayed in costly robes, and taught to compliment the royal maid. The cells and cloisters rang with praise of Spain. From distant convents monks marched up to London, and increased the general stir and joy. All bishops were enjoined to throw their houses open and to spread their boards with meat and drink. But few required this hint from Deane. The Church regarded Catharine as her child, and Catharine's union with the Prince as her peculiar work. Nor were the temporal peers behind the spiritual peers. Along the river bank the houses were ablaze with flags and streamers. Every one put on his badge and cognizance. All servants were enjoined to don their masters' liveries, and the royal servants were so numerous that the streets seemed streaked with Tudor green and white. A gallant wore his lady's colours, and his form of greeting was a com-

pliment to the sex. Nor were the citizens behind the peers in festive and pictorial pomp. They wore their brightest robes, and dressed their shops with flags and poles. A vat of ale was broached in every street. A table stood at almost every door. So great a holiday had not been known in London since the civil wars had broken out.

5. On Friday morning, Henry, Duke of York, arrived at Catharine's door, attended by a gallant band, to lead her through the City, where she had not yet been seen, and lodge her at the Bishop's palace in the shadow of St. Paul's. This palace was untenanted; for Savage, who had lived there, was removed to York; and William Warham, his successor in the see of London, was not yet installed. The traditional palace of the Saxon prince, St. Erkenwald, was placed at Catharine's service by the church. The Duke of York, already taller than herself, though he was six years younger, set her on a mule with gorgeous housings, and conveyed her through the gateways of the bridge, up Fish Street Hill, by Gracechurch Street, and so through Cornhill, past the Stock market, into Cheape, through thronging crowds, and under arches, flags, and poles. The Duke was on her right, the papal legate on her left; and thus it chanced, as men recalled the fact in after years, that when the young Infanta entered London, she was seen by every one between her future husband

and the minister of Rome. All London flocked to see the Princess enter, and to bid her welcome as an English girl come home. Near London Bridge a group of mummers played for her the story of St. Catharine. Near the Standard in Cornhill, three houses had been taken for the King, the Queen, and Prince of Wales. A group of yeomen of the guard in Tudor colours filled the street below. In Cheape the Mayor and Sheriffs stayed her march by an address, a pageant, and a psalm. At every porch a priest came out with acolyte and choir; from every steeple rang a peal of bells; from every window hung a flag; from every conduit ran a stream of wine. Each street through which she rode that day was filled with noise and colour; here a City guild with horn and tabard; there a monkish brotherhood with chant and crucifix; and here again, a troop of men-at-arms, a band of watermen, a company of apprentice boys, with all the lasses of their love, as frisky and as noisy as the men.

6. The royal maid was like a star. Arrayed in gold and silk, she wore a great round hat, from under which her bright red tresses floated in the wind. Elvira wore a nun-like dress, a habit black as night, with hanging sleeve of serge, and band of linen round her brow. The maids of honour, Inez, Beatrix, Maria, and Francisca, sat on mules; for none of these poor riders could be got to

mount an English jennet. Everything was done to gratify her pride and stimulate her love. A lady held the rein for each of her four maids of honour. The Archbishop of Santiago rode abreast with the Archbishop of York, the Bishop of Majorca with the Bishop of Winchester, the Count de Cabra with the Duke of Buckingham, and so on through her long and splendid train. But no one in that gay procession through the City took the public eye so much, nor dwelt upon the mind so long, as that stout boy and that fair woman riding side by side; a papal legate on their flank, an abbess-like dueña in their rear; the gallant boy and rosy woman answering to the cheers with stately courtesies and beaming smiles. Before she passed into her chamber for the night, she knelt and prayed before St. Erkenwald's shrine.

7. On Sunday, November 14, St. Erkenwald's local festival, the Duke of York again came for her to the Bishop's house. He came as soon as it was day; for Catharine was to be a wife by ten o'clock. When all was ready for the march, he led her from her chamber to the church, attended by Elizabeth Duchess of Norfolk, mistress of her household, by Elvira her dueña, by the maids of honour, and a flutter of the foremost peers and ladies in the kingdom. As she stept into the street all eyes were fixed on her attire; a veil of silk and pearls which hid her face; a gown of ample width, stuck

out below the waist with hoops. A blare of trumpets greeted her, while cannon fired, and bells flung out their music on the air. He led her up the nave into the transept, where a stage had been erected, and where Arthur and his knights and pages were in waiting for the bride. As well became a prince of Camelot, her bridegroom, Arthur, was arrayed from cap to shoe in spotless white. All those who had become her friends by helping to promote the match were present in the church. Her patron, Deane, was ready to perform the rite. Fox, Bishop of Winchester, King, Bishop of Bath and Wells, and Smith, Bishop of Lincoln, were arrayed in full pontificals in honour of the day. A crowd of bishops, mitred abbots, deans and priors, stood near the platform. Nave and aisle were filled. The King and Queen looked down on the imposing scene. When Catharine reached the platform, Deane began the service, that in fusing two young lives in one was meant to bind two great and powerful nations to pursue a common course. The Count de Cabra gave away the bride; the Archbishop of Santiago and the Bishop of Majorca joined in the recitals and responses. Stepping from the platform, Arthur and his bride advanced in full procession with the prelates, followed by a band of singers and a press of peers and knights, to the great altar-steps, where all the company knelt down before St. Erkenwald's tomb. Then mass

was said and canticle was sung by the attendant priests and choir. No match of English prince had ever seemed more pleasing to the popular heart; no marriage rite had ever been conducted with a higher pomp. When Deane pronounced a blessing on the bride and groom, the great Cathedral seemed to sigh with the response—Amen!

NOTES AND DOCUMENTS.

FIRST BOOK.

CHAP. I.—1. *Anales de la Corona de Aragon*, compuestos por Geronymo Zurita (Zaragoza, 1610), lib. xx. cap. 65.

2. *Coleccion de documentos ineditos para La Historia de España*, por D. Miguel Salvá y D. Pedro Saìnz de Baranda, xviii. 271. The best portrait known to me of Don Juan is in the Adoration picture by Miguel Zitoz; a picture which has recently been transferred from the Ministry of Public Works in Madrid to the National Collection. It is not yet hung and numbered; but a photograph has been taken of it by M. Laurent for his series, in which it bears the number 533.

3. *Historia critica de la Inquisicion*, por Juan Antonio Llorente (Madrid, 1822), c. 5. art. 1; *Bibliotheca Hispana Vetus*, auctore Nicolao Antonio (Matriti, 1788), i. 132; *Bibliotheca Lusitana*, por Diego Barbosa Machado (Lisboa, 1741), i. 76; Yanguas y Miranda, *Diccionario de Historia y Antiguedades de Navarra*, lib. i. c. 4; Stirling, *Annals of the Artists of Spain*, iii. 84–6.

4. *Tropheos y Antiguedades de la imperial Ciudad de Zaragoza* (Barcelona, 1639), 170–6; *Zaragoza en el Bolsillo: breve reseña historica de la capital de Aragon*, por D. Romualdo P. Altafaj (Zaragoza, 1869), 93; My Note-book. All descriptions of country, town, and site in this work are from my own notes, taken on the spot, in connexion with local records and existing remains.

5. *Geschichte der Juden von der ältesten Zeiten bis auf gegenwart* von H. Graetz (Leipsic, 1864), viii. 301, 334; *History of the Jews in Spain and Portugal*, by E. H. Lindo (London, 1848), 249, 264; *Die Juden in Navarra, den Baskenländern und auf den Balearen*

von M. Kayserling (Berlin, 1861), 104-5; *Geschichte der Juden in Portugal* von M. Kayserling (Berlin, 1867), 120.

6. *Etudes Historiques, Politiques et Littéraires, sur les Juifs d'Espagne*, par D. José Amador de Los Rios (Paris, 1861), 295-416; *History of Spanish Literature*, by George Ticknor (London, 1863), i. 241, 371, 372; Llorente, *Inquisicion*, c. vi. art. 2; Graetz, *Geschichte der Juden*, viii. 234.

7. *La España Sagrada*, por el Padre Enrique Florez (Madrid, 1747), xxx. 426; *El Templo del Pilar*, por D. Gerardo M. de la Cerda (Zaragoza, 1872), cap. 2; *Troph. Zarag.* 170-6; Altafaj, *Zaragoza*, 33-56.

CHAP. II.—1. Zurita, *Anales*, lib. xx. c. 49.

2. *Vida del Glorioso P. y Patriarcha Santo Domingo de Guzman, fundador de el Orden de Predicadores*, escrita por Fray Francisco de Possadas, Madrid, 1721; *De Guzman Stirpe S. Dominic*, edita a Fr. Ant. Bremond (Roma, 1740); *Il Perfetto Leggendario, ovvero Vite de Santi* (Roma, 1841), viii. 35-48; *Lives of the Fathers, Martyrs, and other principal Saints*, by the Rev. Alban Butler (Dublin, 1833), ii. 190-204.

3. *Histoire des Hommes illustres de l'Ordre de St. Dominique*, par le Rev. Père A. Touron (Paris, 1743-9), i. 1, 127, 441, ii. 58, iii. 543; *Memorie dei piu insigni Pittori, Scultori, e Architetti Domenicani*, del P. Vincenzo Marchese (Genova, 1869), i. 59, 234, ii. 12; *Histoire du Christianisme*, par l'Abbé Fleury (Paris, 1837), vi. 450; *Histoire des Républiques Italiennes du Moyen Age*, par M. Simonde de Sismondi (Bruxelles, 1838), vi. 236-7.

4. *Historia de la insigne Ciudad de Segovia*, par Diego de Colmenares (Segovia, 1637), 437; Antonio, *Bibl. Hisp. Vet.* ii. 340-1; Los Rios, *Etudes sur les Juifs*, 143-56. There is a powerful likeness of Torquemada in the Adoration picture by Zitoz.

5. *Anales Ecclesiasticos y Seculares de la Ciudad de Sevilla*, por Diego Ortiz de Zuñiga (Sevilla, 1747), iii. 389-98; *Diccionario Geografico.-Estadistico-Historico de España*, por Pascual Madoz (Madrid, 1846), iii. 165-71, xiv. 292-434.

6. My Note-book; *Historia de Sevilla*, por Alonso Morgado (Sevilla, 1587), lib. ii. c. 16; Madoz, *Dicc. Esp.* iii. 165, xiv. 292.

7. *Cosas Memorables de España*, por Lucio Marineo (Alcala, 1539), lib. xix.; Llorente, *Inquisicion*, c. vi. art. 2; Los Rios,

Etudes sur les Juifs, 150. The political character of the Inquisition may be considered as established. Comp. Guizot, *Cours d'Histoire Moderne*, v. lec. ii. ; Los Rios, *Etudes Historiques sur les Juifs*, 127–56 ; Ticknor, *History of Spanish Literature*, i. 428, 429, iii. 235 ; Dyer, *History of Modern Europe*, i. 188 ; and Lacordaire, *Mémoire pour le Rétablissement de l'Ordre des Frères Prêcheurs*, c. vi. On the other side, however, see Buckle, *History of Civilization*, ii. 18–20.

8. *Historia de las Grandezas de la Ciudad de Avila*, por Fray Luis Ariz (Alcala, 1607) par. 1, p. 46 ; Antonio, *Bibl. Hisp. Vet.* ii. 340 ; Llorente, *Inquisicion*, c. viii. art. 6 ; Zurita, *Anales*, lib. xx. c. 65 ; Touron, *Ordre de St. Dominique*, iii. 544–56 ; Graetz, *Geschichte der Juden*, viii. 307–19.

CHAP. III.—1. Zurita, *Anales de Aragon*, lib. xx. c. 49 ; Madoz, *Diccionario de España*, ii. 392–415.

2. My Note-book ; Eugenio Tapia, *Historia de la Civilizacion Española*, ii. 302 ; Altafaj, *Zaragoza en el Bolsillo*, 90 ; Cerdá, *El Templo del Pilar*, c. 3.

3. Zurita, *Anales*, lib. xx. c. 56–65.

4. Llorente, *Inquisicion*, c. v. art. 1, c. vi. art. 2 ; Touron, *Ordre de St. Dominique*, iii. 558 ; Kayserling, *Die Juden in Navarra*, 105.

5. *Fueros y observancias del Reyno de Aragon*, i. 7. 10 ; Llorente, *Inquisicion*, c. vi. art. 2.

6. Llorente, *Inquisicion*, c. vi. art. 2 ; Graetz, *Geschichte der Juden*, viii. 334.

7. *Elementi della Storia de' Sommi Pontefici da San Pietro*, raccolti dal Canonico Giuseppe de Novaes (Roma, 1821), vi. 53 ; Llorente, *Inquisicion*, c. v. art. 2.

CHAP. IV.—1. *Historia general de España*, por el Padre Juan de Mariana (Madrid 1782), ii. 491 ; Zurita, *Anales*, lib. xx. c. 65.

2. Llorente, *Inquisicion*, c. vi. art. 2 ; Kayserling, *Juden in Navarra*, 90–110.

3. Madoz, *Diccionario de España*, xvi. 556–646 ; Zurita, *Anales*, lib. xx. c. 65 ; Touron, *Ordre de St. Dominique*, iii. 558.

4. My Note-book ; Altafaj, *Zaragoza*, 41 ; Llorente, *Inquisicion*, c. vi. art. 3 ; Zurita, *Anales*, lib. xx. c. 65.

5. Zurita, *Anales*, lib. xx. c. 65 ; Llorente, *Inquisicion*, c. vi. art. 3.

6. Carvajal, *Documentos ineditos*, xviii. 271–2; *Commentarius brevis et jocundus Itineris atque peregrinationis pietatis et religionis causa susceptæ, ab illustri et magnifico domino, Domino Leone libero Barone de Rozmital* (Olmutz, 1577), 109.

7. Kayserling, *Juden in Navarra*, 72–90; Kayserling, *Juden in Portugal*, 85–119; Graetz, *Geschichte der Juden*, viii. 234, 326, 334.

CHAP. V.—1. *Historia de Cataluña y de la Corona de Aragon*, por Victor Ballaguer (Barcelona, 1860), l. viii. c. 28; *Report of English Commissioners*, printed in *Memorials of King Henry the Seventh*, edited by James Gairdner (London, 1858), 277–8. Portraits of Fernando are not rare. One picture hangs at Windsor Castle; there is a fine bust of him at Granada; a good likeness of him taken at the time described in my text occurs in the Adoration picture by Miguel Zitos.

2. Ticknor, *Hist. Span. Lit.* i. 335; Graetz, *Geschichte der Juden*, viii. 233; Lindo, *Hist. Jews in Sp.* 242; Altafaj, *Zaragoza*, 33–44, 108–10.

3. *Elogio de la Reina Catolica, Doña Isabel*, por D. Diego Clemencin (tom. vi. 'Memorias de la Real Academia de la Historia'), 91–105; Fernando and Isabel to Guevara and Puebla, Jan. 1490; *A Hand-book for Travellers in Spain*, by Richard Ford (London, 1855), 922.

4. Marineo, *Cosas Memorables de España*, lib. xvii.; Zurita, *Anales*, lib. xvi. c. 54, lib. xvii. c. 11, 24; Ballaguer, *Hist. Catal.* lib. viii. c. 28.

5. *Vidas de Españoles Celebres*, por Manuel Josef Quintana, (Paris, 1849), 71–101; Ballaguer, *Hist. Catal.* lib. viii. c. 18–25; Marineo, *Cosas Mem. de España*, lib. xviii.

6. *Compendio de los cinco tomas de las Anales de Navarra*, por el Padre Pablo M. de Elizondo (Pamplona, 1732), lib. iv. c. 1.

7. *Cronica del Rey D. Enrique el Quarto*, por Diego Enriquez de Castillo (Madrid, 1787), 158; Clemencin, *Elogio*, vi. 56–9; Zurita, *Anales*, lib. xvii. c. 25, lib. xviii. 16, 21, 26.

CHAP. VI.—1. *Opus Epistolarum Petri Martyris* (Amstel. 1570); Antonio, *Bib. Hisp. Vet.* ii. 348; Marineo, *Cosas Mem. de España*, lib. xix. There is an old portrait of Isabel at Windsor, and a bust of her at Granada. The safest likeness of her is in the Adoration picture by Zitoz.

2. Ticknor, *Hist. Span. Lit.* i. 172; Zurita, *Anales*, lib. xx. c. 49; Mariana, *Historia de España*, ii. 517.

3. Zurita, *Anales*, lib. xx. c. 49; Graetz, *Geschichte der Juden*, viii. 240; Ticknor, *Hist. Sp. Lit.* i. 420; Colmenares, *Historia de Segovia*, 379.

4. *Il Perfetto Leggendario, ovvero Vite de Santi*, v. 247–252, vii. 35–44; Altafaj, *Zaragoza*, 108–9; Colmenares, *Hist. Seg.* 431; Madoz, *Dic. Esp.* iii. 167, xiv. 823; Morgado, *Hist. de Sev.* lib. iii. c. 1; *Historia de la Ciudad de Toledo*, por A. M. Gamera (Toledo, 1862), 791.

5. Informacion de lo que pero Sarmiento corregidor de Medina dixo lo qual no sevio con la turbacion del tiempo que entonces corria Ano de 1507. Arch. Gen. de Simancas, Est. leg. 1, 2°, 192.

6. Graetz, *Geschichte der Juden*, viii. 233–5; Llorente, *Inquisicion*, c. vi. art. 2.

7. *Quadro Elementar das Relacões Politicas de Portugal*, pelo Visconde de Santarem, i. 371; Clemencin, *Elogio*, vi. 491–4.

CHAP. VII.—1. My Note-book; Carvajal, *Documentos ineditos*, xviii. 248–9.

2. Shassek, *Commentarius brevis*, 74; Castillo, *Cronica del Rey Don Enrique el Quarto*, 4–7.

3. Colmenares, *Historia de Segovia*, 333; M'Crie, *History of the Reformation in Spain*, 44, 61; *Flores de Miraflores* (Burgos, 1657); Ticknor, *Hist. Span. Lit.* i. 374, 403; Kayserling, *Die Juden in Navarra*, 121; Graetz, *Geschichte der Juden*, viii. 233, 237.

4. Los Rios, *Etudes sur les Juifs*, 117-126; *Bibliotheca Hispana Nova*, auctore Nicolao Antonio (Matriti, 1783), i. 132; *Bibliotheca Hispana Vetus*, ii. 348.

5. Graetz, *Geschichte der Juden*, viii. 239, 327; Ticknor, *Hist. Span. Lit.* Ap. A. iii. 390–402; Colmenares, *Hist. de Segovia*, 363.

6. Castillo, *Cronica del Rey Enrique*, 15, 60, 66; Fernando and Isabel to Puebla, Bergenroth's *Cal. Span. Pap.* i. art. 22; Gairdner, *Mem. Hen. Sev.* 274; Clemencin, *Elogio*, vi. 76; Anderson, *Royal Genealogies*, 718.

7. Castillo, *Cronica del Rey Enrique*, 62, 229; Zurita, *Anales*, lib. xvi. c. 14, lib. xviii. c. 31, lib. xx. c. 49; Anderson, *Royal Genealogies*, 718.

8. My Note-book; *Historia de las Grandezas de Avila*, por Luis Ariz (Alcala, 1607); Ford, *Handbook for Travellers*, 743.

CHAP. VIII.—1. *Historia de los Reyes Catolicos Don Fernando y Doña Isabel*, por Andres Bernaldez, c. vii; Padre Pablo, *Anales de Navarra*, lib. iv. c. 1, s. 3; Santarem, *Quadro Elementar*, i. 369.

2. Zurita, *Anales*, lib. xviii. c. 21, 26.

3. Castillo, *Cronica del Rey Enrique*, 234; Bernaldes, *Reyes Catolicos*, c. vii; Gamero, *Historia de Toledo*, 779–91; Clemencin, *Elogio*, vi. 91–115; Anderson, *Royal Genealogies*, 718.

4. Colmenares, *Historia de Segovia*, 399–416; Zurita, *Anales*, lib. xix. c. 13, 18.

5. Santarem, *Quadro Elementar*, i. 369, 380; Zurita, *Anales*, lib. xix. c. 23, 30.

6. Tratado de paz entre el Rei e Rainha de Castilla e el Rei de Portugal, Sep. 4, 1478; Clemencin, *Elogio*, vi. 491; *Chronique des Faits et gestes admirables de Maximilian I.*, translatée par Octave Delepierre (Bruxelles, 1839), 1, 2.

7. Santarem, *Quadro Elementar*, i. 381–83.

8. Memoir of the Privy Council of Castille, printed in Bergenroth's *Cal. Span. Pap.* ii. 396–7; Clemencin, *Elogio*, vi. 91–3.

CHAP. IX.—1. *Historia de los Reyes Catholicos Don Fernando y Doña Isabel*, por Andres Bernaldez (Madrid, 1850), cap. 78; Carvajal, *Documentos ineditos*, xviii. 272.

2. *Chronica de los muy altos y esclarecidos Reyes Catholicos Don Fernando y Doña Isabel* por Fernando del Pulgar (1567), parte iii. c. 53; *Opus Epist. Pet. Mart.* Ep. xxiv.

3. Pulgar, *Reyes Catholicos*, lib. iii. c. 53; Yanguas y Miranda, *Diccionario*, lib. i. c. 2; Los Rios, *Etudes sur les Juifs*, 151.

4. *Historia de la Ciudad de Compluto, vulgarmente Alcala de Santjuste y aora de Henares*, por el Doctor Miguel de Portilla y Esquivel, primera parte, c. viii, xiii.

5. My Note-book; Portilla y Esquivel, *Hist. Comp.* c. xv, xix, xxiii, xxxvi; Madoz, *Diccionario de España*, i. 364-376.

6. My Note-book; Portilla y Esquivel, *Hist. Comp.* par. i.

CHAP. X.—1. Marineo, *Cosas Memorables*, 114; Kayserling, *Juden in Navarra*, 104–5; Lanuza, *Historias Ecclesiasticas y Seculares de Aragon*, i. 553.

2. Doge and Senate to Hieronimo Zorzi, Sept. 15, 1485; Fernando to his agent in France, Add. Mss. 28,572. f. 1.; Excerpts from Sanuto, ii. 262.

3. Fernando and Isabel to the Serene and Mighty Prince, Nov. 5, 1485. Fernando's first letter to the King of England runs:—

'Serenissimo et potentissimo Principi Dei gratia Anglie &c. Regi consanguineo et amico nostro carissimo Ferdinandus dei gratia Rex Castelle, Aragonum, Segionis, Sicilie &c. salutes et prosperos ad vota successus cerciores facti sumus a Columbo vice admiralo mariun Regni Francie et prefecto classis cristianissimi Regis Francorum nuper in mari oceano juxta Lusitaniam interceptas fuisse quatuor venetorum triremes intraque eas multa subditorum nostrorum merces et bona. Quo facinore contra omnia que inter suum Regem et nos amicitie consanguinitatis et foederis jura sunt perpetrato aiunt eum ad dividendam predam in aliquem portum vel stationem regni serenitatis vestre divertisse. Rogamus igitur eamdem pro bona et equa justitie culta ipsum Columbum ubicumque eum intra ditionem suam esse deprehenderit detineri jubeat rogatque ut bona ipsa et merces omnes integre restituat dilecto et fideli nostro harum exhibitori que hac tantum de causa sua et aliorum mercatorum nomine in istam provinciam proficiscitur. Quod profecto ultraque est justum accipiemus precipui officii loco a serenitate vestra; cui nos ad ea que ipsi mutua grata erunt et ad meritorum vicissitudinem paratissimos. offerimus. Et Deus vos tueatur serenissime et potentissime Rex consanguinee et amice noster carissime. Datum Complute v Novembris anno salutis millesimc quadringentesimo lxxx quinto.

'Yo el Rey,

'L. Gonçales, *Secret*.'

4. Llorente, *Inquisicion*, c. vi. art. 4; Yanguas y Miranda, *Dicc. Hist.* lib. i. c. 2; Kayserling, *Die Juden in Navarra*, 104.

5. Altafaj, *Zaragoza*, 41; Llorente, *Inquisicion*, c. vii. art. 3; Madoz, *Dic. de Esp.* xvi. 570; Zurita, *Anales*, lib. xx. c. 64, 65. I found in the Primate's palace at Alcala a collection of papers, which belong to the province of Toledo, and have never been examined by historical writers. Many of them are processes against suspected Jews. There is a collection of processes against

priests for abuse of the confessional; and another collection, also considerable, of processes against nuns for breach of vows.

6. Pulgar, *Reyes Catholicos*, lib. iii. c. 53; Zurita, *Anales*, xx. 64; Portilla y Esquivel, *Historia de Compluto*, primera parte, xxxvi. 36; Mariana, *Hist. Esp.* ii. 490.

SECOND BOOK.

CHAP. I.—1. Mendoza, *Cronica del Gran Cardenal*, 23.

2. Carvajal, *Documentos ineditos*, xviii. 272; Clemencin, *Elogio*, vi. ib. 13; Madoz, *Diccionario de España*, vi. 175, 183.

3. Mendoza, *Cron. del Gran Card.* 153, 180.

4. Portilla y Esquivel, *Hist. Comp.* segunde part. xix.

5. Pulgar, *Reyes Catholicos*, lib. iii. c. 53; Portilla y Esquivel, *Hist. Comp.* pri. part. xxxvi.

6. Aleson, *Anales de Navarra*, v. 11; Mendoza, *Cron. del Gran Card.* 181.

7. Portilla y Esquivel, *Hist. Comp.* pri. part. cxxxvi.

CHAP. II.—1. Florez, *España Sagrada*, xxx.; Altafaj, *Zaragoza*, 109; Carvajal, *Documentos ineditos*, xviii. 272; Touron, *Histoire des Hommes illustres de l'Ordre de St. Dominique*, iii. 558–9.

2. Gayangos, *History of the Mohammedan Dynasties of Spain*, i. 18, 20, 43; Madoz, *Diccionario de España*, viii. 467–564.

3. Gayangos, *Moh. Dyn. of Spain*, ii. 369, 374.

4. Conde, *Dominacion de los Arabes*, iii. 217; Gayangos, *Moh. Dyn. of Spain*, ii. 369, 376; Mariana, *Historia de España*, ii. 493; Pulgar, *Reyes Catholicos*, iii. c. 48.

5. Gayangos, *Moh. Dyn. of Spain*, ii. 378.

6. Carvajal, *Documentos ineditos*, xviii. 272; *Anales de el Reyno de Galicia* (Santiago, 1746), vol. i.; *Historia del Apostol de Jesus Christo* (Santiago), por M. C. Ferrer (Madrid, 1610); *España Sagrada*, Segunda Edicion, por el R. P. M. Fray Henrique Florez, iii. 39–131.

CHAP. III.—1. Gayangos, *Moh. Dyn. of Spain*, i. 48.

2. Carvajal, *Documentos ineditos*, xviii. 273; Gayangos, *Moh. Dyn. of Spain*, ii. 38.

3. *Histoire de l'Empire Ottoman, depuis son origine jusqu'à nos jours*, por J. De Hammer (Paris, 1836), iv. 20, 21.

4. De Hammer, *Hist. Emp. Ott.* iv. 21; Los Rios, *Etudes sur les Juifs*, 166.

5. Gayangos, *Moh. Dyn. of Spain*, ii. 380.

6. Gayangos, *Moh. Dyn. of Sp.* ii. 381; *Opus Epist. Pet. Mart.* Ep. 62.

7. Bernaldez, *Reyes Catolicos*, c. lxxxvii; Gayangos, *Moh. Dyn. of Spain*, ii. 381.

CHAP. IV.—1. Carvajal, *Documentos ineditos*, xviii. 274.

2. Yanguas y Miranda, *Dicc. de Hist.* lib. i. c. 4; Zurita, *Anales*, lib. xx. c. 72; Llorente, *Inquisicion*, c. vi. art. 7; Kayserling, *Die Juden in Navarra*, 104.

3. Ballaguer, *Historia de Cataluña*, lib. viii. c. 28, 29; Zurita, *Anales*, lib. xx. c. 72; Morgado, *Historia de Sevilla*, lib. ii. c. 16.

4. *Historia del derecho Español*, por Juan Sempere (Madrid, 1847), lib. iv. c. 1–3; Zurita, *Anales*, lib. iii. c. 62; *Manual Historico y Descriptivo de Valladolid* (Val. 1861), 40; Mariana, *Historia de España*, xi. 499–501.

5. Zurita, *Anales*, lib. xx. c. 21, 72; Pulgar, *Reyes Catolicos*, partie iii. c. 95; *Manual de Valladolid*, 40; *Coronaciones de los Serenissimos Reyes de Aragon*, escritas por Geronimo de Blancas (Zaragoza, 1641), lib. iii. c. 18.

CHAP. V.—1. *Précis Historique sur la Reine Catholique Doña Isabel*, par Don Diego Clemencin, note 58; Mariana, *Hist. Esp.* ii. 392, 466; *Privy Purse Expenses of Elizabeth of York*, edited by Harris Nicolas, pref. xxii.

2. Padre Pablo, *Anales de Navarra*, lib. iv. c. 3.

3. *Histoire des Français*, par Simonde de Sismondi (Paris, 1821–44), xiv. 391, 613; *Die Juden in Navarra*, 105; Yanguas y Miranda, *Dicc. Nav.* i. c. 11, 117.

4. Clemencin, *Précis Historique*, note 58; *Histoire des Republiques Italiennes du Moyen Age*, par Simonde de Sismondi (Bruxelles, 1839), vi. 162.

5. Santarem, *Quadro Elementar*, i. 388.

CHAP. VI.—1. *Musée des Archives Nationales, Documents Originaux de l'Histoire de France, exposés dans l'Hôtel Soubise*, publié par la Direction Générale des Archives Nationales (Paris, 1872), 292, 294.

2. *La Couronne Margaritique* (Lyon, 1549); Fernando and Isabel to Fray Bernard Boyl, Dec. 6, 1486. The sovereigns write:—

'Potestes Ferdinandi et Elizabeth, regis et regine Castelle, Legionis, Aragonum, etc., pro Bernardo Boyl, priore anacoritorum coenobii Beate Marie de Monteserrato, et Johanne de Merimon, milite, tractandi et concludendi de et super fœderibus et conventionibus nuper initis cum Carolo rege Francie, nec non de et super matrimonio Infantis Elizabeth primogenite filie, jam pubis, dictorum regis et regine Hispaniarum cum ipso Carolo Francorum rege, ac demum de et super quibuscunque causis controversiis et questionibus que pendunt, sunt vel esse possunt inter regem et reginam Hispaniarum et ipsorum regna, ex una parte, et Carolum regem Francie ejusque regna, ex altera parte, pretextu oppignorationis Commitatuum Rossellionis et Ceritanie.

'Actum in civitate Salamantina die sexto Decembris, anno MccccLxxxvi.

'Yo el Rey. Yo la Reyna.'

3. Isabel to Boyl, July 29, 1487; Fernando and Isabel to Boyl, July 29, 1487. These letters (Archivo General de la Corona de Aragon Reg. vol. 3686, fol. xciii. and xciii.) run:—

29 *Julio*, 1487.

La Reyna,—(Lo que vos padre Fray Boyl haves de dezir de mi parte al Rey de Francia y a Madama de Bevjv (Beaujeu) stando juntos, y enderezando las nuevas al uno o al otro o a ambos segund que vierdes que cumple juxta la materia y esto ante las personas debraxo nombradas, o de aquellos dellos que alli stuvieren es lo siguiente.)

Que yo tuve siempre tan buena voluntat a essa paz que attendiendo lo que en los tiempos passados en ello fize, quise agora procurar este negocio como ella ha visto, pareciendome que para poner el sello en todo, solo esto me quedava por fazer, en lo qual es cierto que el Rey mi Señor e yo nos huvimos tambien y tan amigablemente con el Rey de Francia su hermano que toviendo tiempo de poder mucho crecer su necessidad si nos quisieramos juntar con sus enemigos que lo queriau y desseavau y aun lo procuravan bien affincadamente con hartos offrecimentos dignos de ser no solamente scuchados, mas aun acceptados, no solo non lo quisimos fazer en publico nin en secreto, ni fazer a ello demonstracion alguna, mas

ni aun les quisimos responder, mas antes en senyal de limpia amistad enpeçamos a le fazer buenas obras como en la verdad lo ha seydo y por obra ha parecido, que si el contrario fizieramos ni el hoviera tan presto fecho lo que ha fecho en sus negocios, ni el Rey de los Romanos stuviera tan quedo como lo ha stado sperando lo que nosotros fariamos, y en conclusion sus fechos no stuvieran en el stado que stan, y dezilleys que bien se penzó, y aun algunos lo creyeron que ellos mostravan querer entender en esto. El fin agaora parece, y en la verdad el Rey mi Señor e yo algo dello pensamos, mas en que con tan sana voluntad entendiamos havernos con el y con su honra y stado creemos que de la misma manera nos havia de corresponder como era razon y por esso nos pareció era mejor entender en ello con buen amor y con limpios respectos no faziendo cosa engannosa nin mal fecha, antes todo afin de le ayudar y valer y de tener su honra y fechos por propios nuestros, y aun por esso mismo salimas luego al casamiento y dimos tanta prissa a ellos porque si el otra cosa fiziesse lo que no se devia crèer, havriamos enteramente complido con lo que deviamos a Dios a buena y leal amistad principalmente, antel qual y antel mundo seriamos descargados, y que pues a ellos parece que por agora non se entienda en la platica deste negocio, esso mismo parece a nosotros. Pero dezisles eis que les rogamos e yo la Reyna les Ruego que en lo de Rosselon den forma se complio lo que el Rey su padre dexó mandado tornando nos aquellos nuestros Condados, e si nosotros en alguna cosa fueremos obligados, siendo por justicia deserminado lo compliremos enteramente e faziendolo assi fara como quien es, descargarà los animos de su padre guardarà la buena paz y alianzas antiguas de nuestra casa, y de la suya y quitarse han los inconvenientes males y danyos que del contrario seguir se podrian. E no queremos que esta fabla sea delante otras personas algunas, salvo de Mossen de Benju del almirante, del arzobispo de lordens, de Mossen de Sagre, et de Joan Frances, o de aquellos dellos que alli se fallaren. Fecha en el Real de Malaga a xxviiii de Julio del Año Mil ccccLxxxvii.

Yo la Reyna.

29 *Julio*, 1487.

El Rey y la Reyna,—Devoto padre fray Boyl vimos vuestra carta y entendimos lo que Mossen Marimon nos dixo sobre lo que allá se ha platicado, y todo bien considerado nos parece que esse

negocio va en dilaciones, y pues al tiempo que esta recibierdes sera ya passado el termino que con vos tomaron de las seys semanas, si fasta entonces no se hoviere tomado assiento en lo que llevastes deves os luego venir sin attender mas porque no es cosa razonable que steys mas allá procurando de vuestra parte cosa que a ellos stuvier mas honesto de procurar.

E si por agora les parece que no hay opportunidad para entender en ello, bien es que por el presente se dexe. Porende venid vos luego y no mireys de sperar otra letra ni mandamiento mestro. Del Real de Malaga a XXVIIII dias de Julio del año mil CCCCLXXXVII.

Yo el Rey, Yo la Reyna.

4. Puebla to Fernando and Isabel, July 15, 1488.

5. *Das Kloster, Weltlich und Geistlich*, von J. Scheible (Stuttgart, 1846), b. iv. 4–52; *Chronique de Maximilian I.* par Octave Delepierre (Bruxelles, 1839), 369, 383; *Der letzte Ritter* von Anastasius Grün (Leipsig, 1845); *Œuvres complètes de Bernard de Fontenelle* (Paris, 1818), i. d. 4; *Documents Originaux de l'Histoire de France*, 270–93.

6. Puebla to Fernando and Isabel, July 15, 1488; Bergenroth, *Cal. Span. Pap.* 1, 22; Fernando and Isabel to Puebla, Dec. 17, 1488; *Historia Regis Henrici Septimi, a Bernardo Andrea Tholosate conscripta*, edited by James Gairdner (London, 1858), 25.

7. *Sasiola*, Aug. 8, 1483, Harl. MSS.; *Marie de Bourgogne*, par Oct. Delepierre (Bruxelles, 1851), 3.

CHAP. VII.—1. Commission to Rodrigo de Puebla, April 30, 1488; Puebla to Fernando and Isabel, July 21, 1488.

2. The Spanish merchants residing in London to Sancho de Londoño and the Sub-Prior of Santa Cruz, July 18, 1498.

3. Puebla to Fernando and Isabel, July 15, 1488.

4. Henry to Diego de Castro, Sept. 25, 1485; Jan. 31, 1488; Henry to Scover, July 25, 1488; Fabyan, *Chronicle*, 683; *Statutes of the Realm*, ii. 4; The 'Libel of English Policy,' in Wright's *Political Songs*, ii. 160.

5. Anderson, *Roy. Gen.* 709, 744.

6. Ticknor, *Hist. Sp. Lit.* i. 362; Passport to Hubert and Staunton, Mar. 8, 1487; *Opus Epist. Pet. Mart.* lib. i. Ep. 62; Mariana, *Historia de España*, ii. 101.

7. Fernando and Isabel to Puebla, April 30, 1488.

THIRD BOOK.

CHAP. I.—1. *Letters and Papers illustrative of the Wars of the English in France during the Reign of Henry the Sixth*, edited by the Rev. Joseph Stevenson, 1861 (London); Puebla to Fernando and Isabel, June 16, 1500.

2. *Commentarius brevis et jocundus*, 48–52; Dugdale, *Baronage of England*, ii. 241; *Statutes of the Realm*, ii. 449; *Paston Letters*, v. cccxvii.; *Registrum Abbatiæ Johannis Whethamstede, Abbatis Monasterii Sancti Albani*, edited by H. T. Riley (London, 1872), i. 187, 191, 359, 365, 425; *The Difference between an Absolute and Limited Monarchy*, by Sir John Fortescue (London, 1714), 85.

3. André, *Vita Hen. Sept* 32, 33; *The Battle of Bosworth Field*, by William Hutton, edited by J. G. Nicholls (London, 1813), 181–271.

4. *A Perfect Copy of all Summons of the Nobility to the Great Councils and Parliaments of this Realm*, by Sir William Dugdale (London, 1685), 476–7; *Parl. Hist.* ii. 369, 414, 416, 417; *The Historic Peerage of England*, by Sir Harris Nicolas, ed. Courthope (London, 1857), 53, 459, 460.

5. *The Wright's Chaste Wife*, by Adam of Cobsam, Early English Text Society, 1865; *Religious Pieces in Prose and Verse*, by Richard Rolle, of Hampole, E. E. T. S. 1867; *Historia Monasterii S. Augustini Cantuariensis*, by Thomas of Elmham (London, 1583), Int. xvi.–xxiv.; *The Chronicle of England*, by John Capgrave (London, 1858), Int. ix.–xiii.; *Thomæ Walsingham Historia Anglicana* (London, 1863), ii. Int. x.–xxi.

6. Wright, *Political Poems and Songs relating to English History*, ii. 258, 282; Fabyan, *Chronicle*, 1593; *Some Account of the Citizens of London and their Rulers, from* 1060 *to* 1867, by R. R. Orridge (London, 1867), 225.

7. *English Mathematical and Astronomical Writers from* 1086 *to* 1600, by A. De Morgan, in 'Companion to the British Almanac' (London, 1837), 22–6; *A Catalogue of the Royal and Noble Authors of England, Scotland and Ireland*, by Horatio Walpole, Earl of Oxford (London, 1806), i. 200–224.

CHAP. II.—1. *Official Correspondence of Thomas Bekynton, Secretary of Henry the Sixth*, edited by George Williams (London,

1872), i. 155–8, 222; ii. 270–311, 346–354; Wilkins, *Concilia Magnæ Britanniæ*, iii, 471; *Reg. Alb. Mon. S. Alb.* i. 384. Puebla to Fernando and Isabel, June 13, 1496.

2. *Regist. Alb. Mon. S. Albani*, i. 169–172.

3. Shassek, *Comment. brev. et jocund.* 48–52; *History and Antiquities of the Cathedral Church of Canterbury*, by the Rev. J. Dart (London, 1726), 11, 12, 18. Dugdale, *Monasticon Anglicanum*, ed. Carey (London, 1830), i. 87.

4. Henry's Instructions to his Ambassador in Rome, Feb. 18, 1504; Halliwell, *Letters of the Kings of England*, i. 164; *History of the Mitred Parliamentary Abbeys and Conventual Churches*, by Brown Willis (London, 1718), i. 8, 25, 79, 106, ii. 58.

5. *Rutland Papers* (edited by William Jerdan), 9; Williams, *Lives of English Cardinals*, ii. 167; Gairdner, *Letters and Papers of Richard the Third and Henry the Seventh*, i. 95; Puebla to Fernando and Isabel, June 15, 1496. Rome considered England a fief of the Church, and Henry a vassal of the Pope. See note to Berg. *Cal. Sp. Pap.* i. 100.

6. Henry to Innocent, July 21, 1490. Henry writes:—

'Beatissime pater post humillimam commendacionem et devotissima pedum oscula beatissimorum et cetera. Cum illustrissima ac clarissima mater nostra Domina Margareta Richemondiae ac Derbey Comitessa, fragilem atque incertum humanae vitae cursum ac statum meditans: certum quoddam sit sibi electrra sepulchrum, quo posteaquam furrit vita functa recondiatur: cupiatque ut ecclesia ipsa qua sibi sepulchrum hujusmodi elegerit, apostolicis quibusdam et favorabilibus decoratur indultis, quae non ad suam tantum sed ad totius Christiani generis salutem cedant! Instantissime nobiscum egit, ut penes vestram sanctitatem intercedere diligenter vellemus, quo tam anime ipsius matris nostrae quam animabus defunctorum pro quibus missæ furrint in dicta capella, qua sibi sepulchrum elegerit, celebratae eas indulgentias et illam peccatorum remissionem concedere dignatur, quam consecuntur animae defunctorum; pro quibus in capella beatae mariae de scala coeli nuncupata, in ecclesia sive extra ecclesiam monasterii sancti Anastasi cisterciensis ordinis extra muros urbis missæ celebrantur. Quare cum prefatae illustrissimae Dominae matris nostrae pius sit zelus et Catholicus animus tam in sui ipsius, quam in defunctorum omnium animarum salutem: eandem vestram sanctitatem ex animo

rogamus votis suis ac desyderio et sancto proposito velit nostro intuitu et precipua nostra' intercessione favorabiliter ac gratiose annuere. Sicuti Latins ex oratore istic nostro venerabili pre domino David Willelmo, cui hoc onus imposuimus eadem vestra sanctitas intelligerat. Faciet autem rem imprimis non mediocriter nobis grata vestra sanctitas. Deinde saluti animarum plurimum consulet. Supêst ut vestra sanctitas felicissime valeat ad vota.

'Ex regiâ nostra grenuici die xxi Julii 1490.

'E. V. S^tia.

'Devotissimus atque obsequentissimus filius Dei gra. Rex Angliae et Franc: ac dñ's Hyb'niae.

'Henricus R.'

'Sanctissimo Clementissimoque domino nostro Papae.'

Chap. III.—1. Gairdner, *Memorials of Henry the Seventh* (London, 1858), Pref. xxiii. xxiv; *The Baronage of England*, by William Dugdale (London, 1675), 11, 233; Ayala to Fernando and Isabel, July, 25, 1498.

2. Giovanni di Giglis to Innocent, Aug. 17, 1487; Halliwell, *Letters of the Kings of England*, 1. 162.

3. André, *Vita Hen. Sept.* 10; News from London, April 1, 1499, cited by Brown from Sanudo's Diaries, 11, 304.

4. Julius the Second to Henry the Seventh, July 9, 1507; Henry the Seventh to Julius the Second, Sep. 8, 1507; Instruction of Louis the Twelfth in *Letters and Papers of Richard the Third and Henry the Seventh*, ii. 138; Giovanni di Giglis to Innocent, Jan. 28, 1489. Giglis writes:—

'Beatissime pater post humillimam commendationem et pedum oscula beatissimorum. Scripsi non multis ante diebus ad Sanctitatem vestram de adventu Domini persei Malvitij Sanctitatis vestre Cubicularij cum ense sacro et galero quem S. V. ad hunc inclitum regem per illum transmisit: et de honorifica ejusdem Domini persei receptione de qua ille latius ad Sanctitatem V. scripsit. Non potuisset certe honorificentior esse quam fuerit: cum nihil in ea praetermissum sit quod ad Sanctitatis V. decus atque honorem et ad muneris venerationem pertinere possit: posteaquam munus praesentatum fuit Regie Majestati post aliquot dies medio Domini Archiepiscopi Cantuariensi gratissimam audientiam a Majestate Regia consecuti sumus in qua juxta Sanctitatis V. instructiones

quas dominus perseus attulit ab ipso Domino perseo sunt Mandata Sanctitatis V. Regi exposita astante domino Archiepiscopo prefato et domino Episcopo exoniense qui apud illum sunt summi et utroque etiam favente sed precipue Dominus Cantuariensis, qui in omnibus rebus Sanctitatis V. se praebet diligentissimum cum singulari (ut videtur) affectione, propter negotia regni que multa occurrunt et arduà non habuimus ad tunc responsum certum, gratum tamen et quale nos in optumam spem aduxit, ut Sanctitatis V. tempore congruo satisfacere possimus : que omnia latius a me aliis literis sunt scripta. Postmodum vero hiis festivitatibus natalis Domini, Dominus perseus et ego ad Regem accessimus illius visitandi gratiâ ubi rex ipse de Sanctitate V. ac devotione in eandem ac Beatissimam sedem illam multa affectuosissime et christianissime narravit. Inter cetera asserens se tantum Sanctitati V. obnoxium quantum christianus princeps esse possit, seque cupere aliquando aliquid efficere posse in quo suam in eundem optimum animum ostendere queat Sibi in animo nihil esse majus quam ut paratis Christianis rebus se unum prebere qui aliquid egregium contra infideles gerat ad dei laudem et eterni Christi et fidei exaltationem. Hec et hujusmodi multis verbis et affectuosissimis est prosequutus. Interloquendum etiam subjunxit se in Regem francorum ac statum suum nihil moliri neque ei quidquam noceri cupere. Sed coactum esse ad presens res britannicas defendere, cum propter ingentia beneficia ab defuncto Duce in calamitatibus suis suscepta que notissima sunt tum pro tuitione regni sui. Ita enim res britannice cum hiis anglicis connecte sunt ut ex casu britonum necesse sit hos periclitari. Misit oratores ad Regem francorum pro pace que si sortiatur effectum bene erit sin minus statuit britanniam et duxissam illam pupillam pro viribus defendere. Missi sunt etiam oratores ad Regem Castelle pro confederatione hic tractata et pene conclusa confirmanda in qua inter cetera actum est de matrimonio contrahendo inter hujus meliti regis filium unicum et unam ex filiabus prefati regis Castelle. Missi sunt etiam oratores ad Regem Romanorum et flandrenses pro rebus illis componendis si fieri possit. Sin minus saltem amicitia cum utrisque fiat aut cum altero illorum qui equioribus conditionibus acquiesceret : quo mercatura inter hos et illos diu interdicta in solito cursu restituatur. Die xiii hujus mensis institutum parliamentum initium capiet. Cujus precipua cura erit de rebus bellicis providere et precipue de pecunia in eo gerendo necessaria que res non erit parve

difficultatis. Nam non solum laycis honera magna in hiis prestandis incumbent sed etiam clericis quibus tres decimas imponendas agunt. Hiis peractis agetur de negotio Sanctitatis V. Rex (ut dixi) si verbis illius animus judicari possit, nobis bonam spem tribuit Dominus Archiepiscopus Cantuariensis nobis non decrit. Nos etiam si qua industria in nos est eam adhibebimus et in solicitando nihil laboris aut diligentie pretermittemus. Non possum pretermittere Beatissime pater quin de domino Episcopo regio oratore verbum fatiam qui Sanctitati V. est deditissimus servitor et continuis literis suis ad Regem et alios datis fidelissimum atque optimum erga Sanctitatem V. animum suum patefacere non desistit.

'Usque ad diem x Januarii superius scriptum et deinde nuntius qui recessurus putabatur husque in hunc diem remansit: interea pater Beatissime celebratum est parliamentum maxima frequentia: in que hactenus factum est de pecunia invenienda ad bellum si quod immineat gerendum. In qua re omnes consenserunt ut regi in triennium provideatur de centum milibus libris hujus monete que faciunt summam CCCC milium et quingentorum ducatorum quod onus pro tribus partibus supportabunt Layci: quartam autem partem clerus: quamvis id nondum conclusum sit quum aliqualis altercatio inter clerum et laycos fuit. Volebant enim layci ut nobis due partes imponerentur de tota summa ipsis aut una tantum. Tandem post aliquas deputationes et collocutiones prelatorum et principum ad hoc deventum est quod dixi et ita credo quod concludetur. Statuit autem Rex ad presens exercitum x mil. hominum congregare quorum pars in britanniam mittetur et ex hiis jam quidem precesserunt, pars alia ad classem deputabitur, tertia autem ad presidium calisie et aliorum locorum que habet hic Serenissimus rex ad confinia francie. Ita pro nunc decretum est. Cetera autem secundum quod in dies opus esse videbitur disponentur atque ordinebuntur. Dominus Sanctitatem V. ecclesie sue conservet incolumem.

'Londinum die xxviii Januarii MCCCCLXXXIX.

humillima et dec^ma creatura

Jo. D s Collector in Anglia.'

'Extra.

'S^mo Domino Nostro Papae.'

5. Giovanni di Giglis to Innocent, Jan. 28, 1488; Precum Liber, written by Father John, in the possession of E. H. Lawrence,

Esq. of Abbey Farm Lodge; *Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey*, by A. P. Stanley (London, 1868), 162; *Annals of Windsor*, by R. R. Tighe and J. E. Davis (London, 1857), i. 422; Harl. MSS. 366; Patent Rolls, April 23, 1487.

6. Henry to Innocent, July 16, 1488; Henry to Julius the Second, May 20, 1507; Fernando and Isabel to Puebla, July 20, 1496; Giovanni di Giglis to Innocent, Dec. 6, 1485, Aug. 17, 1487; Londoño and Matienzo to Fernando and Isabel, July 18, 1498.

CHAP. IV.—1. Royal MSS. xvi.; *Privy Purse Expenses of Elizabeth of York*, Pref. xxxi.; André, *Vit. Hen. Sept.* 37–42.

2. *Patent Rolls*, Mar. 5, 1486; *Fœdera*, xii. 329; *Lelandi Collectanea*, iv. 249.

3. *A Collection of all the Wills now known to be extant of the Kings and Queens of England*, by J. Nichols (London, 1780), 356–403; *Lives of the Princesses of England*, by Mary Ann Everett Green (London, 1849), iii. 395–436, iv. 1–47; Gairdner, *Letters and Papers*, I. xxiii.; Fisher, *Funeral Sermon on Lady Margaret*, 109; Anstey, *Munimenta Academica Oxon.* i. 364; Fuller, *History of the University of Cambridge*, 90.

4. *The Antiquarian Repertory*, chiefly compiled by Francis Grose (London, 1807), i. 353; *Patent Rolls*, June 12, 1488.

5. Fabyan, *Chronicle*, 683; *Priv. Pur. Exp. Eliz. York*, lxi.; *Lelandi Collectanea*, iv. 207.

6. Prologue to Caxton's edition of *La Mort d'Arthur*, 1485; *King Arthur*, edited for the Ballad Society by J. F. Furnival, Pref. v.; *The most Ancient and famous History of the renowned Prince Arthur, King of Britain*, 1634; *The Scholemaster*, by Roger Ascham (London, 1570), 81; Pearson, *Early and Middle Ages of England*, 58.

CHAP. V.—1. Henry to Innocent, July 21, 1490; Tighe, *Annals of Windsor*, i. 408; Stanley, *Mem. of Westminster*, 161–4; Butler, *Lives of Saints*, ii. 1126;

2. Henry's Instructions to his Ambassador in Rome, Feb. 18, 1504; *Historical Memoirs of English, Irish, and Scotch Catholics*, by Charles Butler, i. 45–51.

3. *Rotulorum Parliamentorum*, vi. 268–70; *Statutes of the Realm* 1816), 11, 299.

4. Anderson, *Royal Genealogies*, 738; André, *Vit. Hen. Sept* 9; *Statutes at Large*, 11, 299.

5. Giglis to Innocent, Oct. 5, 1488; Henry to Innocent, Nov. 10, 1488; *Fast. Eccl. Angl.* i. 270, 340, 567, 632, ii. 40, 51, 61, 236, iii. 26, 468; Campbell, *Lives of the Lord Chancellors*, i. 355-62.

6. Cott. MSS. fol. ii. cited by Collier, *Ecclesiastical History of Great Britain*, iii. 400; *Revised Statutes* (London, 1870), 112, 116, 191, 271; Burnett, *History of the Reformation*, ed. Pocock (Oxford, 1865), i. 61-2; Coke, *Institutes*, part ii. c. v. 39; *The History of Church Laws in England from* 602 *to* 1850, by Edward Muscutt (London, 1851), 28-32; *The Ecclesiastical Law*, by Richard Burn, ed. by Robert Phillimore (London, 1842), ii. 32, 34.

7. *Statutes*, i. Hen. 7. c. 2.

CHAP. VI.—1. Puebla to Fernando and Isabel, July 15, 1488.

2. The Spanish Merchants to Londoño, July 18, 1498.

3 *Fast. Eccl. Angl.* ii. 378, iii. 373; *Vita Hen. Sept.* 33; Edward the Fourth to Pope Sixtus, Feb. 25, 1476; Willis, *Hist. Parl. Mit. Abb.* i. 132.

4. Henry to Cadagua, Nov. 14, 1485; the same to Dolaiciola, Jan. 20, 1486; the same to Pardo, Mar. 8, 1486; the same to Puddessey, Mar. 10, 1487; Commission to John Weston and others, March 10, 1488.

5. Commission to Puebla, April 30, 1488; Commission to Puebla and Sepulveda, April 30, 1488.

CHAP. VII.—1. Puebla to Fernando and Isabel, July 15; Breton to Sancho de Londoño, July 18, 1498.

2. Henry to Scover, July 25; Sub-Prior of Santa Cruz to Fernando and Isabel, July 18, 1498.

3. Henry to Fernando and Isabel, July 2, 1488.

4. *The Repressor of over-much Blaming of the Clergy*, by Reginald Pecock, edited by C. Babington (London, 1860), 6, 54, 86, 102, 176, 275, 452, 477, 561; Shakespeare, *Second Part of Henry VI.* act iv. s. 7; Henry to Fernando and Isabel, July 2, 1488.

5. *Histoire de Bruges* (Bruges, 1850), 150-166; Grün, *Der letzte Ritter*, 79-98; *Geschichte der Hofnarren*, von Karl F. Flögel (Leipsig, 1789), 190; Doran, *History of Court Fools*, 326-7; Menzel, *Geschichte der Deutschen*, c. 189.

6. Commission to Fox and Daubeney, July 6, 1488; *Fast. Eccl. Angl.* i. 376; *Historic Peerage*, 145; Jordan, *Rutland Papers*, 8.

7. Puebla's Memorandum, July 5, 1488.

CHAP. VIII.—1. Bergenroth, *Cal. Span. Pap.* i. 22.

2. Puebla to Fernando and Isabel, July 15, 1488.

3. Fernando and Isabel to Puebla, Berg. Cal. i. art. 22.

4. Puebla's Memorandum, July 6, 1488.

5. Puebla to Fernando and Isabel, July 15, 1488.

CHAP. IX.—1. Indenture between Puebla and Sepulveda, ambassadors of Fernando and Isabel on one part, and Richard, Bishop of Exeter, and Giles Daubeney of Daubeney, Commissioners of Henry the Seventh on the other part, July 7, 1488.

2. *Robertus Blondelli de Reductione Normanniæ*, edited by the Rev. Joseph Stevenson (London, 1863); Martin, *Histoire de France*, vii. 398–497, viii. 1–237; Ballaguer, *Historia de Cataluña*, lib. viii. c. 22, 26.

3. Puebla to Fernando and Isabel, July 15, 1488; Indenture, July 7, 1488.

4. Memorandum drawn up by Puebla and Fox, July 6, 1488; Indenture of Articles, July 7, 1488.

5. Bergenroth, *Cal. Span. Papers*, i. art. 22; Puebla to Fernando and Isabel, Oct. 11, 1488.

6. Bergenroth, *Cal. Span. Pap.* i. 22.

7. Puebla to Fernando and Isabel, Oct. 30, Dec. 11, 1488.

FOURTH BOOK.

CHAP. I.—1. Henry to Fernando and Isabel, July 5, 1488; *Patent Rolls*, April 8, 17, May 16, 25, Aug. 5, 1488; *Documents Originaux de l'Histoire de France*, 292.

2. Commission to Thomas Savage and Richard Nanfan, Dec. 11, 1488.

3. *Histoire Ecclésiastique et Civile de Bretagne*, par Dom. P. H. Morice, continuée par Dom. Ch. Taillandier (Guincamp, 1835), x. 102; *Annales Bretons*, Morice, Ap. xiv. 421.

4. *Documents Originaux de l'Histoire de France*, 296; Morice, *Hist. de Bret.* x. 103–7.

5. Florez to Innocent, May 16, 1488; *Histoire de Bretagne*, par Dom. Gui. Alexis Lobineau (Paris, 1707), i. 757, 783.

6. *Storia d'Italia* di Francesco Guicciardini (Milano, 1851), lib. ii. c. 3; *Les Mémoires de Messire Phillipe de Commines* (Lyons, 1559), lib. vii; *Documents Originaux de l'Histoire de France*, 294–5.

7. Bacon, *Hist. Hen. Sev. Works*, vi. 69–70.

8. Lobineau, *Histoire de Bretagne*, i. 783; *Fœdera*, July 14, 1488; Morice, *Hist. Eccl. et Civ. de Bretagne*, x. 107–10.

CHAP. II.—1. Commissions to Savage and others, Dec. 11, 1488; *Journal de Ruy Machado*, printed in *Mem. Hen. Sev.* 157.

2. Carvajal, *Documentos inéditos*, xviii. 274; *Journal de Machado*, 158–62.

3. My Note-book; *Journal de Machado*, 162–7; Gayangos, *Moh. Dyn Sp.* ii. 381–2.

4. *Journal de Machado*, 167; *Manual de Valladolid*, 41.

5. My Note-book; *Journal de Machado*, 169; Butler, *Lives of Saints*, ii. 1121.

6. My Note-book; Madoz, *Dicc. Esp.* xi. 339; Ford, *Handbook*, 563.

CHAP. III.—1. *Journal de Machado*, 170.

2. *Journal de Machado*, 170–1.

3. *Journal de Machado*, 173–4; Clemencin, *Elogio*, vi. Il. 14; Fray Andreas to Archduchess Juana, Sep. 1, 1498.

4. *Journal de Machado*, 172–181.

5. Fernando and Isabel to Puebla, Dec. 17, 1488, Feb. 15, 1489; Puebla to Fernando, Oct. 11, Dec. 11, 21, 1488.

6. Treaty between England and Spain, March 27, 1489; Treaty of Peace, Sep. 20, 1490.

7. Zurita, *Anales*, iv. lib. 19, c. 12; Treaty, March 27, 1489.

CHAP. IV.—1. Morice, *Histoire Ecclésiastique et Civile de Bretagne*, x. 181; *Annales Bretons*, App. Morice, xiv. 424; Daru, *Histoire de Bretagne*, iii. 135–144.

2. Giovanni de Giglis to Innocent, Jan. 28, 1489; *Fœdera*, Dec. 11, 1488; *Paston Letters*, Feb. 10, 1489.

3. Puebla to Fernando and Isabel, Dec. 21, 1488; *Statutes of the Realm*, ii. 528.

4. Persio Malvezzi to Innocent, March 19, 1489; *Paston Letters*, v. 370; Flores to Innocent, Feb. 18, 1490.

5. Giglis to Innocent, June 28, 1489; Malvezzi to Innocent, March 19, 1489; Chieregato to Innocent, April 1, 1489; Sismondi, *Histoire de France*, xv. 99.

6. Morice, *Hist. Eccl. et Civ. de Bretagne*, x. 23, 26; *Histoire de la Réunion de la Bretagne*, par l'Abbé Irail (Paris, 1764), 66–7. In 'Epitres des Dames Illustres, traduits es Se Ovide, par le Rev. Père en Dieu Monseigneur l'Evesque d'Angoulême,' a volume written and illuminated for Anne of Bretagne, there are two portraits of Anne; one as Queen of Charles the Eighth, the other as Queen of Louis the Twelfth. This precious work of art belongs to E. H. Lawrence, Esq. of Abbey Farm Lodge.

7. Puebla to Fernando and Isabel, Oct. 11, 1488; Fernando and Isabel to Puebla, Feb. 15, 1489; Anderson, *Royal Genealogies*, 621; Negociations of the English Ambassadors with Maximilian, in *Letters and Papers of Richard the Third and Henry the Seventh*, i. 218.

8. Daru, *Histoire de Bretagne*, iii. 134–140; *Documents Originaux de l'Histoire de France*, 313. Portraits of Max are not uncommon. The portrait in the Römer Saal at Frankfort has been reproduced by Delepierre in his *Marie de Bourgogne*, p. 3.

CHAP. V.—1. Delepierre, *Chronique de Maximilian*, liv. iv.; *Der Weise Künig eine erzehlung von de Thaten Kaisers Maximilian der ersten* (Wien, 1775); *Held und Ritters Tewrdanks* (Nürnberg, 1517); Argentré, *Histoire de Bretagne*, xiii. 41.

2. Puebla to Fernando and Isabel, Oct. 11, Dec. 11, 1488.

3. Fernando and Isabel to Puebla, Dec. 17, 1488.

4. Henry to Innocent, Jan. 2, 1489; Bishop of Concordia to Innocent, April 1, 1489; Malvezzi to Innocent, Mar. 19, May 9, 1489; Flores to Innocent, Feb. 18, 1490; Sismondi, *Républiques Italiennes*, tome vi. c. 7.

5. Giglis to Innocent, Jan. 28, 1489; Malvezzi to Innocent, May 9, 1489.

6. Malvezzi to Innocent, Mar. 19, 1489; Hook, *Archbishops of Canterbury*, v. 477; Campbell, *Lives of Lord Chancellors*, i. 361.

7. Malvezzi to Innocent, Mar. 19, May 9, 1489. (Venetian Calendar, under date.) Malvezzi writes:—'Beatissime Pater, post

beatorum pedum oscula: Per benche per un' altra communa cum el Collectore Vostra Santita possa intendere el caso novamente de qua advenuto, niente di mancho per non lasòare cosa cognosca esser mio debito nei daro per la presente particulare aviso; Quella per piu mie hara inteso el denaro imposto da questo S. Re per tucta Lingilterra per aiutar la Bertagnia: et essendo ali di passati un gran Signore de existimatione et auctorita apresso de questo Sigr. Re cavalcato per cogliere denari nel suo dominio che e ne le parte boreale al recontro de la Scotia, certi soi subditi et del principali non volevano se mettesse tal graveza et a loro inussitata per li tempi passati: Per questo el dicto Signore desdignato, non potendoli havere per via alcuna ne le mano, comincio a minacciar de voler loro fare et dire et in breve spatio radunate octocento persone deliberò per forza haberli. Questi tali Rebelli inteso questo, considerando che se venevano in sua potesta sarebono privati de vita, se messero per desperati et radunorno fra parenti et amici persone circa cinquecento, li quali aspectando dicto Signore infra breve tempe forono alemani, et lo primo morto fu el Signore. Li altri soi, vedutolo morto se dettero a fugire et cussi fu facto poco sangue non andando la cosa piu innanti. Imo retirandose li rebelli ale loro case et dolendose dopo el facto: mandarono de li a dui dì al S. Re per misericordia promettendo far quanto sua Maestà vorra: La qual cosa non obstante ha deliberato questo S. Re si per mantener justitia como per dare exemplo ali altri punirli et tucta via fa metter in ordine gente assai cum proposito de andar in persona, et martedi o mercordi deve andare; Non so che se fara: molti dicono che questa cosa hara presto fine per esser quelli talli rebelli senza capo alcuno et de poco auctorità: multi anchora dubitano che qualche gran Signore non ce tenga mano et che habia ad esser pegio che altri non existima; la qual cosa presto se vedera: et quando sia me sforzaro darne subito pieno aviso a Vostra Santità. Essendosi questa nova intesa in Londra et seguente dì Monsr. R^mo. Cantuariense venne qui per andare dal S. Re quale é lontano XX. miglia: Andai una cum el Collector avisitar sua Signoria Reverendissima et dixece quanto per la communa letera V. Santità intendera al quale habiamo obedito: et andati al S. Re quale ce ha dicto pur quanto habiamo scripto comunamente et bisognace obtemperarli non possendo fare altro: Quando V^a Santità voglia in questo facciamo niente quella, se degni commettere ce sia avisata la sua voluntà: che da quella non ce

parteremo. Nove sonno scripte per la comuna letera, per tanto non terrà V^a^ Santità a tedio: solo avisando che bono foria quella se degnasse commettere dui brevi al Sig. Re et a Mons. Cantuariense: li quali avendo pigliata admiratione che essendo facti novi Cardinali non ce sia stato assumpto el dicto Mons. Cantuariense, maxime havendone supplicata V. Santità più volte et havutane quasi speranza bona, considero essendo io nel facto foria bono per V^a^ Santità scrivarli accio perseverino in la bona dispositione et devotione verso quella per la quale hucusque hanno facto quanto li sia stato possibile. Pretera habiamo operta la capsa che la Maesta del Sig. Re volse havere in la sua corte; in la quale habiamo trovate libre XI. et soldi XI., che ce ha facto mancare lanimo per esser stati li Cl. S. Re, la Regina, la matre del Re et de la Regina, con Duchi Conti et Marchessi et altri Signori et oratori che credevanno havere molto più. Habiamo havute dispense fin a lodierno dì XXVII. de le quale habiamo havute libre de questa moneta XXXVIIII. che tucte le habiamo remesse al bancho: et de mano in mano se mandarano le letere del cambio secondo el tempo. Speramo per l'advenir far meglio de queste dispense per che già più dì se saputo per tucto, et tanto più faremo quando havessemo le facultà che per una comuna, fo avisato. Le nove habiamo souno scripte per la comuna, altro non occurre preter humiliter et prostrate reccommandarme ali piedi de V^a^ Beatitudine, quam Deus populo Christiano incolumem conservet.

'Londoniis, Die nona Maij MCCCCLXXXVIIII.

'E. V. S^tis.^

'Servulus deditissimus,

'PERSEUS MALVITIUS.'

CHAP. VI.—1. Henry to Lord Oxford, April 22, 1489.

2. Lobineau, *Histoire de Bretagne*, x. 181; *Annales Bretons*, xiv. 425–7.

3. Hall, *Union of Lancaster and York, Reign of Henry Seventh*, f. xviii; Cotton MSS. Jul. xi. 55.

4. Treaty of Charles King of France and Max King of the Romans, Frankfurt, July 22, 1489.

5. Treaty of Charles and Max, July 22, 1489; Martin, *Histoire de France*, viii. 249.

6. Fernando and Isabel to the Bishop of Badajos, their Ambassador in Rome, May 6, 1490; Isabel to Puebla, May 26, 1491;

Flores to Innocent, July 28, Aug. 9, 12, 25, Sept. 8, 1490; *Opus Epist. Pet. Mart.* lib. v. Ep. 120.

CHAP. VII.—1. Fernando and Isabel to the Bishop of Badajos, May 6, 1490.

2. Henry's proposed additional clauses to the treaty with Fernando and Isabel, September 20, 1490; Puebla to Fernando, Aug. 25, 1498.

3. Fernando and Isabel to Guevara and Puebla, Bergenroth's *Cal. Span. Pap.* i. 41.

4. Fernando and Isabel to Rojas, July 4, 1490.

5. Mosquera to Henry, Bergenroth, *Cal. Sp. Pap.* i. 57, 58; Morice, *Annales Bretons*, xiv. 427.

6. Flores to Innocent, Feb. 18, 1490; Adriano Castello to Innocent, Dec. 5, 1490; Henry to Innocent, April 21, 1491; *Patent Rolls*, Sept. 6, Nov. 17, 1490, June 29, 1492; *Fast. Eccl. Angl.* i. 143, 466, ii. 383; Pecock, *Repressor of over-much blaming of the Clergy*, xxiv.; Lewis, *Life of Pecock*, 63–150.

7. Isabel to Puebla, May 26, 1491; Morice, *Annales Bretons*, xiv. 428; Lobineau, *Histoire de Bretagne*, i. 816–7, ii. 1536–9.

CHAP. VIII.—1. Flores to Innocent, Sept. 8, 1490; Morice, *Annales Bretons*, xiv. 428.

2. Daru, *Histoire de Bretagne*, iii. 175; Morice, *Annales Bretons*, xiv. 429–430.

3. *Le Trésor des Chartes*, par M. A. Teulet, Aug. 19, 1498.

4. Henry to Innocent, Dec. 8, 1491. Henry writes:—'Beatissime pater, post humillimam commendacionem et devotissima pedum oscula beatissimorum. Cum superioribus annis galli primum in Ducatum Brittanie arma movissent: et bello gravi, ac forti manu premerent, ut ducatum ipsum sibi subderent; nos pro illo federe atque amicitia, quam cum ipso ducatu habebamus, oratores nostros ad ipsos gallos misimus, eis declarantes nos cum domina ducissa ac ducatu, Item et cum domino duce dum in humanis ageret suis se et esse confederatos, et ad eorum defensionem obstrictos: nec posse illi ducatui aliquam injuriam inferri quin esset nobiscum communis: atque idcirco eos rogatos fecimus: ut ab ipso bello vellent desistere: et omnem armorum vim ac copias militum revocare, si jus aliquod pretenderent, vel justam aliquam

causam aliquod vendicandi haberent : non vi aut armis, sed jure et amicabili compositione rem suam vellent tractare : hi autem oratoribus nostris responderunt se se esse contentos, ut cause omnes quas haberent contra ipsam dominam ducissam ac ducatum compromiserentur, amicabiliterque tractarentur : pacemque tam cum ipsa domina ducissa quam nobiscum se esse composituros. Moxque ipsi galli superinde oratores suos ad nos misere, ut de pace inter nos et illos ac ducatum Britannie pariter fienda tractaretur. Post multa nos pacis amplectende cupidi ; atque etiam prius nobiscum statuentes jus nostrum hoc prescriptum tempore negligere ; et aliquod potius incommodum ac detrimentum pati et subire quam inimicias cum illis fovere, tandem in quedam pacis capitula cum ipsis gallis oratoribus convenimus : pro quorum quidem capitulorum confirmatione, cum oratores nostros in gallia misissemus : nil eorum que fuerant conventa nobiscum approbare galli voluerunt : quin immo cum ipsi nova quedam pacis capitula formassent, et oratores nostri ea nostro nomine acceptare vellent, revocarunt illico quecumque ab eis fuerant oblata : quoniam nonnullis Brittanie proceribus illius ducatus regimen tenentibus, corruptis et circumventis, non dubitabant sibi omnia pro voto successura. Sicuti dominus Episcopus Concordie vestre Sanctitatis legatus si vera voluerit referre plane potuit vestre Sanctitati affirmare : et ut paucis concludamus, nobis pacem componere volentibus, nunquam nisi nostro cum dedecore ad eam componendam voluerunt inclinare : sed tandiu de pace nobis verba dedere et spem pacis proposuere ut aliud animo volventes, continuato forti et gravi bello, paulatim sibi universum illum ducatum usurparint et in potestatem suam redegerent : nec eo quidem sint contenti : sed etiam tum nobis, tum vicinis et confederatis nostris reliquis, quecumque pernitiosa macchinentur, et in dies magis ac magis interminentur. Et ne omnia silentio pretereamus, scotos in primis suis literis et nunciis sollicitarunt atque assidue sollicitant, ut contra nos bellum moveant, et regnum nostrum invadant, pecuniasque et arma ac commeatus ad eos proinde misere : Preterea et domicellos quosdam in dominio nostro hibernie, nonnullosque hoc in regno nostro, multis pollicitationibus ad rebellionem contra nos sunt adhortati : ad hec et nonnullos regni nostri fines hostiliter invasere, et predis atque incendiis sunt crassati. Quomodo autem in flandria egerint, qua arte gandavum oppidum ab obbedientia serenissimi Romanorum regis nostri confederati retraxerint : Sclusasque occuparint : et alia

item oppida quam plurima in dies sollicitent, ut a serenissimo romanorum rege et ejus filio domino duce Burgundie herede futuro, nostris confederatis deficiant, nemo est qui non intelligat. Cum igitur que pacis sint omnia tentaverimus et nil omnino quod justum honestumve esset assequi potuerimus: nihil aliud pater sancte est nobis reliquum, nisi ut has tot injurias que nobis et amicis nostris quotidie inferruntur pro nostra et regni nostri dignitate repellamus et propulsemus bellumque in eos necessario sumamus: quandoquidem pro parte nostra nihil omnino intentatum reliquimus, quo pacem et amicitiam retineremus, ac de nostro potius aliquid dimitteremus, quam pacem in bellum essemus commutaturi, utpote qui nil magis abhorreamus quam cedes hominum, et christiani sanguinis effusionem. Non ferenda est profecto, Beatissime pater, non est ferenda tanta et tam insaciabilis aliem imperii cupiditas. Satis autem intelligimus quanta pernicies immineat vicinis omnibus populis et gentibus si hec tanta propagandi sitis non compescatur. Quod si tam insolens licentia nullis frenis cohibita, pro voto huc et illuc serperet; nescimus an fortassis in aliquos etiam Italie potentatus excurreret, et vestre quoque Sanctitati, ac sedi Apostolice cum sua pragmatica sanctione, quam nos semper damnavimus, aliquid inferret turbinis et nocumenti. . . . .

'Ex regia nostra grenuici Die viii. Decembris, MCCCCLXXXJ.

'E. V. S^tis.

'Devotissimus atque obsequentissimus filius Dei gra'. Rex Anglie et Franc: ac Dñs hyb'nie.

'Henricus R.'

Sanctissimo clementissimoque Domino nostro Pape.

5. Articles respecting a war with France, Nov. 22, 1491; Henry to Sforza, Jan. 10, 1492; Ballaguer, *Historia di Cataluña*, lib. viii. c. 30.

6. André, *Vit. Hen. Sept.* 58–64; Novaes, *Storia de' Sommi Pontefici da San Pietro*, vi. 79; Sismondi, *Républiques Italiennes*, vi. 253; Henry to Alexander the Sixth, Dec. 12, 1492. Henry writes:—'Beatissime pater post humilem commendacionem et devotissima pedum oscula beatorum etc. Cum antea sepe felicis quondam recondationis S^mo. Domino notro Vestre Sanctitatis predecessori litteris nostris intimassemus nos ob certas quasdam legittimas causas, quas tum demonstravimus, bellum in gallos esse sumpturos: atque re ipsa id egerimus: non alienum esse duximus,

ut qualis fuerit exitus, vestre Sanctitati significaremus: arbitrantes illam grato animo esse accepturam quicquid a nobis superinde actum sit, atque etiam consilia nostra non improbaturam. Cum enim supra duos anteactos menses cum exercitu nostro personaliter trajecissemus, et ad hoc nostrum oppidum Callesium applicuissemus: Moxque occupatis quibusdam finitimis oppidis boloniam obsideremus oppidum munitissimum preter omnem expectationem oblate est nobis a gallis certa quedam pax cum hujusmodi conditionibus, ut a nemine Christiano Catholicoque principe satis recusari posse videretur: quare ipsam pacem acceptavimus: tum ut aliis negotiis intenderemus, tum etiam ut Christiani sanguinis effusionem quam semper abhorruimus pro viribus effugeremus sicuti latius ex oratoribus nostris istic existentibus, quibus fidem superinde haberi volumus, vestra Sanctitas latius intelliget, que felicissime valeat ad vota.

'Ex Callesio oppido nostro Die xii. Decembris, 1492.

'E. V. S^tis.

'Devotissimus et obsequentissimus filius Dei gra'. Rex Anglie et franc': ac d'ñs hyb'nie.

HENRICUS R.'

'Sanctissimo clementissimoque Domino nostro Pape.'

6. Dumont, *Corps Diplomatique*, iii. 297, 300. Ballaguer, *Historia de Cataluña*, lib. viii. c. 30.

7. Sismondi, *Républiques Italiennes*, vi. 267–71; Guicciardini, *Storia d'Italia*, lib. i. c. 1.

FIFTH BOOK.

CHAP. I.—1. Carvajal, *Documentos ineditos*, xviii. 280; Ballaguer, *Historia de Cataluña*, lib. viii. c. 30.

2. Giovio, *Vita Magni Gonsalvi* (in 'Vitæ Illustrium Virorum'), lib. i. 212; *The Life and Acts of Don Alonzo Enriquez de Gusman.* Translated from an original manuscript in the National Library at Madrid, by C. R. Markham (London, 1862), 9, 10, 12, 17.

3. Gamero, *Historia de Toledo*, 893–932; Gayangos, *Moh. Dyn. Sp.* i. 116–118, 140, 143, 151; Ford, *Handbook of Spain*, i. 56, ii. 722, 798; Stirling, *Annals of the Artists of Spain*, iii. 84–6; *Notice sur les armes defensive et spécialement sur celles qui ont usitée en Espagne*, par Achille Jubinal (Paris, 1840); Altafaj, *Zaragoza*,

112. The best way to see the superiority of Moorish work is to compare the Moorish and Spanish sections of a great museum.

4. Jones, *Palace of the Alhambra*, various plates; *An Architect's Note-book on Spain*, by Sir Digby Wyatt (London, 1872); Wolf, *Primavera*, 1, 234; *Chronica del Cid*, c. 19; Giovio, *Vita Magni Gonsalvi*, lib. i. 211.

5. *Die religiöse Poesie der Juden in Spanien*, von Michael Sachs (Berlin, 1845), 180–213; Los Rios, *Etudes sur les Juifs d'Espagne*, 319–416; Ginsburg, *Cyc. Bibl. Lit.* i. 28, iii. 725; Kayserling, *Juden in Portugal*, 85–119.

6. Capitulacion con Moros y Caballeros de Castilla (Archiv. Gen. Siman.), Estado, leg. 1°; Giovio, *Vita Magni Gonsalvi*, lib. i. 211; Mendoza, *Cronica del Gran Cardenal*, 238

7. Hammer, *Histoire de l'Empire Ottoman*, lib. xx.; Sismondi, *Hist. Rép. Ital.* vi. c. 4, 6, 7.

8. Bull of Innocent VIII. April 20, 1487; Bulls of Alexander VI. Feb. 16, 1493, August 5, 1495; Fernando to Elizabeth, December 4, 1489; Alexander VI. to Puebla, April 10, 1490.

CHAP. II.—1. *Coleccion de los Viages y descrubrimientos que hicieron por Mar los Españoles desde Fines del Siglo XV.* (Madrid, 1825), i. Int. 60; Mariana, *Historia general de España*, ii. 470–516; Carvajal, *Documentos ineditos*, xviii. 274–9.

2. My Note Book; *Plans, Elevations, Sections, and Details of the Palace of the Alhambra*, by Jules Goury and Owen Jones (London, 1842), i. 16; Gayangos, *Moh. Dyn. of Spain*, i. 43, 44; also Notes to ch. ii. p. 351; Mendoza, *Cronica del Gran Cardenal*, 238; Zurita, *Anales*, iv. c. 90.

3. Capitulacion con Moros y Caballeros de Castilla, La Real Vega de Granada, Dec. 30, 1492; Kayserling, *Die Juden in Navarre*, 227; Graetz, *Geschichte der Juden*, viii. 355–63; Lindo, 227, 248.

4. Giovio, *Vita Magni Gonsalvi*, lib. i. 212.

5. Graetz, *Gesch. Jud.* viii. 335, 358; Lindo, 377–84; Ginsburg, 'Abravanel,' in Kitto's *Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature*, i. 28. The articles on Spanish Jews, by Dr. Ginsburg, are of special value.

6. Yanguas y Miranda, *Diccionario de Navarra*, 227; Colmenares, *Historia de Segovia*, c. xxxv.; Los Rios, *Etudes sur les Juifs*, 157–172; Ginsburg, 'Saccuto,' in *Cyc. Bibl. Lit.* iii. 725.

7. Los Rios, *Etudes sur les Juifs*, 173–194.

CHAP. III.—1. Carvajal, *Documentos Ineditos*, xviii. 278–281; Gayangos, *Moh. Dyn. Sp.* ii. 390–392.

2. Passport for Antonio Geraldino (Arch. Gen. de la Cor. Aragon), Registros, 3549, f. 97; *Biog. Univ.* xvii. 165.

3. Bernaldes, *Reyes Catolicos*, c. 93.

4. My Note Book; Jones, *Palace of the Alhambra*, various plates; Gayangos, *Moh. Dyn. Sp.* i. 43, 44, ii. 368.

5. Madoz, *Diccionario de España*, viii. 468; Mariana, *Historia de España*, ii. 511.

6. Puebla to Fernando and Isabel, July 17, 1498; Quintanillo, *Archetypo*, lib. ii. c. 9; Fray Andreas to Juana, Sep. 1. 1498.

CHAP. IV.—1. Carvajal, *Documentos Ineditos*, xviii. 282–4.

2. Richard, Duke of York, to Isabel, Sep. 8, 1493.

3. *Documents relating to Perkin Warbeck*, by Sir F. Madden, *Archæologia*, xxvii. 153; Gairdner, *Mem. Hen. Sev.* Pref. xxx. xxxvi.; Gairdner, *Letters and Papers*, ii. l.–lx.; Bacon, *History of Henry the Seventh*, *Works*, vi. 132.

4. Fernando and Isabel to Puebla, April 14, 1496.

5. Bacon, *Works*, vi. 133–6.

6. Patent Rolls, Feb. 19, 1486, Feb. 26, 1488.

7. Bergenroth, *Cal. Span. Pap.* i. lxxxv.

8. Fernando and Isabel to Puebla, July 20, 1495.

CHAP. V.—1. Duchess Margaret to Alexander VI., in *Mem. Hen. Sev.* Ap. A. 323–9; Smith, *History of Cork*, i. 422.

2. Puebla to Fernando and Isabel, Aug. 25, 1498; *Calendar of the Carew MSS. preserved in the Archiepiscopal Library at Lambeth*, edited by J. S. Brewer and William Bullen (London, 1871), 472; *History of the Viceroys of Ireland*, by J. T. Gilbert (Dublin, 1865), 444; Gairdner, *Letters and Papers*, ii. xlix–liii.

3. Bishop of Brixen to the Signory, May 5, June 14, July 11, 17, 1495; Contarini and Trevisano to the Signory, July 17, 1495; Brewer and Bullen, *Cal. Carew MSS.* 188.

4. Contarini to the Seignory, May 1, June 9, 14, July 17, 1496; Ap. *Mem. Hen. Sev.* 393–9; *Pat. Rolls*, March 22, July 26, 1495.

5. *Collections for a History of Sandwich, in Kent*, by William Boys (Canterbury, 1792), 680; André, *Vit. Hen. Sep.* 69.

6. *Patent Rolls*, June 16, Sep. 21, 1494, July 26, 1495; *The Annals of Ireland*, translated from the original Irish of the Four Masters by Owen Connellan (Dublin, 1846), 319, 330.

7. *The Earls of Kildare and their Ancestors*, by the Marquis of Kildare (Dublin, 1858), i. 47, 52, 56; Gilbert, *Viceroys of Ireland*, 448–56; Hook, *Archbishops of Canterbury*, v. 507–8; Brewer and Bullen, *Calendar of Carew MSS.* 179.

8. Contarini to the Signory, July 25, Aug. 16, 1495; Ryland, *History of Waterford*, 30, 31; Gilbert, *Viceroys of Ireland*, 457; Brewer and Bullen, *Cal. Car. MSS.* 472.

CHAP. VI.—1. Contarini and Trevisano to the Signory, Aug. 16, Dec. 10, 1495; Contarini to Signory, Jan. 4, 6, 1496.

2. Fernando and Isabel to Puebla, Jan. 20, 1496; Guicciardini, *Storia d'Italia*, lib. ii. c. iii.; Sismondi, *Républiques Italiennes*, vi. 262–374; Bergenroth, *Cal. Span. Papers*, i. art. 22; Ballaguer, *Historia de Cataluña*, lib. viii. c. 31; New Treaty of Spain and England, Mar. 8, 1493; Puebla to Fernando and Isabel, Sep. 25, 1498.

3. Brewer and Bullen, *Cal. Car. MSS.* 179, 180; Kildare, *Earls of Kildare*, i. 57, 8; Gilbert, *Viceroys of Ireland*, 460.

4. Secret Instructions for Puebla to carry into England, Feb. 25, 1495.

5. André, *Vit. Hen. Sep.* 67–8; Henry's Instructions to Richmond King-at-Arms, Aug. 10, 1494; Fernando and Isabel to Puebla, July 20, 1495.

6. Isabel to Puebla, Aug. 8, 1490; Comines to the Signory, Oct. 3, 1494; Fernando and Isabel to Puebla, Jan. 30, Mar. 28, 1496; Fernando and Isabel to Henry, Jan. 30, 31, 1496.

7. Alexander to Puebla, April 10, 1496; Fernando and Isabel to Puebla, April 14, 1496.

8. *Patent Rolls*, April 12, 1495, Mar. 18, 1496, Feb. 4, 1497.

CHAP. VII.—1. *Cronica del Gran Cardenal*, lib. ii. c. 46.

2. *Europa Portuguesa*, pelo Faria y Sousa, ii. 452; Graetz, *Geschichte der Juden*, viii. 357, 386.

3. *Cronica del Gran Cardenal*, lib. ii. c. 46.

4. Clemencin, *Elogio*, vi. 496; MCCCIX. to Alonzo de Com-

pludo, Agent in London, Dec. 28, 1495; Jost, *Geschichte des Judenthum*, iii. 113.

5. Spinola to Visconti, July 1 (?), Dec. 27, 1490; Isabel to Puebla, Aug. 18, 1496; Kayserling, *Geschichte der Juden in Portugal*, 120–39.

6. Santarem, *Quadro Elementar*, ii. 3–6; Isabel to Puebla, Aug. 18, 1496.

CHAP. VIII.—1. Fray Tomas de Matienzo to Fernando and Isabel, Aug. 1498; Fray Andreas to Juana, Sep. 1, 1498.

2. Fléchier, *Histoire de Cardinal Ximenes*, 56.

3. *Capitulacion con Moros y Caballeros de Castilla*, Dec. 80 1492; Conde, *Descripcion de España*, 4; Gayangos, *Hist. Moh. Dyn.* i. viii.

4. Bergenroth, *Sup. Cal. Span. Pap.* 47, 48, 50, 405.

5. Fernando and Isabel to Puebla, July 20, Dec. 28, 1495.

CHAP. IX.—1. Fernando and Isabel to Puebla, Dec. 28, 1495; Contarini to the Signory, Aug. 22, 1495.

2. Contarini to the Signory, Aug. 22, 1495; Zurita, *Rey Hernando V.* lib. ii. c. 5.

3. Isabel to Puebla, July 10, 1496; Fernando and Isabel to Puebla, July 6; Puebla to Fernando and Isabel, July 11.

4. Santarem, *Quadro Elementar*, ii. 3; Mariana, *Hist. Esp.* ii. 561; Graetz, *Geschichte der Juden*, viii. 388–99; Lindo, *Hist. Jews*, 325–9.

5. Faria y Sousa, *Europa Portuguesa*, ii. 494; Kayserling, *Geschichte der Juden in Portugal*, 128.

6. Zurita, *Rey Hernando* v. 127; Ginsburg, *Cyc. Bibl. Lit.* iii. 725.

SIXTH BOOK.

CHAP. I.—1. Bacon, *Works*, vi. 204; Kayserling, *Juden in Port.* 131; Guicciardini, *Storia d'Italia*, lib. iii.; Zurita, *Anales*, v. lib. iii. c. 6.

2. Puebla to Fernando and Isabel, July 17, 1498.

3. *Histoire du Cardinal Ximenes*, par Meyer Esprit Fléchier, 56–8; Puebla to Fernando and Isabel, July 17, 1498.

4. Treaty of Henry with Fernando and Isabel, Oct. 1, 1496;

Puebla to Fernando and Isabel, June 13, 1496; Fernando and Isabel to Puebla, Dec. 28, 1495, June 21, July 11, 1496; Isabel to Puebla, Aug. 18, 1496.

5. Treaty of Henry with the Pope, the Emperor, Fernando and Isabel of Spain, and the Dukes of Venice and Milan, July 18, Sep. 23, 1496.

6. Fernando and Isabel to Puebla, January 30, 1496; Fernando and Isabel to Puebla, April 14, 1496; Alexander VI. to Puebla, April 10, 1496; Maximilian to Puebla, April 18, 1496; Recontract of the Holy League, on the accession to it of Henry VII. July 18, 1496.

CHAP. II.—1. Burton, *Hist. Scotland*, iii. 187; Gairdner, *Letters and Papers*, Ap. B. xvi. *Mem. Hen. Sev.* 70.

2. *History of Scotland*, by John Pinkerton (London, 1797), ii. 26–7; Gairdner, *Letters and Papers*, ii. 73; André, *Vit. Hen. Sept.* 70; Richard, Duke of York, to Lady Catharine Gordon, Berg. *Sp. Cal.* i. 78.

3. Harl. MSS. 283, fo. 123 b. printed in Bacon's *Works*, vi. 252; Pinkerton, *Hist. Scot.* ii. 29–30; *Archæologia*, xxvii. 181; *Fast. Eccl. Angl.* i. 142, 555, iii. 292.

4. *Original Letters*, edited by Sir Henry Ellis, First Series, i. 22, 25; Tytler, *Hist. of Scotland*, iii. 262-4; Pinkerton, *Hist. Scot.* ii. 26–31; Isabel to Puebla, August 14, 1496.

5. Fernando and Isabel to Puebla, April 27, June 21, 1496; Isabel to Puebla, 14 August, 1496; Bacon's *Hist. of Hen. VII. Works*, vi. 1845; Hen. VII. to Fernando and Isabel, 18 Dec. 1500; Ayala to Fernando and Isabel, 14 July, 1498; Sub-Prior of Santa Cruz to Fernando and Isabel, July 18, 1498;

6. Bergenroth, *Cal. Sp. Pap.* i. 26; Isabel to Puebla, August 18, 1496.

7. Ayala to Fernando and Isabel, July 25, 1498; Tytler, *History of Scotland*, ii. 263; Bergenroth, *Cal. Sp. Pap.* i. 26.

CHAP. III.—1. Isabel to Puebla, Aug. 18, 1496; Pinkerton, *Hist. Scot.* ii. 37; Burton, *Hist. Scot.* iii. 212–18; Tytler, *Hist. Scot.* ii. 270.

2. Fernando and Isabel to Puebla, April 14, 26, 27, June 13, 21, July 11, Aug. 18, 1496; Isabel to Puebla, Aug. 25, 1496,

Jan. 10, 1497; Fernando and Isabel to Londoño and Sub-Prior of Santa Cruz, Mar. 7, 1498;

6. Bacon, *Hist. Hen. Sev. Works*, vi. 185; Rymer, *Fœdera*, xii. 572; *Mem. Hen. Sev.* 400; Fernando and Isabel to Londoño, Mar. 7, April 7, 1498.

4. Instructions to Bishop Fox, July 5, 1497; Puebla to Fernando and Isabel, Jan. 11, 1500.

5. Raimondo to Sforza, Sep. 8, 1497. (Venetian Transcripts, vol. xiv. 127.) Raimondo writes :—'Illustrissimo et excellentissimo Segnor mio. In multe cose cognosco questo principe essere sapientissimo ma sopra tutto per che sua Maesta intende benissimo le cose de Italia, et ha particulare aviso de ogni occorrentia et ditta Maesta intende le conditione de la vostra persona et del vostro stato non meno che lo Re Christianissimo et quando ditto Re passo in Italia li mando apresso uno suo Heraldo chiamato Richimondo homo savio chi ha veduto ogni cosa fin a la tornata poi li mercanti non cessano mai de avisare maxime fiorentini. Ultra de questo soa Maesta ha in Roma homini notabili como e messer Zoane Zilio Luchese et messer Adriano chierico de camera beneficiati et arrichiti da ditta Maesta per modo che non li havemo ditto cosa nova et anche li cortesani intendeno multo de le cose nostre per modo che me pare de essere in Roma. Unde io estimo sara bene fatto quando se vora avisare alcuna cosa overo notificarla piu distinctamente che li altri overo avisarla primo che li altri. In cio servirà bene la scarsella de Genoa ma piu li mercanti fiorentini chi siano confidenti per che le cose loro passano per francia senza impedimento et se fa pocha cercata. E stata a proposito la congratulatione de la victoria regia scritta a XVII. de julio ma era pur tardetta et gia sono due victorie la prima contra Cornualiesi quali sotto uno ferraro se posseno in arme circa X^m^ dicendo non volevano paghare el subsidio laltra contra el Serenissimo Re de Scotia el quale se levato de campo non multo gloriosamente per non parlare cum manco modestia de quello fa questo Re sapientissimo. Et cosa che sua Maesta non me ha ditto quello giovene chi vorebe essere reputato filiolo del Re Eduardo e fugito incognito et la molie se dice essere presonera per modo che io reputo questo giovene ditto pirichino essere andato in fumo et stabilito el Regno ancora per lo successore che piaccia a dio cosi sia per che la virtu soa lo merita parlo del Illustrissimo principe. Et Vostra Excellentia

po securamente congratularsi cum quelli Serenissimi Reali de Spagna de cosi prestante genero. Et tanto piu se potera iudicare stabilito se succede el matrimonio de Spagna cum ditto Serenissimo Re de Scotia che sono avisato se pratica. Et uno oratore hispano e presso ditto Re ma quando bene mancasse tale matrimonio questo regno e firmissimo primo per la sapientia de la quale ogniuno teme poi per le richeze che sono informato ha più de sei milioni d'oro et dicessi che ogni anno repone piu de cinquecento milia ducati che e facile cosa per che la intrata è grande viva non in scriptis, et non spende nulla. El guarda due o tre forteze fora del costume de li predecessori chi non guardavano alcuna del resto niente ne ordenanza ne altro. Estimo el non habia cento persone de guarda quantunche al presente habiti in loco foresto non munito. Tra le altre coso el sa bene intertenere ciascuno lo monstro avanti che io venessi in questo regno che volendo li oratori francesi andare in Scotia sotto nome de interpositione a la pace li festegio mirabilmente et li presento et li mando a casa senza vedere Scotia et hora manda uno suo camerero in francia. Perho è multo da laudare la Santita de nostro Signore quale lo ama cordialmente et lo favorisce in ogni cosa possibile fortificando questo regno de censure ecclesiastice per modo che in ogni tempo tutti li suoi rebelli sono excomunicati et la forza de questa censura hora e sentita da cornualiesi li quali sono in questo travalio che ciascuno chi mangia del grano recolto da poi la rebellione et chi beve de la cervosa fatta del recolto de questo anno more como se mangiasse veneno et de questo e publica fama che pare questo Re sia in tutela de dio eterno.

'Como scrissi de Anversa loratore cesareo non è venuto et meno lo pontificio solo se li ritrova lo hispano homo al parere mio dasai et dal quale mi pare essere bene visto che forsi ne e stata bona causa lhonorevolissimo parlare che io feci de quelli Serenissimi Reali in lo primo congresso. Loratore Napolitano se parte che me dispiace asai per che me haveria dato grande lume in ogni cosa et gia lha fatto de quanto ha potuto. Et per che el passara de qua Vostra Excellentia se potera informare da lui de multe cose et lo recomando a Vostra Illustrissima Signoria. Quam deus ad multos annos felicissimam conservet.

'Londonii viii Septembris 1497.

Excellentie Vestre

'Humilimus Servus Raimundus.

'Illustrissimo ac Excellentissimo Principi et domino meo colendissimo domino duci Mediolani, etc.'

5. Tytler, *Hist. Scotland*, ii. 265.

6. Raimondo to Sforza, Sep. 8, 1497; Tytler, *Hist. Scot.* ii. 264.

CHAP. IV.—1. Bontius to Max, Nov. 6, 1496; Fernando and Isabel to Puebla, Jan. 10, Mar. 28, 1497.

2. *Privy Purse Expenses of Elizabeth of York*, xxi. xxii.; André, *Vit. Hen. Sep.* 65; Gilbert, *Viceroys of Ireland*, 427; *Annals of the Four Masters*, 306.

3. *Rot. Parl.* vi. 240; *Annals of the Four Masters*, 306; *Notes relative to the early History of the Town and Port of Hull*, by Charles Frost (London, 1827), 31; *Fast. Eccl. Angl.* ii. 445, iii. 143; Rymer, *Fœdera*, xii. 236, 250.

4. *Patent Rolls*, Mar. 11, 1486; André, *Vit. Hen. Sep.* 50–2; *Les Douze Triomphes de Henry Sept*, in Gairdner, *Mem. Hen. Sep.* 139; Frost, *Notes on Hull*, 31.

5. Napier, *Historical Notes of the Parishes of Swyncomb and Ewelme*, 162–9.

6. Raimondo to Sforza, Sep. 8, 1497; Halliwell, *Letters of the Kings of England*, i. 174; Gilbert, *Viceroys of Ireland*, 462; Brewer and Bullen, *Cal. Car. MSS.* 472; Anstiss, *Order of the Garter*, ii. 215; Kildare, *Earls of Kildare*, i. 59, 60.

CHAP. V.—1. *Patent Rolls*, June 20, 1497; Brewer and Bullen, *Cal. Car. MSS.* 472; Trevisano to the Signory, Sep. 17, 1497.

2. Henry to Puebla, Oct. 23, 1497; Halliwell, *Letters of the Kings of England*, i. 175–9.

3. Trevisano to the Signory, Sep. 17, 1497; *News from England*, in Sanuto's *Diaries*, Nov. 6, 29, Dec. 31, 1497; Brewer and Bullen, *Cal. Car. MSS.* 468.

4. Raimondo to Sforza, Sep. 8, 1497; *Fœdera*, xii. 672–78; André, *Vit. Hen. Sept.* 72–3; Brewer and Bullen, *Cal. Car. MSS.* 469.

5. Scotch Treasurer's Accounts in Gairdner's *Letters and Papers*, App. B. xvi; Trevisano to the Signory, Nov, 29, 1497.

6. Puebla to Fernando and Isabel, June, July 17, 1498; Raimondo to Sforza, June 1, 1499.

7. Puebla to Fernando and Isabel, Jan. 18, 1500 ; *Statutes of the Realm*, ii. 685 ; Bacon, *Works*, vi. 204.

CHAP. VI.—1. *Opus Epist. Pet. Mart.* Ep. 176 ; Mariana, *Hist. Esp.* ii. 470–558 ; Madoz, *Diccionario de España*, iv. 167.

2. Santarem, *Quadro Elementar*, ii. 1498; Zurita, *Rey Hernando V.* 561.

3. Faria y Sousa, *Europa Portuguesa*, ii. 504–7.

4. Bergenroth, *Sup. Sp. Pap.* 47–50.

5. Isabel to Puebla, Aug. 18, 1496 ; Puebla to Fernando and Isabel, June 16, 1500 ; Santarem, *Quad. Elem.* ii. 1499, 1500 ; Clemencin, *Elogio*, vi. 496.

6. Clemencin, *Elogio*, vi. Ib. 15 ; *Op. Epist. Pet. Mart.* Ep. 215, 221 ; Giovio, *Vit. Mag. Gonsal.* 260 ; Mendoza, *Guerra de Granada*, 10–302.

7. Isabel to Puebla, April 8, May 7, 21, 29, July 5, 1501 , Isabel to Henry, April 8, 1501; Almazan to Puebla, May 21, 1501; Henry to Cabra and Fonseca, Sep. 25, 1501.

8. Domengo Pisani to the Doge, Nov. 6, 1500; Arthur to Catharine, Oct. 5, 1499 ; Catharine's ratification at Granada, Dec. 20, 1500 ; Fabyan, *Chronicle*, 533 ; Gairdner, *Letters and Papers*, i. 129, 134, 233, 237 ; ii. 377. Catharine's ratification runs :—

'20 Dec. 1500.

'*Littere originales scripte in pelle alba, quibus domina Catherina princeps Wallie.*

'Iterum ratificat matrimonium conclusum in capella manerii apud Bewdley per doctorem de la Puebla nomine suo et Arthurum principem Wallie in persona die xix mensis Maii anni MCCCCXCIX, nihilominus pro majore securitate jubet doctorem de iterum facere et concludere omnia et singula spectantia predictum matrimonium. Que fuerunt acta in civitate granate vicesimo die mensis Decembris anno a nativitate domini millesimo quingentesimo.

'LA PRINCESA DE GALES.

'Et ego Michael Perez D'Almazan.'

CHAP. VII.—1. The Licentiate Alcarez to Isabel, Oct. 4, 1501; Gairdner, *Letters and Papers*, i. 126 ; Fabyan, *Chronicle*, 687.

2. Isabel to Puebla, Mar. 23, April 8, May 7, 1501 ; Isabel to

Henry, April 8, 1501 ; Almazan to Puebla, May 21, 1501 ; Fernando and Isabel to Puebla, July 5, 1501 ; Henry to Fonseca and Cabra, Sep. 25, 1501.

3. Bergenroth, *Cal. Span. Pap.* i. 294; Grose, *Antiquarian Repertory*, ii. 252 ; Alcarez to Isabel, Oct. 4, 1501.

4. Isabel to Estrada, Aug. 10, 1502; List of Catharine's household, Oct. 3, 1500.

5. Grose, *Ant. Rep.* ii. 252; Henry to Fernando and Isabel, Dec. 18, 1500.

6. Henry to Catharine, Cott. MSS. Gal. B. ii. f. 149; *Patent Rolls*, 2 Hen. VII. pt. iii. 9.

7. Fernando and Isabel to Fuensalida, Bergenroth's *Cal. Sp. Pap.* i. 234; Fuensalida to Fernando and Isabel, June 29, 1500.

CHAP. VIII.—1. Puebla to Fernando and Isabel, June 16, Dec. 27, 1500 ; Fernando and Isabel to Fuensalida, *Cal. Sp. Pap.* i. 234.

2. Isabel to Puebla, Mar. 23, 1501 ; Grose, *Ant. Rep.* ii. 25.

3. Grose, *Ant. Rep.* ii. 253–4.

4. Grose, *Ant. Rep.* ii. 254.

5. Arthur to Fernando and Isabel, Nov. 30, 1501; Grose, *Ant. Rep.* ii. 255.

CHAP. IX.—1. Fabyan, *Chronicle*, 687; *Lelandi Collectanea*, v. 354–5 ; Grose, *Antiq. Repert.* ii. 256.

2. Fabyan, *Chron.* 687; Grose, *Ant. Rep.* ii. 256.

3. Portrait of Arthur at Windsor Castle; *Patent Rolls*, June 12, 1488.

4. Tanner, *Notit. Monast.* 534 ; *Fast. Eccl Angl.* iii. 112; Grose, *Antiq. Repert.* ii. 256.

5. Grose, *Antiq. Repert.* ii. 259 ; Gairdner, *Letters and Papers*, i. 410.

6. *Patent Rolls*, 1 Hen. VII. pt. iii. m. 4, 9, 16; Stow, *Annals*, 459; Anstiss, *Order of the Garter*, ii. 217; Nott, *Works of the Earl of Surrey*, Int. v.; *Rot. Parl.* vi. 410; Collins, *Peerage of England*, i. 52, 79, 83.

7. Orridge, *Citizens of London and their Rulers*, 181 ; Nicolas, *Historic Peerage*, 367.

8. Grose, *Antiq. Repert.* ii. 256–9; Hook, *Archbishops of Canterbury*, v. 490–515; Williams, *Lives of English Cardinals*, ii. 190.

CHAP. X.—1. Grose, *Antiquarian Repertory*, ii. 257; Old prints in the Gardner Collection; Northouck, *New History of London*, 107.

2. Grose, *Ant. Rep.* ii. 319.

3. *The History of St. Paul's Cathedral*, by Sir William Dugdale, ed. Henry Ellis (London, 1818), 15, 20, 312; Butler, *Lives of Saints*, i. 544; *Lelandi Collectanea*, i. 22, 23.

4. Grose, *Ant. Rep.* ii. 257.

5. *Fast. Eccl. Angl.* ii. 298, iii. 112; Dugdale, *Hist. Cath. St. Paul's*, 112; Hook, *Arch. Cant.* v. 519.

6. Grose, *Ant. Rep.* ii. 258: Fabyan, *Chronicle*, 533.

7. Stow, *Annals*, 482; Hook, *Archbishops of Canterbury*, v. 520; Grose, *Ant. Rep.* ii. 281–91.

THE END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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